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THE GREAT RIVER OF ALASKA. II.

EXPLORING THE MIDDLE AND LOWER YUKON.

OLD Fort Selkirk forms the connecting link between the article which appeared in the September CENTURY, entitled "The Great River of Alaska," and the present paper. (See map with the former article.) The fort had been erected as a trading-post by the Hudson's Bay Company on ground the Chilkat Indians claimed as their own trading ground. The Chilkats received their trading stores from the Russian Fur Company, and, having no use for Fort Selkirk, took the Indian method of weeding out competition.

The scenery around Selkirk is fine, though hardly so grand as the high ramparts a hundred miles below. From the mouth of the Pelly, across the river, a high basaltic bluff runs down the Yukon for nearly twelve miles, and is then lost among the bold hills that crowd upon the river. Beyond this bluff lie high, rolling hills, with their green grass tops contrasting vividly with the red ochreous soil of their steep sides that the land-slides leave bare.

Selkirk was first occupied by traders who came down the Pelly from the tributaries of the Mac-rough was the way down the Pelly to Selkirk, was finally supplied by the roundabout way of lower down the river. On the site of Sel-Ayan grave, not unlike a very rough attempt one, and is probably borrowed from civilization. formerly buried their dead on rude scaffolds trees, like the Indians of the great Western when adopting the burial methods of the part, they cannot abolish the ever-present ing strips of many-colored rags, surmounted nates the clan, a fish, or a goose, or a bear, thing converted into an idol. As this pole is or twenty-five feet in height, the place for selected near the foot of some healthy young ing and peeling of the bark is, in this case, the

kenzie. So that the post Fort Yukon, kirk stands an at a civilized The Ayans among the plains. Even white man, in pole, with its flaunt-by the totem that design some other earthly from fifteen to twenty the grave is generally spruce. A little prun-

only labor. The graves are always near the river banks, but I never noticed any number of them together. At Selkirk several Ayan Indians met us and anxiously asked us to visit their village, but a short distance below. They were a far superior race to the abject tribe we had left behind us on the Upper Yukon. A conspicuously Hebrew cast of countenance was noticeable in this tribe, and some of its younger numbers were respectably neat and

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A MEDICINE-MAN.

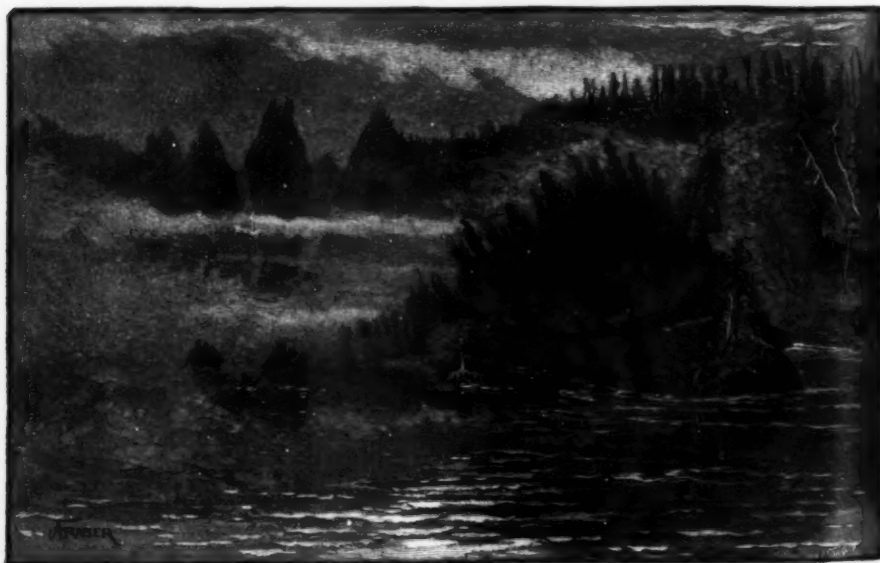
clean compared with Indians in general. Their canoes, of birch-bark covering and fragile cedar framework, were the smallest and lightest I had ever seen, except the skin canoes of the Eskimo, and they were well made to the smallest detail.

Though the grass was almost luxuriant on the plain about Selkirk, no signs of game were seen. It seemed fair to infer that the dense swarms of the omnipresent mosquito could alone account for the absence. This pest is sufficiently formidable in the summer months to put an end to all ideas of stock-raising as a possible future industry. Shortly after noon on the 15th of July the raft was cast loose, and we started down the picturesque river. So scattering had been the Indian population on the river above Selkirk, that we were greatly surprised, on rounding the lower end of an island, to see nearly two hundred Indians drawn up across the south channel of the river. We worked at our cumbersome oars valiantly, cheered on by the wildly frantic throng, that plainly feared that we, the supposed traders, would pass. Many excited Indians came out to assist us, and placing the prows of their canoes against the outer side of the raft, paddled us furiously towards shore. Our line was run out at last, and, seized by nearly two hundred Indians, who brought us to land with a crash. Shortly after our landing the throng formed a line, from one to three deep, the men on the left and the women and children on the right, and gave us a dance,—

the same old Indian monotonous *Hi-yi-yi* with the well-measured cadence as its only musical part, and with an accompanying swaying of the body from side to side, while their long mop-like hair swung round like a magnificent mosquito-brush.

After I had distributed a few insignificant articles among them, I tried to get a photograph of some attitude that was a part of the dance, and though I am sure my object was understood by the more intelligent, I did not succeed. Often, when ready to take the cap from the camera, we were foiled by some young man starting a low *Hi-yi-yi*. In an instant it ran the whole length of the combustible line, and all were swaying like leaves in the wind. A similar attempt to get a picture of the three head men, Kon-it'l, his son the hereditary chief, and the medicine man, was almost equally futile, until I formed the center to the group. The tube of the camera had a gun-like appearance that made some of them uneasy. My willingness to sit with them was sufficient assurance of no danger. The village proved to be a much ruder affair than the improved appearance of the Indians over the natives of the Upper Yukon gave me to expect. Their houses were mere hovels of brushwood, with here and there a covering of moose-skin or a worn strip of canvas.

Though the slight character of the houses might find excuse in the fact that these were only used during the summer months, while



ALONG THE BANKS.



OLD FORT YUKON.

the inhabitants fed on the salmon that ran up the river to spawn, a closer inspection showed that the household utensils were equally rude. We found a few buckets and pans, ingeniously made of single pieces of birch-bark. We also found a few spoons made of the horn of the mountain sheep or goat, but the carvings on the handles were dismal failures compared with the elaborate work of the Indians on the Pacific coast of Alaska.

The brush houses of the Ayans seem to be constructed so as to accommodate two families, with a common ridge-pole and an aisle, open at both ends, running down between the two compartments. Possibly this style of architecture was necessary where there was no tree for the pole to rest against. In the roofs of the houses strings of salmon were hung up to dry, and the sleeping dogs held the floor below. Though little room was left, the stranger was always welcome.

In drying the salmon they split it, as packers do when salting the fish. In addition they slice the flesh to the skin in longitudinal and transverse cuts an inch apart. They prepare none for winter use, I understand, though the fish are abundant enough, but depend in that season upon moose, bear, and caribou.

In winter they live in moose-skin tents much like the circular tepees, or lodges, of the Sioux, Cheyennes, and other



INDIAN BURIAL GROUND.

Indians of the treeless plains of the West. When one reflects that winter in this region is simply polar in all its aspects, one wonders how life can hold out in such abodes. From a trader's description of the winter tents, I learn that the Indians know the non-conducting powers of a stratum of air, for these tents are made double.

Directly opposite the large Ayan village is another much smaller one, called Kowsk-hou, and a sketch of it is introduced to show the general tenor of the banks over the larger portion of the Yukon River:—great rolling bluffs, fringed with a footing of spruce, and lower down an almost impenetrable underbrush of deciduous vegetation, make a pleasant contrast in color with the more somber green of the overtopping evergreens. On low alluvial banks, especially those of the islands, this glaucous bright green has been washed away, and the spruce, becoming undermined by the swift eroding current, form a network of ragged boughs, almost impassable to one who would reach the bank.

One may see this in temperate climes, where felled trees still cling to the washed-out roots, but along the Yukon the soil, frozen to the depth of six or eight feet, will not fall until undermined for many feet. When it does fall, it is with a crash that can be heard for miles, reverberating up and down the valley like the report of a distant cannon. The

whole bank, sinking into the shallow current, presents to one approaching its intact forest of trees, like a body of Polish lancers. Where the current is swiftest the erosion is most marked, and on the swiftest current our raft was always prone to make its onward way.

The morning of the 16th of July we took an early start to avoid much begging, and dropped westward with the current. It was hard that day to imagine, with a blistering heat on the river and thunder-showers often going over us, that we were within a few days' journey of the Arctic circle.

Shortly after one o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th we passed the mouth of the White River. Here the Yukon entirely changes its character. Heretofore a clear, bright mountain river, with now and then a lake-like widening that caught and held the little sediment it might bear, it now becomes the mud-diast river on the western coast of North America, and holds this character to its mouth.

This change is caused by the White River.

The White is very swift, and is thus enabled to hold in solution the debris that the glaciers pour into its head-waters. Meeting the Yukon, its rapid current carries its silt and sediment nearly across that river, and changes the blue of the greater stream to a chalky white. All our sport with hook and line now disappeared, and we were thereafter dependent upon the nets and weirs of the Indians for our fish.

A few miles below the White a river of nearly equal size comes in from the right. This is the Stewart, or, as the Indians call it, the Nachonde. Years ago the Hudson's Bay Company had a thriving trading-post near its head-waters, but it, too, fell shortly after the fall of old Fort Selkirk. A small party of American miners had found good prospects in placer digging at the mouth of the Stewart, and were preparing their camp. They certainly deserved success. I took our old water-logged canoe, and, with a half-breed native, visited them at their camp.

Returning late in the evening, with the sun in my face and with no knowledge of the resting-place of my party, I found, in the vast spreading network of islands, no assurance of a speedy meeting. We had made an agreement on parting that the advance should burn spruce boughs at reasonable intervals, that I might have a sign on my return. Though spruce was everywhere in sight, there was that night none found on the island where the camp was made. So I had no sign. I never knew until that evening how like an ascending smoke looked the pencil-points of ridges of spruce fading into the water's edge, and tinged with the rays of the setting

sun. An occasional shout was at last rewarded with an answering cry.

We met a tribe of Indians calling themselves "Tahk-ong" on the following day. With them we found resting four of our Ayan friends, and both said that a short distance ahead we would come upon a trading-post. It was not until the following day that we drifted past the post, marked on the map as Fort Reliance, and found it deserted, to our great disappointment, for we had there hoped to obtain stores.

That evening at ten o'clock we went into camp at a point where a fine river came in from the east, with water so clear that it

ing by astronomical observations, and waited till noon. Only two rough "sights" rewarded my delay. During this time of the year the prevailing winds, I noticed, were from the south, and always brought fog or light rain, a circumstance easily explained by the theory that the winds, coming off the warm Pacific loaded with moisture, have the moisture precipitated in crossing the glacial summits of the Alaskan coast-range.

At the Indian village of Nuclaco, opposite the site of Fort Reliance, the entire population, with a large number of Indians from the Tanana River, received us with a great banging of guns. From here to the mouth of the



SWEEPERS.

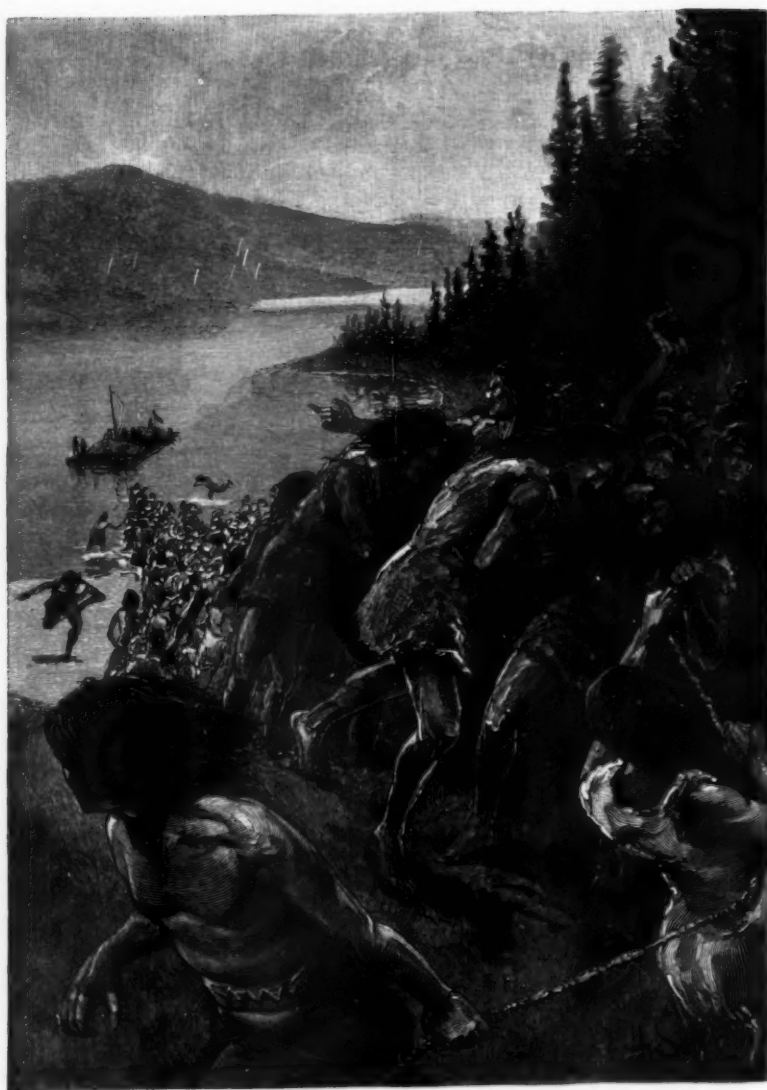
tempted some of our party to get out their fishing gear again, but to no purpose. This the traders call the Deer River, from the large number of caribou that congregate in its valley during certain seasons of the year. Here lies the narrowest part of the Yukon for many hundreds of miles. Though its width here cannot be more than two hundred and fifty yards, the majestic river sweeps by with no added force or haste, showing the great depth it must have to discharge the vast volume of water that a short distance above had spread over a bed two or three miles wide.

Here I tried to "check" my dead-reckon-

river this method of welcoming strangers is universal. We made no stop, however, and the salute died suddenly out as we drifted slowly past.

The Tanana Indians, the visitors at Nuclaco that day, are said to be hostile in their own country, but on their frequent trading excursions are discreetly inclined towards peace. The river from which they take their name, the Tanana, is probably the largest unexplored river of the Western continent. Nearly two miles wide at its junction with the Yukon, it is nearly as long as the latter.

On the 20th of July we drifted a little over



AVANS PULLING THE RAFT.

fifty miles in eleven hours. This was one of the very few days that we were not aground for any appreciable length of time, and the distance traveled was great enough to establish firmly the reputation of the river as probably the swiftest stream of any magnitude in the world. We were aground but once that day, having run upon a submerged rock while the entire party was occupied in using four bears for movable but untouched targets. We came to a halt with a shock that would have dis-

jointed our craft had she been less stanch than a well-nigh solid piece. She swung safely around, however, and in three minutes was again holding her undisturbed way.

About three o'clock a most remarkable rock was seen on the east bank of the river, springing directly out of a level plain, bounded in the distance by a crescent of low hills sweeping around a huge bend in the river. It was probably three hundred feet high, and rose with perpendicular sides from the plain. On

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JOHNNY'S VILLAGE, OR KLAT-OL-KLIN.

the other side of the river, directly opposite, stood another rock, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the second fades away into the bluff behind it. The Indians explain the situation by a legend which holds that the rocks were long ago man and wife, but incompatibility of temper led the husband to kick the wife out into the plain and draw the river from its bed, near the distant hills, for a perpetual barrier.

July 21st brought us to the Indian village of Klat-ol-klin, a name we found with difficulty, as even the natives call it "Johnny's village," from the Americanized name of its chief. This was the first permanent village we had seen on the river. There were but six log houses in all, abutting against each other, with their gable-ends turned towards the river. It was perched on a steep bank, so close to the crest that two could not pass between the houses and the river. At the water's edge was a perfect network of birch-bark canoes, and back of these an inclined scaffolding of spruce poles, where salmon hung drying in the sun. Here, for the first time, we found the Indians preparing any considerable number of this fish for winter use. The fish are caught with scoop-nets three or four feet long, fastened on two poles from ten to twelve feet in length. A watcher, generally a squaw, standing in front of the cabins, heralds the approach of

a fish, perhaps a half-mile down the river. Never more than one fisherman starts. Paddling out to the middle of the river, he guides his canoe with his left hand, as the voices from the shore direct, and with his right dips his net to the bottom. Upon the



FISHING ON THE YUKON.



KILLING A MOOSE IN THE WATER.

careful adjustment of this depends his success. Failures are rare. As the fish swim near the bottom, I do not understand how they are detected in the muddy water of the river.

On the 22d the soil appeared thick, black, and loamy, and grass, always good, was now becoming luxuriant, with the mosquitoes increasing in number and the country perceptibly opening. On the 23d we came to "Charley's" village, an exact duplicate of "Johnny's," even to the number of the houses and the side of the river.

The next day we camped at St. Michael's Bar, or Island. From here to Fort Yukon the country is as flat and open as the Pampas, and but five or ten feet above the level of the river. Our Indians, having never been so far, thought we were going out to sea, although we were over a thousand miles from the river's mouth.

As soon as this flat country is entered the channel splits and subdivides every few

miles, until for days we could not tell whether we were on the main stream or on one of the many waterways between the many islands. At Fort Yukon the river is said to be seven miles wide. In spite of the many channels into which the river spreads, the current never decreases, and we went drifting on in the same good old way until Fort Yukon was reached.

At this point, one thousand miles from the river's mouth and about the same distance from its head, the river sweeps with a marked curve into the arctic regions, and then, with less enthusiasm than most polar seekers, turns back into the temperate zone, having been in the arctic for less than a league, and, as the current runs, for less than an hour. The early traders at Fort Yukon supposed their river ran parallel to the Mackenzie; and so it was mapped, its bed being continued north to where its hypothetical waters were poured into the Arctic Sea. The conservative slowness of the English to undo what the English have done

had a new illustration as late as 1883, when one of the best of English globe-makers, in a work of art in his line, sent the Yukon with its mighty but unnamed tributaries still into the Arctic. There it will be made to flow until some Englishman shows that it surely flows elsewhere.

For a hundred miles above and two hundred miles below Fort Yukon, the river flows through a region so flat that it seems like the floor of an emptied lake. This area is densely timbered with spruce, and but for this would be nothing but a salient angle of the great flat arctic tundra of the polar coast. The dreariness of unlimited expanse is broken to the northward by the pale-blue outline of the Romantsoff Mountains, so indistinct as to seem a mirage; while to the south arise, in isolated points, the Ratzel Peaks, the outlying spurs of the Alaskan Range, from the Upper Ramparts of which the Yukon flows towards the Lower. Fort Yukon was left behind on the 29th of July, our raft that day drifting by a village where nothing greeted us but a howling troop of dogs. This village would have attracted no attention further up the river, but here, where the river divides itself in many channels, making salmon-catching of but slight importance, villages are very rare.

The 29th was a hot, sweltering day, with the sun and its thousand reflections sending their blistering heat into our faces. In fact, our greatest inconvenience near this short arctic strip of the stream was the tropical heat and the dense swarms of gnats and mosquitoes that met us everywhere when we approached the land. That night none of the party could sleep, despite the mosquito-bars over us. Mosquitoes do not depend for their numbers so much on their latitude as on the superficial extent of stagnant water in which they can breed, and nowhere is this so abundant as in the tundras and timber-flats of the polar coasts. The intense cold of winter sinks its shafts of ice deep into the damp earth, converting it into a thick crust of impervious stone. However warm the short summers may appear to one who judges it from the acclimated standpoint of a rigorous country, it is insufficient to melt more than a superficial portion of this boreal blanket, where only a swampy carpet of moss may flourish upon the frozen stratum below. Through this the stagnant water cannot sink. As the weather is never warm enough to carry it off by evaporation, these marshes extend far and wide, even up the sides of the hills, and give the mosquito ample room to propagate.

We took an early start the next morning, and drifted down the hot river, by low banks that needed nothing but a few breech-clouted

negroes to convince us that we were on the Congo. Between six and eight in the evening the thermometer stood about eighty degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, with shade for nothing but the thermometer. Hoisting one of the spare tents for a protection from the sun would have prevented the helmsman from seeing his course and made grounding almost certain, and heat was to be preferred to this, with its attendant labors.

Singularly enough, at this very time a couple of sun-dogs put in an appearance, a phenomenon we usually associate with cold weather, and now sadly out of place. Rain made sleep possible that night and traveling impossible the next day, and left us nothing to do but to sit in the tent and watch nature waste itself in a rainfall of four inches over a vast marsh already six inches deep. Some of our party, wandering over the gravel-bars, through the showers, found the scattered petrified remains of a huge mastodon. All through the valley such remains are numerous.

On the evening of the 2d of August we came in sight of the high hills where the "Lower Ramparts" begin. So closely do the ramparts of the lower river resemble those of the upper that I could not help thinking them parts of the same range, which bears eastward and westward like a bow-string across the great arc of the Yukon, bending northward into the flat arctic tundra.

Near our camp that night we saw the only family burial-ground we had seen on the river. It contained a dozen graves, perhaps, and was decorated with the usual totems perched on high poles, some of which were fantastically striped in the few simple colors the Indians had at their command.

A gale of wind on the 4th allowed us to drift but twenty-six miles. From here to the mouth of the river strong head-winds are generally raging at this season of the year. On both sides of the river, from this point, the small tributary creeks and rivers bear down clear, transparent water, though deeply colored with a port-wine hue. The streams drain the water from the turfy tundra where the dyes from decaying leaves impart their color. Probably iron-salts are also present.

On the 5th we approached the rapids of the Lower Ramparts, and made all preparations for their stormy passage. Making hasty inquiries at an Indian village concerning them, we found that we had already left them behind us. This part of the river was picturesque, and not unlike the Hudson at West Point. I should have stopped to take some photographs but for the dark lowering clouds and constantly-recurring rain-squalls.

Eighteen miles below the mouth of the



ANVIK INDIANS.

Tanana, we found the trading station of Nuklakayet. Here our raft-journey of over thirteen hundred miles came to an end, the longest of its kind in the interest of exploration. As we dragged the raft upon the bank and left it there to burn out its existence as firewood, we felt that we were parting from a true and trusty friend.

We met our first Eskimo dogs here, a finer and larger race than those I had seen farther to the east. They seemed a distinct type of dog in their likeness to each other, and not the vagabond mass of variable mongrels of all sizes and conditions that my previous knowledge of cold-weather canines had led me to consider them.

At Nuklakayet we were furnished with a small decked schooner of eight or ten tons, called, in the rough Russian vernacular of the country, a "barka." It was said to be the fleetest "barka" on the river, when the sails were spread in a good wind. We had good wind in abundance, but there were no sails, so the current was again our motive power. There was, indeed, a palsied jib that we could tie up when the wind was just right, but the wind rarely made its use possible. We got away from Nuklakayet on the 8th, and drifted down the river till camping-time. Then we found that the "barka" drew so much water that we could not get within thirty or forty yards of shore, and were obliged to bring our rubber boots into use.

All the next day we had a heavy head-wind and made but eight miles, our craft standing so high out of water that at times she actually went up-stream against a three-mile current. At night, however, these daily gales fell and left us a prey to the swarms of mosquitoes. All day the 10th we passed Indian villages, with their networks of fish-weirs spread on the river. We passed, too, the mouth of the Newicargut, or Frog River. On this part of the Yukon we pass, in succession, the Sooncargut, Meloicargut, and Tosecargut, which the traders have simplified into Sunday-cargut, Monday-cargut, and Tuesday-cargut, *cargut* being a local Indian termination meaning river or stream. The Newicargut marks the point where explorers from the upper river connected with those of the lower, and established the identity of the Pelly of the English and the Kwichpak of the Russians. Since then the river has been known as the Yukon, the Russian name disappearing, and the name Pelly becoming restricted to the tributary that flows into the Yukon opposite Selkirk.

Near the Indian village of Sakadelontin we saw a number of coffins perched in trees. This was the first time we had seen this method of burial on the river. In all the Indian villages on this part of the river we found the number of women greatly in excess of the men, for at this season all the able-bodied hunters were inland on the tundra north of the river hunting for their winter stock of reindeer clothing and

bedding. The Russian or local name for the reindeer coat is "parka," and here we saw the first one made from the spotted or tame reindeer of the native tribes of eastern Siberia. The spottings are great brownish-red and white blotches like those on a "calico" pony. A generous offer to the owner of this particular "parka" was immediately and scornfully refused.

Facing the usual gale, we drifted slowly down the river to Kaltag, where the south bank becomes a simple flat plateau, though the north bank is high and even mountainous for more than four hundred miles farther.

It seemed not improbable that this had been the Yukon's ancient mouth, when the river flowed over all the flat plain down to the sea. Certainly the deposit from the river is now filling in the eastern shores of Bering's Sea. Navigators about the coast say it is dangerous for vessels of any considerable draught to sail within fifty or a hundred miles of land near the Yukon's mouth, and every storm lashes the sea into a muddy froth.

We amused ourselves, late in the evening of the 18th, by drifting far into the dark hours of the night in search of a fair place for a camp, but without avail. Two days later it blew so hard that we could not think of stirring, but lay at our moorings in momentary danger of shipwreck. Anvic, a picturesque little trading-post, was reached on the 22d. The trading-posts become more numerous now, but just beyond Anvic the last Indian village is passed, and forty miles below the Eskimo villages begin.

Myriads of geese were now seen everywhere, mobilizing for the autumn journey to the south. We had a further token of coming autumn on the morning of the 24th, when we found the high grass white with frost, and we were told by the trader at Anvic that ice would sometimes be thick by the 1st of Sep-

tember. The little trading-steamer came down the river the same day, and taking us in tow, brought us down to a mission where an old Greek church of the Russian Company still draws subsidies from Russia. The following day we reached an Eskimo village, and slept for the first time since spring under a roof. Andreavsky was made the next day, where the hills were plainly lowering. The spruce and poplar disappeared now, and low willows took their place, though plenty of wood still abounded in immense drifts on the upstream ends of the numerous islands. Near Andreavsky begins the delta of the Yukon, with its interminable number of channels and islands.

We reached Koatlik, at the mouth of the river, on the 28th, and came to St. Michaels on the afternoon of the 30th, meeting our old acquaintance, the southern gale, outside. We had hoped to take sail on the revenue cutter *Corwin*, but she had been gone already two weeks, and we were forced to turn our hopes to the schooner *Leo*.

It was not until the 8th of September that the *Leo* hove in sight, bearing down upon St. Michaels in a gale of wind. She had on board Lieutenant Ray's party from the international meteorological station at Point Barrow, and, although overcrowded already, we were kindly made welcome. The *Leo* was in a bad way, having "stove in" her bow against the ice while trying to make Point Barrow, and a few doubts were expressed as to her seaworthiness in the choppy seas of the autumn. We got under way on the 11th, however, and, once out of Norton Sound, made a quick passage across to Oonalaska in the Aleutian Islands. Here the *Leo* was beached and repaired. We had grown tired of long strolls and trout-fishing in the mountain-streams at Oonalaska, and were glad at last to take ship and bear away from the last foothold on Alaska.

Frederick Schwatka.



A STUDY IN INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

THE present year and its predecessor have witnessed a striking development of political independence in the newspaper press. There have been other periods when independence was in fashion, which have been followed by a return to strong partisanship; but on the whole, it can scarcely be doubted, the movement of the better portion of the press is toward independence.

The time may come when such an attitude will be taken as a matter of course, and the term "independent journalism" will be like "an impartial judiciary"—the partisan journal being considered as abnormal as a partial judge. The advance of morals is marked by the ceasing to regard certain virtues as exceptionally meritorious. It was counted a fine eulogy two or three centuries ago to say of a certain English family that "all the sons were brave and all the daughters virtuous." In our day, to say that the women of an English or American family are virtuous is not reckoned as high praise; it is only what is expected.

The phrase "independent journalism" came into fashion during the Greeley campaign, but an independent newspaper in the highest sense was no new thing under the sun in 1872. It had been the ideal of the London "Times" for the better part of a century. Political independence, with some limitations, had characterized the best representatives of the new school of American journalism, which had begun to flourish before 1850. But the successive phases of the great conflict between slavery and its opponents kept politics at a high tension,—men and newspapers were driven to take definitely one side or the other in the controversy; and the breaking of party ties by great journals in 1872 was a sign that the old quarrel was almost over, and the peaceful virtues of moderation, fairness and love of truth were more demanded than passionate devotion to a struggling cause.

It is designed here to set forth a little of the early history of one newspaper; to show something of how its maker's ideal shaped itself, and how that ideal became embodied in reality. "Sam Bowles," as everybody called the editor of the Springfield "Republican," came of New England stock. His father established the "Republican" as a weekly paper in 1824, two years before the birth of the son who was to make it famous. The boy showed no special promise; he was faithful to his tasks, fond of reading, but as a student

rather slow, with not much physical vigor, and with little to point at his future career, unless a strong liking for his own way was a presage of the masterful will that was to carry him through toils and combats. He went to school until he was sixteen and then entered his father's office, and two years later persuaded him to make the "Republican" a daily paper. From that time the son carried the chief burden of it.

Of the period in which his work began Mr. Bowles wrote in the "Independent" thirty years later:

"American journalism was undergoing the greatest transformation and experiencing the deepest inspiration of its whole history. The telegraph and the Mexican war came in together; and the years '46-51 were the years of most marked growth known to America. It was something more than progress, it was revolution. Then the old 'Sun' was in its best estate; then Mr. Bennett was in the prime of his vigorous intellect, and his enterprise and independence were at the height of their audacity. He had as first lieutenant Mr. Frederic Hudson, the best organizer of a mere newspaper America has ever seen. Then Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana were harmoniously and vigorously giving the 'Tribune' that scope of treatment and that intellectual depth and breadth which have never departed wholly from it, and which are perhaps the greatest gifts that any single journal has made to the journalism of the country. Then Mr. Raymond commenced the 'Times' and won for it at once a prominent place among its rivals. And then began that horde of provincial daily journals, springing up like mushrooms all over the land. Hardly a town of ten thousand inhabitants but that essayed its diurnal issue in those fertile years."

It was in this field of provincial journalism that Mr. Bowles's work was done. Of the old-fashioned country newspaper he once wrote:

"News had grown old when it was published. The paper did the work of the chronicler or annalist merely, and was the historian of the past rather than a spectator and actor in the present. It was not upon the printed column that the events of the day struck the heart of the living age, and drew from it its sparks of fire. In those times that place of contact was found in the personal intercourse of men. News ran then along the street, from mouth to mouth; the gossiping neighbor carried it; the post-rider brought it into the groups gathered at the village store. By and by came the heavy gazette, not to make its impression but to record the fact. . . . The journalism was yet to be created that should stand firmly in the possession of powers of its own; that should be concerned with the passing and not with the past; that should perfectly reflect its age, and yet should be itself no mere reflection; that should control what it seemed only to transcribe and narrate; that should teach without assuming the manners of an instructor, and should command the coming times with a voice that had still no sound but its echo of the present."

The editorial work on the daily was done by the younger Bowles, at first jointly with

his father, then with one temporary assistant after another, until Dr. J. G. Holland became his colleague in 1849. He remained in the office of the paper until 1857, and was a constant contributor to its columns until 1864. At the start Bowles's qualifications for his work were unflagging industry, an observant eye, and a stout will. He had at first little facility or power as a writer, and he did not aspire to special success in that direction. He expected to devote himself to the general conduct of the paper, while other men should wield the editorial thunder. But he was a good reporter. He could see what was before him and tell it in a plain story. He began by assiduously picking up the crumbs of village news. The townspeople began to look in his paper for a little daily history of their community. He took always a keen interest in politics; and when he was twenty-two years old he was writing editorials in advocacy of General Taylor for the presidency as against his rivals, Cass and Van Buren. The "Republican" in its early politics was stanchly Whig, and was largely influenced by George Ashmun, one of the most brilliant of Webster's followers in Massachusetts, who sacrificed his half-completed career when his great chief fell.

The accession of Dr. Holland to the "Republican" was an important event in its history. He and Mr. Bowles supplemented each other. Mr. Bowles was a born journalist, and showed early an instinct for news, an aptitude for politics, and a skill in administration. Dr. Holland, who was seven years his senior, came to the paper equipped with more of literary culture and taste, and was always a writer rather than an editor. He was strong in his convictions, warm in his feelings, sensitive to the moral element in any question, and the master of a forcible, lucid, and popular style. His interest lay not so much in politics as in the personal conduct of life, and social usages and institutions. His editorials in the "Republican" were one of the earliest signs that the newspaper press was beginning to exercise, along with its other functions, that of direct moral instruction, which had hitherto been almost a monopoly of the church. Many of his articles were short and pithy lay sermons. They dealt directly with morals and religion, in their practical rather than theological applications. They discussed such topics as the mutual duties of husbands and wives, of laborers and employers; the principles of conduct for young men and young women, and the like. This was an innovation in journalism. It found favor among a community which takes life seriously and earnestly. It signified in truth an expansion of the newspaper's possibilities, which has as yet only

begun to be worked out. Dr. Holland was admirably qualified for a pioneer in this kind of work. He was so far in sympathy with the established churches and the accepted theology that he reached and held a wide constituency; while he was little trammelled by theological or ecclesiastical technicalities. He was quite as impatient as Mr. Bowles of any assumption of authority by a party or a church, and the "Republican" early showed an independence of the clergy, and a willingness to criticise them on occasion, which often drew wrath upon its head. But its attitude toward the churches and the religion they represented, though an independent was also a friendly one. In general, Dr. Holland added to the paper a higher literary tone and a broader recognition of human interests. The paper's growth was won by unsparing labor, by close economy, by making the utmost of each day, yet looking always toward the future. Dr. Holland, just after Mr. Bowles's death, wrote as follows:

"As I think of my old associate and the earnest exhausting work he was doing when I was with him, he seems to me like a great golden vessel, rich in color and roughly embossed, filled with the elixir of life, which he poured out without the slightest stint for the consumption of this people. This vessel was only full at the first and it was never replenished. It was filled for an expenditure of fifty or sixty years, but he kept the stream so large that the precious contents were all decanted at thirty. The sparkle, the vivacity, the drive, the power of the 'Republican,' as I knew it in the early days, the fresh and ever eager interest with which it was every morning received by the people of Springfield and the Connecticut Valley, the superiority of the paper to other papers of its class, its ever widening influence—all these cost life. We did not know when we tasted it and found it so charged with zest that we were tasting heart's blood, but that was the priceless element that commended it to our appetites. A pale man, weary and nervous, crept home at midnight, or at one, two, or three o'clock in the morning, and while all nature was fresh and the birds were singing, and thousands of eyes were bending eagerly over the results of his night's labor, he was tossing and trying to sleep. Yet this work, so terrible in its exactions and its consequences, was the joy of this man's life—it was this man's life; and as the best exponent of this kind of devotion to an idea and a life-work I have ever known, I give its memory most affectionate reverence."

He was spending his life-blood, but he got a great price for it. He knew what he was doing; at least he thought he did. When a friend once remonstrated with him about his over-work, he answered: "I know it just as well as you do. When my friends point out that I am working toward a break-down, they seem to think that is to influence my action. Not at all! I have got the lines drawn, the current flowing, and by throwing my weight here now, I can count for something. If I make a long break or parenthesis to get strong, I shall lose my chance. No man is living a

life that is worth living, unless he is willing if need be to die for somebody or something,—at least to *die a little!*"

The faculty in which he first showed eminence was skill in gathering news. Said Mr. Bryan, who was added to the paper's force in 1852: "He and I would go into a little restaurant on Sanford street, and one and another would drop in and exchange a few words, and while we were eating our lunch he would pick up half a column of news." Said a friend in a neighboring town: "I would meet him on the street, we would chat a few minutes about the events of the day, and next morning I would find in the paper everything I had told him." In the political conventions which he attended and reported, he was in his native element. He button-holed everybody, and offended nobody; found out the designs of every clique, the doings of every secret caucus, got at the plans of the leaders, the temper of the crowd, *sensed* the whole situation; and the next morning's "Republican" gave a better idea of the convention to those who had staid at home than many of its participants had gained. These reporting expeditions were full of education to him. His mode of growth was by absorption. Other people were to him sponges out of which he deftly squeezed whatever knowledge they could yield.

It was during these years that he established the system of requiring advance payments from subscribers. A few of the great city papers had led the way in this innovation, which was introduced by the New York "Herald" in 1835, but it was so contrary to the tradition of provincial journalism that many predicted utter discomfiture for the rash experiment. But it succeeded. It was a great step to a firmer business footing; and it was also a sign of the new attitude which newspapers were taking in the community. The old-time journal was very deferential to its subscribers and advertisers. It spoke of them as its "patrons." It was ready to praise the wares which they advertised, and to give all manner of friendly notices and puffs. It was patient, though sometimes plaintive, toward their delay in making payment. The possible message, "Stop my paper," hung over the editor's head, keeping him docile and respectful. All this was swiftly changing. The newspaper, strengthened by railroad and telegraph, was becoming so strong that it needed not to ask favors or depend on them. The "Republican" took the lead among provincial papers in this independent attitude, of which the advance-payment system was the commercial sign. It had never a master, either among the political chiefs or in the classes with whom its business interests lay.

It depended on their support for its existence; but the editor won that support by making it for their interest to subscribe for his paper and to advertise in it.

The great achievement of Samuel Bowles was that he built up under the limitations of a country town a paying newspaper of national reputation and influence, which expressed the editor's personal opinions, bound by no party, by no school, by no clique. From its early years the paper avowed its opinions and made its criticisms with a freedom that provoked frequent and often emphatic dissent among its readers. The nature of its field made this independence hard to maintain. A great city offers an immense and various constituency, and a paper which can make itself readable to some one large class can afford to ignore even a wide and weighty disapprobation from other classes. But the "Republican" was in a small community; it could reach, at most, only a circle of country towns; the utmost number who would take a daily paper was limited; and the paper could ill afford to drive off subscribers, or incline them toward the local rivals which from time to time disputed the ground with it. Besides, a provincial neighborhood is full of strong prejudices. It has its heroes who must not be lightly spoken of; its traditional code of manners and morals which must be deferred to. There is still a deal of very stiff stuff in the descendants of the Puritans, but the community thirty years ago was far more provincial, more conservative, more set in its preferences and prejudices than it is to-day. The environment was by no means favorable to the outspoken independence which was a growing trait of the "Republican." The editor conquered his environment. He did it by making so good a newspaper that the people had to buy it. By industry and skill he won the opportunity for independence.

There grew up in Mr. Bowles's mind an ideal of "journalism,"—a combination of principles, methods, and instincts, based partly on ethics, partly on expediency. With him, to say a thing was or was not "good journalism" was to put the final seal upon its character. It belonged to good journalism, in his idea, to tell all the news, and as a part of this to give every side a fair hearing. His opponents and critics could always find place for their articles, under reasonable conditions, in his paper. But it also belonged to his ideal of journalism that a paper should as seldom as possible own itself in the wrong. Accordingly, if a man wrote to him in correction of a statement, or in defense against criticism, he generally found his letter printed, but with some editorial comment that gave

the last word tellingly against him. It was commonly said that to seek redress from the "Republican" did more harm than good. This trait was partly due to deliberate unwillingness to weaken the paper's authority by admission of error. But it was probably more due to a personal idiosyncrasy. In many ways a most generous man, Mr. Bowles always hated to admit that he had been in the wrong. Sometimes he did it — not often — in private life; but in his paper never, when he could help it. "We sometimes discussed this," said Dr. Holland, "and he once said: 'I sympathize with the Boston editor, to whom a man came with the complaint, 'Your paper says that I hanged myself, and I want you to take it back.' 'No,' said the editor, 'we're not in the habit of doing that, but we will say that the rope broke and you escaped!'"

But it must be said that this fault lies at the door of a good many papers besides the "Republican." It is a characteristic sin of journalism — one of the vices of irresponsible power. The English press is assumed to be far more fair and decorous than the American; but Trollope, that faithful photographer of English manners, characterizes the "Times" in this same respect. "Write to the 'Jupiter,'" counsels Bishop Grantley to the aggrieved Mr. Harding who has been misrepresented by that paper. "Yes," says the more worldly-wise Archdeacon, "yes, and be smothered with ridicule; tossed over and over again with scorn; shaken this way and that, as a rat in the grip of a practiced terrier. A man may have the best of causes, the best of talents, and the best of tempers; he may write as well as Addison or as strongly as Junius; but even with all this he cannot successfully answer when attacked by the 'Jupiter.' Answer such an article! No, Warden; whatever you do, don't do that."

The vital principle of independent journalism, as Mr. Bowles understood it, was illustrated by an incident which occurred in 1856. While Mr. Bowles was out of town a prize-fight was attempted in Springfield, and among those who gathered to witness it were some young men of good social standing, belonging to families with whom he was in friendly relations. Dr. Holland treated the incident in a very sharp article, as an instance of the coarse immoralities in which the rapidly growing town was beginning to imitate the worst features of the great cities. The article stated that the matter would come up in the police court, and those who had been concerned in it might expect full publicity to be given to their conduct. Before the trial Mr. Bowles returned to town. In the evening, sitting on the door-step, his wife said to him, "Can't

you let this thing drop? If you publish these young men's names it will wound and alienate a great many of our friends." He answered, "Mary, I have considered it all, most thoughtfully and conscientiously. The blame must be given where it is deserved. This is the time to put an end to prize-fighting in Springfield." The trial was fully reported in the "Republican," including the names of those who as attendants at the prize-fight were called as witnesses; and the paper commented in a few vigorous words on their presence at such a scene. Personal alienations did follow, painful and not soon healed. But there never was another prize-fight in Springfield. In this and similar cases the morals of the town were vastly the gainer by the unsparing publicity given to the misdeeds of men who had reputations to suffer. Just as the introduction of street-lights into cities did more to stop nocturnal crime than constables and courts could do, so by its reports of wrong-doing has the modern newspaper added a new safeguard to social morality. To exercise that great function as free from fear or favor as the judge on the bench was the aim of the "Republican." Its editor liked to make his power felt,—he liked to use it for the public good,—but the personal alienations which it brought were none the less painful to him.

The limitation on the moral power of politician or journalist is that in order to lead he must in a degree conform. In a democracy no kind of leadership is free from that necessity, save that of the pure idealist—the poet or the prophet. Over all but him conformity lays its heavy hand. But under the sharpest rein of all does it hold the man who makes it his business to take active part in government. Agreement with the majority is the inexorable price of his personal success. As often as election-day comes round he must have the approval of a majority of his constituency or be thrown out of his work. The journalist's necessity, on the other hand, is to make a paper that men will buy. One way to that end is to express sentiments agreeable to its readers,—to soothe them with assent and approval. Another way is to make a newspaper so attractive by its general merits that men will buy it even though they dissent from its doctrines. That was the path which Mr. Bowles chose for the "Republican."

Not till near the end of his life was the paper confronted with the severe test of directly opposing, in a presidential campaign, the party to which the mass of its readers belonged. But at a much earlier stage it committed itself to the then novel position of criticising with entire freedom the special measures and the individual leaders of the

party to which it gave a general support; its theory of independent journalism was as clearly avowed, as sincerely followed, in 1856 as in 1872. The difference was that until the later date the editor's political convictions differed from the mass of his constituents only as to occasional and subordinate issues. But the old theory of party allegiance—a theory still substantially practiced in this year of grace 1885 by a large majority of American journals—is that the individual or the newspaper shall support the party, as the patriot stands by his country or the believer by his church. Interior discussion, guarded criticism, are allowable, but are always to be subordinated to the prime object of victory over the foreign foe, the heretic or the opposing faction. The approved temper toward the party is to

"Be to its faults a little blind,
Be to its virtues very kind."

The "Republican," after it began its existence as a daily, was never extreme in its partisanship; but for its first decade it virtually owed allegiance to the Whig party.

Its declaration of independence was made in February, 1855. In the previous year, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise roused the North for the first time to a general resistance to the extension of slavery, the "Republican" had vainly pleaded with the Whig leaders in the State to merge that organization in a new party devoted to freedom. It had given a lukewarm support to the Whig nominees, the Republican organization being at that time abortive, and the proscription Know-nothing movement sweeping to a sudden and brief success. After the election the paper devoted itself with fresh energy to building up a genuine Republican party, but at the same time it asserted its freedom thenceforth from all partisan trammels. It took occasion on the enlargement of its sheet to review its own history; and after mentioning the general improvement in journalism dating from the era of the telegraph, it continued:

"With the dawn of a new national growth upon the press of America, at the period of which we speak, came also a more perfect intellectual freedom from the shackles of party. The independent press of the country is fast supplanting the merely partisan press. Parties are taking their form and substance from the press and pulpit, rather than the press and pulpit echoing merely the voice of the party. A merely party organ is now a thing despised and contemned, and can never take rank as a first-class public journal. The London 'Times,' the great journal of the world, is the creator, not the creature of parties. There is not in New York, where journalism in this country has reached its highest material and intellectual perfection, a single party organ in existence. All are emancipated. None conceal facts lest they injure their party. None fear to speak the truth lest they utter treason against merely partisan power. The true purpose of the press is understood and practiced upon.

They are the mirrors of the world of fact and of thought. Upon that fact do they comment with freedom, and to that thought do they add its freshest and most earnest cumulations.

"Such in its sphere does the 'Republican' aim to be. Whatever it has been in the past, no more shall its distinction be that of a partisan organ, blindly following the will of party, and stupidly obeying its behests. It has its principles and purposes. But these are above mere party success. To these it will devote itself. Whenever and wherever the success of men or of parties can advance those principles and purposes, the 'Republican' will boldly advocate such success; whenever men and parties are stumbling blocks to the triumph of those principles, they will be as boldly opposed and denounced."

To one who knows the character of the New York press, and the American press in general, during most of the thirty years since this was written, this description of its impartial character reads like a sarcasm. The era of journalistic independence was as brief as that of the disintegration of parties. When the new lines had been drawn the newspapers fell into place on one side or the other,—not upon the whole with the old subservience, yet with a degree of partisan fidelity which grew with the growth of party discipline as the Republican party matured and the Democratic party recovered from its successive disruptions; so that in 1872 "independent journalism" was greeted by the general public as a new phenomenon. There were, of course, exceptions among the press, to trace which would belong to a general history of journalism. But through the intervening period, whether heartily favoring or criticising or opposing the general course of the Republican party, Mr. Bowles's paper never hesitated to pronounce a frank, independent judgment on the measures and men of that party and of all parties. Its political news was honest. Its readers could always find the views of its opponents fairly quoted and ungarbled. Its regular correspondents at Washington and elsewhere were always under instructions to give the facts as they were, whether they suited the editorial views or not. In the correspondents' galleries in the Capitol one may sometimes hear such remarks as this: "The situation looks to me so and so—but the old man at home will not let me say so in my dispatches." The "Republican" correspondents had no occasion to say that. They were chosen with due regard to their general agreement with the paper's views, but the instructions given them were to tell the truth. They were allowed, too, to tell it largely from the stand-point of their personal convictions. It was often the case that the paper's own Washington dispatches were considerably more radical in their tone than the editorial columns; while the biting criticisms of "Warrington," the

Boston correspondent, fell often on the measures and men that the "Republican" editorially approved.

To trace even in outline the relation of the "Republican" to the political events of the period in which its chief's life fell, is foreign to the scope of this article. It is designed here only to show the broad ideas out of which were developed the principle and the practice of independent journalism. An instance has been given of the application of that principle to politics, but it has a far wider application than to questions of civil government. Something further may be added on the spirit in which Mr. Bowles dealt with a subject as to which a courageous and wise independence is quite as essential as in politics, and even more difficult for the American journalist.

Nothing was more characteristic of the "Republican" than its attitude toward the churches and the questions connected with them. The half-century of Mr. Bowles's life witnessed immense changes in the social life of the Connecticut Valley. The multiplying of interests, the new forms of industry, the quickening of pace, the widened range of thought, the change in the whole aspect of the community were such as volumes could not describe. The church organizations necessarily partook of the general changes; but, as is generally the case with religious institutions, they showed a tenacity and conservatism beyond most other departments of social life. They continued to include in their membership a preponderance of the social respectability, the intelligence, and the virtue of the community. In their formal creeds there was little change; but their preaching showed a growing indisposition to emphasize the harsher elements of the old creed, and a growing insistence on ethical rather than dogmatic themes. The thought and research which within that period had unsettled the foundations of the ancient creed of Christendom were, of course, felt throughout the intelligent part of the community — or rather through the whole community; no social stratum has any longer a belief or a doubt peculiar to itself. But whatever of radical doubt or dissent existed lay largely beneath the surface. The ministry were as a body very conservative of the substance and most of the form of the ancient faith. Of the earnest and sober-minded laity, a larger proportion held more or less closely to the same faith, which offered an assurance of human salvation, of God, of immortality, while no equally clear and authoritative utterance seemed to come from any other quarter. The churches fostered an atmosphere throughout the community which made open dissent unpleasant for most men who

wished to live on good terms with their neighbors. They assumed to offer the only way to a right life in this world, and to something better beyond this world. Those who did not in their hearts admit the assumption, seldom cared to openly deny, still less to defy it.

The "Republican" acquiesced neither openly nor tacitly in the churches' assumption of an infallible way of salvation; but it neither made war upon the churches nor ignored them. It always assumed that they were a great and useful instrumentality in improving the community. It recognized them as associations for helping men in right living. It discussed their practical methods as freely as it discussed questions of politics. It did not discuss the dogmas of theology, just as it did not discuss the fundamental principles of philosophy or of science. Not even the broad realm of the daily newspaper includes the settlement of the ultimate principles of special departments of thought. But, just as the "Republican" reported as a matter of news the progress of opinion among scientists concerning Darwinism or among philosophers concerning evolution, so it took note of the theological movements and controversies. Whenever questions of church administration had a direct bearing on the practical interests of the community, the paper not only reported them as news, but took part in the debate as an advocate. A contributor once offered an editorial in regard to the ostracism of the Liberal sects by the Orthodox; the form of expression being, "The world, looking on at the conduct of the church which seeks to convert it, is inclined in a friendly way to suggest, etc." Mr. Bowles sent back the article with the answer: "There is a fault of construction in your article for the 'Republican.' We have always discussed these questions as insiders, and not as outsiders. I have no idea of giving up the churches to the ministers and deacons." As to all questions of dogma, the "Republican's" habitual ground was not that some particular doctrine was true or false, but that all doctrine should be held and used with reference to the moral advancement of men; that no question of intellectual belief should stand in the way of anything which could make men stronger, sweeter, more useful to the community. Its independence of creeds was distasteful to the professional guardians of orthodoxy; its free criticism of churches and ministers often drew on it the wrath, not only of the immediate object of criticism, but of the ecclesiastical body in general, sensitive at seeing its dignitaries so summarily dealt with. Yet the paper had nowhere warmer friends than among the most intelligent and earnest of the clergy, orthodox as well as

liberal. It was in strong sympathy with the most vital elements in church life. It appealed to the clergy as the natural leaders of moral reforms. It was unfriendly to destructive methods in theology and religion. Its principles were just those on which the American churches have found their best growth depends,—the exaltation of spiritual life above dogma and ritual; the widening of fellowship beyond the limits of sect, to “the blessed company of all faithful people”; the conception of religion not as a particular set of opinions but as the spirit of duty, love, and faith. The church as an institution is saved by the men who reform it.

As to Mr. Bowles's ideas of the church and of the newspaper, a few sentences may be borrowed from a private letter in 1861 to Dr. Frederick D. Huntington, with whom the “Republican” had had some controversy, and who was a personal friend of the editor.

“The ‘Republican’ has assumed a ground to which you hardly do justice. It is greater than the practice or position of its Editors—higher than denominations or sects, as life is greater than thought, practice than profession, Christianity than theology, piety than prayer. It seems to me to stand above the strife of sects, above the ‘bandying of phrases,’ and to reach to the truest and purest ideas of the Divine purpose. . . . We are content to say [of the various Christian denominations], they are all alike—to put them in one great plan, or scheme, each having excellences, each defects, each having its field, its work, its mission, and all seeking the glory of God and the purification and elevation of men.

“Individually, each of us may have our choice and preference; but is not the idea of the journal worthy of respect? . . . It would be presumption in me to pretend to discuss theology as thoroughly as politics, but I have made no such pretense. The ‘Republican’ has, and has the right to, because it can command and does command talent and learning equally in both sciences. It has on its regular editorial staff one man* as learned in all the dry and disgusting lore of the theological schools as ninety-nine out of one hundred clergymen, and another whose fervor and unction as a lay preacher are hardly less than the rector of Emanuel’s himself† in the pulpit. Pray make the distinction. . . .

“The ‘Republican’s’ sympathies and its hopes are in the right direction. In the quick judgments and rough, direct diction of daily journalism, it must assuredly often mistake, often wound; and wanton doubtless is it in its freedom of utterance; but I know that its heart is right and that you and such as you ought never long or seriously have reason to complain of it. I shall send you the ‘Republican,’ for I wish you to see that its pretensions to being a religious, as well as a political paper—to discuss religious questions (not theology purely or mainly) ‘and distribute religious intelligence’—these being our words,—are not mere pretensions. Our idea of a public journal covers all life—life in its deepest and highest significance, as well as the superficialities of food and raiment, business and government.”

One quotation may here be given from the “Republican’s” later utterances as illustrating the spirit in which it treated religious

*Joseph E. Hood. †Dr. Holland. ‡Dr. Huntington.

subjects. It is from an editorial of December 3, 1874, on “John Stuart Mill as a theologian”; the occasion being the publication of his posthumous essays. The article does not bear the mark of Mr. Bowles’s hand, but is in full harmony with the larger personality of the “Republican” itself.

“The misconception which runs through the two essays of Mill on ‘The Utility of Religion’ and on ‘Theism’ is indeed that which lies at the bottom of the whole utilitarian philosophy; namely, that the human soul acts only or chiefly upon selfish motives, and that human life in this world and the next is an affair of logic and comprehensible by the understanding. However high the point of cultivation reached, however noble the morality which rests upon reasoning, there is always a beyond where the divine powers, the supernatural attitudes of the soul, range free and direct our activity. In that realm the hope of pleasure and the fear of pain are equally indifferent to the enlightened spirit, and all the ordinary sanctions and promoting causes of religion shrink out of sight. The oriental legend of the believer who was met on the road with a torch in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other, conveys a meaning which seems almost beyond the apprehension of Mr. Mill. ‘With this fire,’ said the mystic, ‘I go to burn up the palaces of Heaven, and with this water to quench the flames of Hell, so that man hereafter may worship God truly, and no longer serve Him for hope or for fear.’

“The sadness of the book is neither depressing nor likely to infect others; its warnings and encouragements are all of a high mood, and its errors are such as throw no blame upon its author. To this great man, lingering upon the confines of the two worlds and sharpening his vision with love and regret toward the world unseen and almost despaired of, the life of mankind assumed a serious and tender aspect, not devoid of a melancholy hope, and rich in virtuous manly endeavors and accomplished deeds. The truly devout alone have the right to censure him, for he stands, like the Stoics and the highest of the followers of Epicurus, far above the plane of the ordinary religions of the world. Such souls need the teachings of Christ himself, not the discourses of Paul or of the ecclesiastics.”

The church and its ministry have high functions which the press cannot share. The personal cure of souls; the spoken word of inspiration, sent home with the impact which only figure and face and voice can impart; the organization for direct mutual help in the conduct of life; the supplying of a visible basis and stronghold for the moral forces of the community,—these are still the church’s province. But men no longer look to the church’s pulpit as they used to look for guidance in thought and opinion. That scepter has passed to the journalist. He, in a broader sense than any other, is the teacher of the community, or rather the official teacher; for the highest leadership is not an office, but a personal endowment. The transfer of authority has been going on for centuries, but it was consummated in that same third of a century in which Mr. Bowles built up the “Republican.” In the beginning of that period it might have been fair to take Mr. Peabody, pastor of the Uni-

tarian church in Springfield, as the type of the public teacher in New England,— a dignified personage, speaking his weekly word from the pulpit, clad in gown of solemn black; dwelling much on the transitoriness and woe of this present life, urging an ideal of character which was pure and lofty, but had few points of contact with the matter-of-fact world in which his hearers must needs live. Against this figure thirty years later we may set the journalist at his desk, alert, high-strung, the telegraph pouring upon him the news of the whole planet, with now and then an item from the solar system beyond, his swift pen touching every interest of politics, trade,

society, conduct, faith, every phase of the great world's teeming activity. He is now the King,— well for him if he be also the Saint and Prophet! "You see in me only a fraction of the king," Mr. Bowles would have said; "here is the sovereign, the paper itself— with world-wide agencies at its command; fed by the life-juices of many workers; governed by an ideal which is a birth of the age-spirit, and which unstinted labor and love have built up. The life I have planted in the paper is as distinct from my own as the life which a father transmits to his son, and it shall live when I and my sons have passed away."

George S. Merriam.

A POET'S SOLILOQUY.

ON a time, not of old,
When a poet had sent out his soul, and no welcome had found
Where the heart of the nation in prose stood fettered and bound

In fold upon fold —

He called back his soul who had pined for some answer afloat;
And thus in the silence of night and the pride of his spirit he wrote:

Come back, poet-thought!

For they honor thee not in thy vesture of verse and of song.
Come back — thou hast hovered about in the markets too long.

In vain thou hast sought

To stem the strong current that swells from the Philistine lands;
Thou hast failed to deliver the message the practical public demands.

Come back to the heights

Of thy vision, thy love, thy Parnassus of beauty and truth —
From the valleys below where the labor of age and of youth

Has no need of thy lights; —

For Science has marshaled the way with a lamp of its own.
Till they woo thee with wakening love, thou must follow thy pathway alone.

We have striven, have toiled —

Have pressed with the foremost to sing to the men of our time
The thought that was deepest, the lay that was lightest in rhyme.

We are baffled and foiled.

The crowd hurries on, intent upon traffic and pay.
They have ears, but they hear not. What chance to be heard has the poet to-day?

So we turn from the crowd,

And we sing as we please — like the thrush far away in the woods;
They may listen or not, as they choose, to our fancies and moods

Chanted low, chanted loud

In the sunshine or storm — 'mid the hearts that are tender or hard.
What need of applause from the world when art is its own reward?

Christopher P. Cranch.

"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT."

A DOUBTFUL day of mingled snow and rain, such as we often have in New York in February, had been followed, as night fell, by a hard frost; and as Robert White mounted the broad brown-stone steps of Mrs. Martin's house and, after ringing the bell, looked across Washington Square to the pseudo-picturesque University building, he felt that form of gratitude toward his hostess which has been defined as a lively sense of benefits to come. His ten-minute walk through the hard slush of the pavements had given an edge to his appetite, and he knew of old that the little dinners of the Duchess of Washington Square were everything that little dinners should be. He anticipated confidently a warm reception by his hospitable hostess; an introduction to a pretty girl, probably as clever as she was good-looking; a dignified procession into the spacious dining-room; a bountiful dinner, neither too long nor too short, as well served as it was well cooked; and at the end a good cup of coffee and a good cigar, and a pleasant quarter of an hour's chat with four or five agreeable men, not the least agreeable of them being Mr. Martin, who was known to most people only as Mrs. Martin's husband, but whom White had discovered to be as shrewd and sharp as he was reserved and retiring.

And so it came to pass, except that the state of the streets had made White a little late, wherefore the Duchess was slightly hurried and peremptory. She took him at once under her wing and led him up to a very pretty girl. "Phyllis," she said, "this is Mr. White, to whom I confide you for the evening."

As White bowed before the young lady whom Mrs. Martin had called Phyllis, he wished that the Duchess had kindly added her patronymic, as it is most embarrassing not to know to whom one is talking. But there was no time for inquiry; the rich velvet curtains which masked the open doorway leading from the parlor into the hall were pushed aside, and the venerable colored butler announced that dinner was served. White offered his arm to Miss Phyllis, and they filed into the dining-room in the wake of Mr. Martin and Mrs. Sutton; the Duchess, on the arm of Judge Gillespie, brought up the rear.

There were fourteen at table,—a number too large for general conversation, and therefore conducive to confidential talks between any two congenial spirits who might be sitting side by side. White had at his left Mrs. Sutton,

but she was a great favorite with Mr. Martin, and White had scarcely a word with her throughout the dinner. On the other side of Miss Phyllis was a thin, short, dyspeptic little man, Mr. C. Mather Hitchcock, whom White knew slightly, and whom Miss Phyllis evidently did not like, as White saw at a glance. So it happened that White and Miss Phyllis were wholly dependent on each other for entertainment, as long as they might sit side by side at the Duchess's table.

"A mean day like this makes the comfortable luxury of a house like Mrs. Martin's all the more grateful," began White, by way of breaking the ice; "don't you think so?"

"It has been a day to make one understand what weather-prophets have in mind when they talk about the average mean temperature of New York," she answered, smiling.

"I hope you do not wish to insinuate that the average temperature of New York is mean. I have lived here only a few years, but I am prepared to defend the climate of New York to the bitter end."

"Then you must defend the weather of today," she retorted gayly, "for it had a very bitter end. I felt like the maid in the garden hanging out the clothes, for down came a black wind to bite off my nose."

"Just now you remind me rather of the queen in the parlor eating bread and honey."

"I have an easy retort," she laughed back.

"I can say you are like the king in his chamber counting out his money; for that is how most New York men seem to spend their days."

"But I am not a business man," explained White, thinking that Miss Phyllis was a ready young lady with her wits about her, and regretting again that he had not learnt her name.

"They say that there are only two classes who scorn business and never work—the aristocrats and the tramps," she rejoined mischievously. "Am I to infer that you are an aristocrat or a tramp?"

"I regret to say that I am neither the one nor the other. A tramp is often a philosopher—of the peripatetic school of course; and an aristocrat is generally a gentleman, and often a good fellow. No, I am afraid your inference was based on a false premise. I am not a business man, but, all the same, I earn my living by my daily work. I am a journalist, and I am on the staff of the 'Gotham Gazette.'"

"Oh, you are an editor? I am so glad. I have always wanted to see an editor," ejaculated Miss Phyllis with increasing interest.

"You may see one now," he answered. "I am on exhibition here from seven to nine to-night."

"And you are really an editor?" she queried, gazing at him curiously.

"I am a journalist, and I write brevier, so I suppose I may be considered as a component unit of the editorial plural," he replied.

"And you write editorials?"

"I do; I have written yards of them—I might almost say miles of them."

"How odd! Somehow the editorials of a great paper always remind me of the edicts of the Council of Ten in Venice—nobody knows whose they are, and yet all men tremble before them." As she said this, Miss Phyllis looked at him meditatively for a moment, and then she went on, impulsively, "And what puzzles me is how you ever find anything to say."

A quiet smile played over White's face as he answered gravely: "We have to write a good deal, but we do not always say anything in particular."

"When I read the telegrams," continued Miss Phyllis, "especially the political ones, I never know exactly what it's all about until I've read the editorial. Then, of course, it all seems clear enough. But *you* have to make all that up out of your own head. It must be very wearing."

The young journalist wondered for a second whether this was sarcasm or not; then he admitted that he had been using up the gray matter of his brain very rapidly of late.

"I know I exhausted myself one election," she went on, "when I tried to understand politics. I thought it my duty to hear both sides, so I read two papers. But they contradicted each other so, and they got me so confused, that I had to give it up. Really I hadn't any peace of mind at all until I stopped reading the other paper. Of course, I couldn't do without the 'Gotham Gazette.'"

"Then are all our labors amply rewarded," said White gallantly, thinking that he had only once met a young lady more charming than Miss Phyllis.

"Now tell me, Mr. White, what part of the paper do you write?"

"Tell me what part of the paper you read first—but I think I can guess that. You always begin with the deaths and then pass on to the marriages. Don't you?"

Miss Phyllis hesitated a moment, blushed a little,—whereat White thought her even prettier than he had at first,—and then confessed.

"I do read the deaths first; and why not?"

Our going out of the world is the most important thing we do in it."

"Except getting married—and that's why you read the marriages next?" he asked.

"I suppose so. I acknowledge that I read the marriages with delight. Naturally I know very few of the brides, but that is no matter—there is all the more room for pleasant speculation. It's like reading only the last chapter of a novel—you have to invent for yourself all that went before."

"Then you like the old-fashioned novels which always ended like the fairy stories, 'So they were married and lived happily ever afterward'?" he queried.

"Indeed I do," she answered vehemently, "Unless I have orange-blossoms and wedding-cake given to me at the end of a story, I feel cheated."

"I suppose you insist on a novel's being a love-story?" White inquired.

"If a story isn't a love-story," she answered energetically, "it isn't a story at all. Why, when I was only nine years old, a little chit of a girl, I wouldn't read Sunday-school books, because there was no love in them!"

Robert White laughed gently, and said: "I spurned the Sunday-school book when I was nine, too, but that was because the bad boys had all the fun and the good boys had to take all the medicine, in spite of which, however, they were often cut off in the flower of their youth."

"Do you ever write stories, Mr. White?"

"I have been guilty of that evil deed," he answered. "I had a tale in the 'Gotham Gazette' one Sunday a few months ago, called 'The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep'; it was a little study in zoölogic psychology. Did you read it?"

"I don't seem to recall it," she hesitated. "I'm afraid I must have missed it."

"Then you missed a great intellectual treat," said the journalist, with humorous exaggeration. "Fiction is stranger than truth sometimes, and there were absolutely no facts at all in 'The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep.'"

"It was a fantastic tale, then?"

"Well, it was rather eccentric."

"You must send it to me. I like strange, weird stories—if they do not try to be funny. They say I haven't any sense of humor, and I certainly do not like to see anybody trying hard to be funny."

With a distinct recollection that "The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep" had been noticed by several friendly editors as "one of the most amusing and comical conceits ever perpetrated in America," White thought it best not to promise a copy of it to Miss Phyllis.

"Perhaps you would prefer another sketch I published in the 'Gotham Gazette,'" he ventured. "It was called 'At the End of his Tether,' and it described a quaint old man who gave up his life to the collecting of bits of the ropes which had hanged famous murderers."

"How gruesome!" she exclaimed, with a little shudder, although the next minute she asked with interest: "And what did he do with them?"

"He arranged them with great care, and labeled them exactly, and gloated over them until his mind gave way, and then he spliced them together and hung himself on a gallows of his own inventing."

"How delightfully interesting!"

"It was a little sketch after Hawthorne—a long way after," he added modestly.

"I just doat on Hawthorne," remarked Miss Phyllis critically. "He never explains things, and so you have more room for guessing. I do hate to see everything spelt out plain at the end of a book. I'm satisfied to know that they got married and were happy, and I don't care to be told just how old their children were when they had the whooping-cough!"

"A hint is as good as a table of statistics to a sharp reader," said the journalist. "I think the times are ripe for an application to fiction of the methods Corot used in painting pictures. Father Corot, as the artists call him, gave us a firm and vigorous conception veiled by a haze of artistic vagueness."

"That's what I like," agreed Miss Phyllis.

"I like something left to the imagination."

"Your approbation encourages me to persevere. I had planned half a dozen other unconventional tales, mere trifles, of course, as slight as possible in themselves, but enough, with 'The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep' and 'At the End of his Tether,' to make a little book, and I was going to call it 'Nightmare's Nests.'"

"What an appetizing title!" declared the young lady. "I'm so sorry it is not published now—I couldn't rest till I'd read it."

"Then I am sure of selling at least one copy."

"Oh, I should expect you to send me a copy yourself," said Miss Phyllis archly, "and to write 'with the compliments of the author' on the first page."

Robert White looked up with a smile, and he caught Miss Phyllis's eye. He noted her bright and animated expression. He thought that only once before had he ever met a prettier or a livelier girl.

"You shall have an early copy," he said, "a set of 'advance sheets,' as the phrase is."

Here his attention and hers was distracted by the passing of a wonderful preparation of lobster, served in sherry, and cooked as though it were terrapin; this was a specialty of the Duchess's Virginian cook, and was not to be treated lightly. When this delicacy had been duly considered, Miss Phyllis turned to him again.

"Can't you tell me one of the stories you are going to write?" she asked.

"Here—now—at table?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Do you play chess? I mean do you understand the game?"

"I think it is poky; but I have played it with grandpa."

"There is a tale I thought of writing, to be called 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men'; but——"

"That's a splendid title. Go on."

"Are you sure it would interest you?" asked the author.

"I can't be sure until you begin," she answered airily; "and if it doesn't interest me, I'll change the subject."

"And we can talk about the weather."

"Precisely. And now, do go on!"

She gave an imperious nod, which White could not but consider charming. There was no lull in the general conversation around the table. Mr. Martin was monopolizing Mrs. Sutton's attention, and Mr. C. Mather Hitchcock had at last got into an animated discussion with the lady on the other side of him. So White began:

"This, then, is the tale of 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men.' Once upon a time——"

"I do like stories which begin with 'Once upon a time,'" interrupted Miss Phyllis.

"So far at least, then, you may like mine. Once upon a time there was a young English surgeon in India. He was a fine, handsome, manly young fellow——"

"Light or dark?" asked the young lady.

"That's a very important question. I don't take half the interest in a hero if he is dark."

"Then my hero shall be as fair as a young Saxon ought to be. Now, on his way out to India, this young fellow heard a great deal about a beautiful English girl, the daughter of a high official in the service of John Company——"

"Is she going to fall in love with him?" interrupted Miss Phyllis again.

"She is."

"Then this is a love-story?"

"It is indeed," answered the author, with emphasis.

"Then you may go on," said the young lady; "I think it will interest me."

And White continued:

"The young doctor had heard so much about her beauty that he was burning with anxiety to behold her. He felt as though the first time he should see her would be an epoch in his life. He was ready to love her at first sight. But when he got to his post he found that she had gone to Calcutta for a long visit, and it might be months before she returned. He possessed his soul in patience, and made friends with her father, and was permitted to inspect a miniature of her, made by the best artist in India. This portrait more than confirmed the tales of her beauty. The sight of her picture produced a strange but powerful effect upon the doctor, and his desire to see the fair original redoubled. From Calcutta came rumors of the havoc she wrought there among the susceptible hearts of the English exiles, but, so far as rumor could tell, she herself was still heart-free. She had not yet found the man of her choice; and it was said that she had romantic notions, and would marry only a man who had proved himself worthy, who had, in short, done some deed of daring or determination on her behalf. The young Englishman listened to these rumors with a sinking of the heart, for he had no hope that he could ever do anything to deserve her. At last the news came that she was about to return to her father, and at the same time came an order to the doctor to join an expedition among the hill-tribes. He called on her father before he went, and he got a long look at her miniature, and away he went with a heavy heart for the love he bore a woman he had never seen. No sooner had his party set off than there was trouble with the Hindoos. The British residents and the native princes led a cat-and-dog life, and there began to be great danger of civil war. There were risings in various parts of the country."

"In what year was this?"

"I don't know yet," answered the journalist. "You see I have only the general idea of the story. I shall have to read up a good deal to get the historical facts and all the little touches of local color. But I suppose this must have been about a hundred years ago or thereabouts. Will that do?"

"If you don't *know* when your story happened," said Miss Phyllis, "of course you can't tell me. But go on, and tell me all you do know."

"Well, the young doctor was captured by a party of natives and taken before a rajah or whatever they call him, a native prince, who had renounced his semi-allegiance to the British and who had at once revealed his cruelty and rapacity. In fact, the chief into whose hands the young surgeon had fallen was nothing more nor less than a bloodthirsty

tyrant. At first he was going to put the doctor to death, but fortunately, just then, one of the lights of the harem fell ill and the doctor cured her. So, instead of being killed, he was made first favorite of the rajah. He had saved his life, although he was no nearer to his liberty."

"Why, wouldn't the rajah let him go?" asked Miss Phyllis with interest.

"No, he wanted to keep him. He had found it useful to have a physician on the premises, and in future he never meant to be without one. After a few vain appeals, the doctor gave up asking for his liberty. He began to plan an escape without the rajah's leave. One evening the long-sought opportunity arrived, and as a large detachment of English prisoners was brought into town, the doctor slipped out."

"Did he get away safely?"

"You shall be told in due time. Let us not anticipate, as the story-tellers say. Did I tell you that the rajah had found out that the doctor played chess, and that he had three games with him every night?"

"This is the first I have heard of it," was the young lady's answer.

"Such was the fact. And this it was which led to the doctor's recapture. On the evening of his escape the rajah wanted his chess a little earlier, and the doctor could not be found; so they scoured the country for him, and brought him before the prince, who bade them load him with chains and cast him into a dungeon cell."

"And how long did he languish there?"

"Till the next morning only. At high noon he was taken out and the chains were taken off, and he was led into a spacious balcony overlooking a great court-yard. This court-yard was thronged with people and the sides were lined with soldiers. In the center was a large vacant space. This vacant space was a square composed of many smaller squares of alternating black and white marble. Unconsciously the doctor counted these smaller squares; there were exactly sixty-four—eight in a row and eight rows."

"Just as though it was a huge chess-board?" inquired Miss Phyllis.

White was flattered by the visible interest this pretty girl took in his narrative.

"It *was* a huge chess-board, nothing else," he answered, "and a game of chess was about to be played on it by living chess-men. Soon after the doctor was brought into the gallery, there was a movement in the outskirts of the throng below and four elephants came in and took their places at the four corners of the gigantic chess-board. Two of these elephants were draped with white and two with black,

and their howdahs were shaped like castles. Then came in four horsemen, two on white steeds and two on black, and they took their places next to the castles."

"They were the knights! Oh, how romantic!" ejaculated the young lady.

"Next came four fools or jesters, for in the oriental game of chess the bishop is replaced by a clown. Two of these were white men and two were Hindoos. They took their places next to the knights. Then there entered two files of eight soldiers, and the eight white men took the second row on one side while the eight Hindoos faced them on the second row opposite."

"They were the pawns, I suppose?"

"They were the pawns. The doctor now began to suspect what was going on, and he saw a white man and a Hindoo, both magnificently caparisoned, and with tiny pages supporting the skirts of their robes, enter the square allotted to the kings. Finally in two litters or sedan-chairs the two queens were borne in; the doctor saw that one was a white woman and the other a Hindoo, but the white pieces were on the side of the court opposite him, and he could not distinguish the features of any of his countrymen—for that they were English captives he felt convinced."

"But who was to play the game?" asked Miss Phyllis eagerly.

"The rajah and the doctor. The rajah came into the balcony and told the doctor that since he wanted to get away he might have a chance for his life. If he could win the game, the rajah would not only spare his life, but he might depart in peace, and, even more, he might select from the English captives any one he chose to depart with him."

"But if he lost the game?"

"Then he lost his life. For the doctor that game of chess with the living chess-men meant life or death. But the sturdy young Englishman had a stout heart and a strong head, and he was not frightened. Although he had generally managed to lose when playing with the rajah, he knew that he played a finer game. He knew, moreover, that although the rajah was a despot and a bloody-minded villain, yet he would keep his word, and if he lost the game the doctor would be sent away in safety and honor, as had been promised. So the doctor planned his game with care and played with more skill than the rajah had suspected him of having. After half a dozen moves there was an exchange of pawns. The captured men were led to the sides of the court-yard, and there stood an executioner, who whipped off their heads in a second."

"What!" almost shouted Miss Phyllis. "Do you mean to say he killed them?"

"The living chess-men, white or black, English or Hindoo, were all prisoners and had all been condemned to death. The rajah was using them for his amusement before killing them—that was all. As soon as they were taken in the course of the game, they were no longer useful, and the headsman did his work upon them at once."

"You don't call *this* a love-story, do you?" was Miss Phyllis's indignant query.

"You shall see. When the doctor saw the fate of the captured pieces he almost lost his self-control. But he was a brave man, and in a little while he regained courage. An attendant explained that these men would die anyhow, and in time the doctor got interested in the game and intent on saving his own life, and he ceased to think about the lives of the hapless human chess-men. And the rajah gave him enough to think about. The rajah, having nothing at stake, and knowing it was the last game with the doctor, played with unusual skill and success. With oriental irony the rajah had chosen the white pieces, and he kept sending the white queen on predatory excursions among the black chess-men. The doctor saw that if he did not take the white queen he was a dead man; so he laid a trap for her, and the rajah fell into the trap and sent the white queen close to the black pieces, taking a black pawn. For the first time the doctor got a good look at the white queen. His heart jumped into his mouth and beat so loud that he thought the rajah must hear it. The white queen was the beautiful English girl of whom he had thought so much and so often and whom he had never seen. He knew her at a glance, for the miniature was a good likeness, though it could not do justice to her wonderful beauty; it was indeed fit that she should be robed as a queen. As soon as the doctor saw her he felt that he loved her with the whole force of his being; no stroke of love at first sight was ever more sudden or more irresistible. For a moment love, astonishment, and fear made him stand motionless."

"And what did she do?"

"She could do nothing. And what could he do? It was a tremendous predicament. If he captured the white queen, she would be killed at once. If he did not capture her, the rajah in all probability would win the game—and then both he and she would have to die. He had a double incentive to win the game, to save his own life and to save hers also, by selecting her as the one to accompany him. But the game became doubly difficult to win, because he dare not take the rajah's most powerful piece. To make the situation more hopeless, the rajah, seeing that the doctor let him withdraw the queen from a posi-

tion the full danger of which he discovered as soon as the move was made, and detecting the signals with which the doctor tried to encourage the woman he loved, and to bid her be of good cheer—the rajah began to count on the doctor's unwillingness to take the white queen; he made rash raids into the doctor's intrenchments and decimated the doctor's slender force. In half an hour the game looked hopeless for the young Englishman. Less than half of the thirty-two living chess-men stood upon the marble squares, and of these barely a third belonged to the doctor. The rajah had the advantage in numbers, in value, and in position."

"Then how did the doctor get out of it?"

"The rajah's success overcame his prudence, and he made a first false move. The doctor saw a slight chance, and he studied it out as though it were an ordinary end game or a problem. Suddenly the solution burst upon him. In three swift moves he checkmated the astonished rajah."

"And saved his own life and hers too?" asked the young lady, with great interest.

"So they were married and lived happily ever afterward. You see my love-story ends as you like them to end."

"It's all very well," said Miss Phyllis, "but the man did everything. I think she ought to have had a chance too."

It must not be supposed that there had been any break in the continuous courses of Mrs. Martin's delightful dinner while White was telling the tale of "The Queen of the Living Chess-men." In fact, he was unable to answer this last remark of Miss Phyllis's as he was helping himself to a delicious *mayonnaise* of tomatoes, another specialty of the Duchess's, who always served it as a self-respecting *mayonnaise* should be served—in a shallow glass dish imbedded in the cracked ice which filled a deeper dish of silver. So the young lady had a chance to continue.

"I do not object to the bloodshed and murder and horrors in your story, of course. I don't mean that I like horrors, as some girls do, but I am not squeamish about them. What I don't like is your heroine; she doesn't do anything."

"She is loved," answered the author; "is not that sufficient?"

"You say she is loved, but how do I know that she loves back? I have only your word for it; and you are a man, and so, of course, you may be mistaken in such matters."

"What more could I do to convince you of her affection for her lover?"

"You needn't do anything, but you ought to have let her do something. I don't know what, but I feel she ought to have done a

deed of some sort, something grand, heroic, noble,—something to make my blood run cold with the intensity of my admiration! I'd like to see her sacrifice her life for the man she loves."

"You want a Jeanne d'Arc for a heroine?"

"Rather a Mary Queen of Scots, eager to love and to be loved, and ready to do and to die—a woman with an active spirit, and not a mere passive doll, like the weak girl your doctor married."

Robert White remarked that her slight excitement had heightened her color and that the flush was very becoming to her.

"We shall have to go back," he said, "to the days of Rebecca and Rowena, if you insist on having lissome maidens and burly warriors, hurtling arrows and glinting armor, the flash of scarlet and the blare of the trumpet."

"I don't think so," she retorted; "there is heroism in modern life, and in plenty too, though it goes about gravely and in sad-colored garments. And besides," she added, changing the subject with feminine readiness, "you tell us only about the peril they were in, and nothing at all about their love-making. Now, that's the part I like best. I just delight in a good love-scene. I used to wade through Trollope's interminable serials just for the sake of the proposals."

"It is never too early to mend. I will take your advice, and work up the love interest more. I will show how it was that the young English beauty who was 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men' came in time and by slow degrees to confess that the young doctor was the king of her heart."

"Then I will read it with even more pleasure."

"But, do you know," he continued, dropping his mock-heroic intonation, "that it is not easy to shoot Cupid on the wing? Indeed, it is very difficult to write about love-making."

"From lack of experience?" inquired Miss Phyllis mischievously.

"Precisely so. Now, how does a man propose?" asked White innocently.

The flush of excitement had faded before this, but suddenly a rich blush mantled her face and neck. For a second she hesitated; then she looked up at White frankly, and said, "Don't you know?"

Under her direct gaze it was his turn to flush up, and he colored to the roots of his hair.

"Pray forgive me if I have seemed personal," he said, "but I had supposed a young lady's opportunities for observation were so many more than a man's, that I hoped you might be willing to help me."

"I think that perhaps you are right," she replied calmly, "and that 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men' will be interesting enough without any love-passages."

"But I have other stories," he rejoined eagerly; "there is one in particular,—it is a love-story, simply a love-story."

"That will be very nice indeed," she said seriously, and as though her mind had been recalled suddenly.

"I am going to call it 'Love at First Sight.' You believe in love at first sight, don't you?"

Again the quick blush crimsoned her face. "I—I don't quite know," she answered.

"I thought all young ladies maintained as an article of faith, without which there could be no salvation, that love at first sight was the only genuine love?"

"I do not know what other girls may think," said Miss Phyllis, with cold dignity, "but I have no such foolish ideas!"

White was about to continue the conversation, and to ask her for such hints as she might be able to afford him toward the writing of "Love at First Sight," when the Duchess gave the signal for the departure of the ladies. As Miss Phyllis rose White fancied that he caught a faint sigh of relief, and as he lifted back her chair he wondered whether he had been in any way intrusive. She bowed to him as she passed, with the brilliant smile which was, perhaps, her greatest charm. As she left the room his eyes followed her with strange interest. The heavy curtain fell behind the portly back of the Duchess, and the gentlemen were left to their coffee and to their cigars; but Mat Hitchcock took the chair next to White's, and began at once to talk about himself in his usual effusive manner. The aroma of the coffee and the flavor of his cigar were thus quite spoilt for White, who seized the first opportunity to escape from Hitchcock and to join the ladies. As he entered the spacious parlor Hitchcock captured him again, and although White was able to mitigate the infliction by including two or three other guests in the conversation, it was not until the party began to break up that he could altogether shake off the incubus. Then he saw Miss Phyllis just gliding out of the door, after having bade the Duchess a fond farewell.

Robert White crossed over to Mrs. Martin at once. "I have to thank you for a very delightful evening," he began. "The dinner was a poem,—if you will excuse the brutality of the compliment,—and the company were worthy of it—with one unworthy exception, of course."

"Oh, Mr. White, you flatter me," said the pleased Duchess.

"Indeed, I do not. Very rarely have I heard such clever talk —"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Martin. "I do like the society of intellectual people."

"And," continued White, "I quite lost my heart to the very pretty girl I took in to dinner."

"Isn't she charming?" asked Mrs. Martin enthusiastically. "I think she is the nicest girl in New York."

"By the way—do you know, I did not quite catch her name —"

"Hadn't you ever met her before? Why, she is the daughter of old Judge Van Rensselaer. You must have heard me talk of Baby Van Rensselaer, as I always call her? She's engaged to Delancey Jones, you know. It's just out. She didn't like him at first, I believe, and she refused him. But he offered himself again just after we all got back from Europe this fall, and now she's desperately in love with him. Dear Jones would have been here to-night, of course, but he's in Boston building a flat, so I put you in his seat at table. You know dear Jones, don't you?" And the Duchess paused for a reply.

"Mr. Jones is a cousin of Miss Sargent's, I think —" began White.

"Of Miss Dorothy Sargent? Of course he is. Sam Sargent married his mother's sister. Dorothy's a dear, good girl, isn't she? Do you know her?"

At last White had his chance.

"She is a great friend of mine," he said, blushing slightly; "in fact, although it is not yet announced generally, I do not mind telling you, Mrs. Martin, that she's engaged to be married."

"Dorothy Sargent engaged to be married?" cried the Duchess, delighted at a bit of matrimonial news. "And to whom?"

"To me," said Robert White.

Brander Matthews.





STUDIO OF THOMAS COLE.

THE SUMMER HAUNTS OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

EVERY summer the Europe-bound steamers go out freighted with tourists; and, in proportion to their numbers, our artists are more fully represented in the general exodus than any other class. They have strapped their sketch-boxes for out-of-the-way nooks in Surrey and Kent; for the Scottish Highlands and Lakes; for Normandy and Brittany, the Rhine and the Black Forest; for Grez and Barbizon; for the Tyrol or the Pyrenees, or the fiords and mountains of Scandinavia. Yet those who stay at home are more numerous than those who seek foreign scenes and exhibitions, and include, naturally, names of assured reputation,—men who have already profited by the educational advantages of Europe, and for whom castles, cathedrals, and wooden-shoed peasants have lost a little of the novelty and romance which appealed to their earlier years, and upon whom has dawned a growing appreciation of the artistic resources of their own country. They know that there is hardly a picturesque spot in Europe which is not so copyrighted by genius and association with some great name that any further painting of it seems plagiarism and impertinence.

It has come to be an open secret that most of the artists who go abroad do so for the stimulus which comes from associating with skilled men, and for the instruction which they gain from the exhibitions, rather than for the attractions of a foreign sketching-field. The Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, and above all the Salon, are magnets more powerful than all the scenery of Europe, and — heresy though it seem — than the galleries of the Old Masters.

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Many of our traveling artists have taken only a short holiday to attend these exhibitions, and, after a brief call at the studios of old friends abroad, will return to their chosen surroundings in America, having hardly touched brush to canvas during their absence. The demand made by the public and the critics that the work of American artists should be American in subject at least, is largely conceded; and the varied scenes of our mountains and coasts, and our more pronounced and picturesque human types, are everywhere studied with avidity. One can now scarcely make a summer excursion in any picturesque locality without encountering the white umbrellas and light portable easels of the nomad artist. A few favorite sketching-grounds, typical artist-camps and summer studios, it is our purpose to describe.

The Hudson has long been considered the property of the older men. The broad sweep of its waters suggested to Cole his "Voyage of Life." He wrote from Italy, "Neither the Alps nor the Apennines, nor even Etna itself, has dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills." Kensett delighted in its crags and rocks, and F. E. Church, one of the celebrated of the river-gods, built long ago his picturesque cottage opposite the Catskills, where, as it seemed to him, sunset panoramas were to be obtained rivaling those of the Andes. Lower down Mr. Bierstadt's stately residence lifted its towers at Irvington until it was so unfortunately destroyed by fire, with its valuable contents. In these later days other less imposing names and buildings have bor-



EXTERIOR OF GEORGE INNESS'S STUDIO, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

dered each side of the river with a picket-line of studios. Some are mere gypsy booths, or bivouacs in barns and venerable canal-boats which have outlived their days of commercial usefulness and now luxuriantly devote their declining years to Art; and over in the Catskills we have artistic campers and trampers whose entire summer's outfit might be fastened in a pair of shawl-straps. So varied is the environment with which artists love to surround themselves that one is tempted to ask for a new definition of the word studio. We have borrowed it from the Italian, where it means study or school. The French *atelier*, workshop, on account of its newness smacks a little of affection, but it pretends to less and would serve our purpose better. Especially is it appropriate to the painter's summer shed. In the city he often yields to the temptation of a *show* studio, a museum of rare bric-à-brac and artful effects of interior decoration; in the country he surrounds himself rather with the necessary conditions of *work*, and with some these conditions are very simple, embracing little more than Nature and isolation. Barns have always been favorite workshops for artists. The airy loft, with its one great window and undivided space, would seem to furnish favorable light and elbow-room. But inasmuch as hay is dusty, an abandoned barn is a still greater treasure.

One of the humblest studios on the Hud-

son, a certain old barn in an apple-orchard at Milton, belonged until his removal to Montclair to George Inness, Sr. This old orchard has been a mine of artistic wealth to the artist. But Mr. Inness is a many-sided man; he does not always paint old orchards or wrap us in reveries. Sometimes he limns the factory chimneys of Montclair or an engine and train of cars on a railroad embankment, when, somehow, a certain dignity creeps into the unpicturesque subjects. One might guess that, although the technique of his work has been compared with that of such widely different artists as Corot, Rousseau, and Turner, in spirit Mr. Inness sympathizes most with Millet.

Mr. Will. H. Low also has a studio at Milton—an old tool-house, in which the carpenter's bench serves as model-stand. In one of the old gardens here he painted his recent picture, "Telling the Bees." A little girl is draping the bee-hives in mourning, in observance of the old superstition that unless the bees are told of the death at the house they will all desert their homes. The child's face is simple and unintellectual, as befits the artist's idea, but it is full of the pathos of a sorrow past its own comprehension.

Mr. Nicoll owns a charming country-house at Shrub-oak, six miles from Peekskill. Drives through retired and shaded lanes to the lakes, which are the feature of this locality, tempt

to the exercise of his horses, and an unusual extent of piazza-space furnishes a promenade for rainy days. The gardener's lodge, overgrown with vines, is a picturesque adjunct to the grounds.

The Indian summer continues to gild river and woodland and hill-top around Sandford

little gables, you'll make your studio look like one of them old Dutch manor-houses at Kingston." Here Mr. Blum spent a summer in sketching and photographing; and at Ellenville, if we are to judge from the portfolio of the Misses Greatorex, is the very queen of old-fashioned gardens:



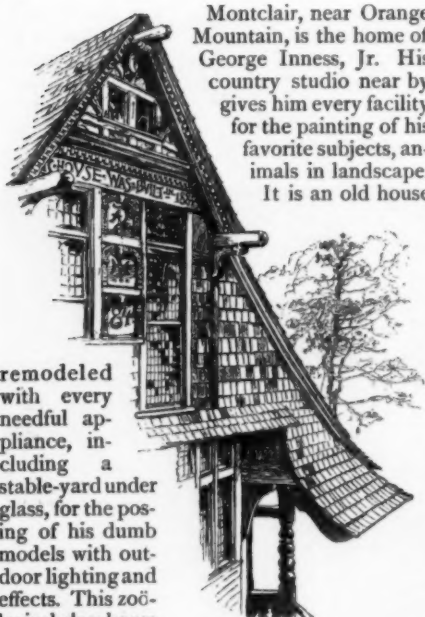
STUDIO OF GEORGE INNESS, JR., MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Gifford's deserted studio in the Catskills, but other artists catch the effects of which he was so fond. The autumn tints are reproduced in the canvases of Jervis McEntee, who paints with equal power the November woods. Arthur Parton prefers the quiet charm of misty mornings. His "Ice on the Hudson" at the late Prize Exhibition also shows his appreciation of the river in its winter phases.

In the Neversink Valley, Sullivan County, Messrs. Guy and J. G. Brown have found fascinating old barn-yards and rustic models; while at Ellenville a group of artists have taken possession of one of the old farm-houses. Here Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Henry have established themselves. Mr. Henry, in building a studio, found great difficulty in impressing his ideas of architecture on the local carpenters. "If you have the rafters show like that," they complained, "and stick the roof all over with

"There are the red rose and the white,
And stems of lilies strong and bright;
The streaky tulip, gold and jet;
The amaranth and violet;
The crumpled poppy, brave and bold;
The pea, the pink, the marigold."

The Jersey Flats would seem at first glance to offer but scant inducement to landscape painters, and yet here Messrs. Murphy, Dewey, and Silva have found suggestive material. Mr. De Luce has sketched about Morristown, where Mr. G. H. McCord has a home; and Mr. W. M. Chase has found interesting roadway studies at Hackensack. At South Orange Mr. H. Bolton Jones has painted many of his delightful wood, brook, and marsh subjects, always charming, whether under the guise of winter, when the fields are smothered with swan's-down and leafless twigs outline themselves against faintly flushed sunset skies, or when spring sets fuller palette.



remodeled with every needful appliance, including a stable-yard under glass, for the posing of his dumb models with outdoor lighting and effects. This zoö-logical glass house is especially serviceable in winter, when the animals can be painted against a background of snow while both they and the artist are snug and warm.

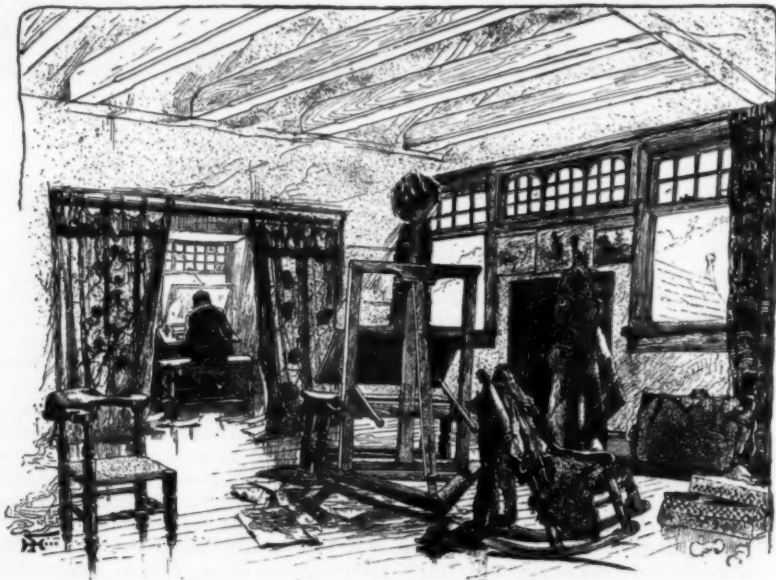
GABLE OF HARRY FENN'S STUDIO.

Montclair, near Orange Mountain, is the home of George Inness, Jr. His country studio near by gives him every facility for the painting of his favorite subjects, animals in landscape. It is an old house

Harry Fenn has recently built a picturesque home on the slope of Orange Mountain, five hundred feet above tide-water. From his veranda the view includes Coney Island and the Highlands of the Hudson as far north as Peekskill. The house is built in imitation of the old English dwellings, "half timbered," with plaster from beam to beam, on which Mr. Fenn has incised patterns intermixed with bosses of glass. The studio is directly under the roof. A feature of the room is a quaint corner extending into a north gable, not included in the illustration. Sketches are tacked upon the wall, whose subjects "range from Florida to Egypt and from Warwick to Jerusalem," and scattered about are costumes of various Oriental and European peoples, relics of many artistic pilgrimages.

From the heights of Orange Mountain the view drops down to the masts of New York Harbor. Here Arthur Quartley, who is now abroad, has made his studies on the deck of a tug or in the stern of a row-boat, glancing about amongst the shipping, under the hull of some great Indiaman, following the wake of a white-winged yacht, or steaming to a wreck.

At Easthampton, near the sea end of Long Island, there is a true artist colony, and perhaps the most popular of adjacent sketching-grounds for New York artists. This popularity is not entirely due to its accessibility, for its attractions are as pronounced and as varied as



INTERIOR OF HARRY FENN'S STUDIO, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

those of any of its more remote rivals. Nowhere on our coast can be found quainter houses and people, fishermen more available as models, or old salts with more marvelous stories of wreck and rescue, more fog-horn keepers and light-house men, or men of more isolated lives and rugged individuality. Nantucket is not more unique or Brittany more poetic. Here are rural nooks for the landscape-painter delightfully English in sentiment. Here are beach and sea panoramas, stormy cloud-battles, or shimmering calm for the marine-painter. Here are associations

room. After the fair white canvas was spread upon her floor, she painted a border of roses upon it, with sprays of roses in the center. This carpet was the pride and astonishment of her husband's parish. People came to the front door to gaze, but refused to desecrate its surface with their feet.

Of the artists who now keep up the prestige which Mrs. Beecher conferred upon Easthampton, Mr. C. Y. Turner is perhaps the most prominent figure-painter. His large picture at the Water-Color Exhibition of 1883, "On the Beach at Easthampton," gives the society



INTERIOR OF THOMAS MORAN'S STUDIO, EASTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

and legends, old manuscripts and romances for the antiquary, with Chippendale sideboards, blue china, and colonial spinning-wheels for the collector. Here are costumes of the last century and fascinating faces for the figure-painter; and here are salt sea-breezes and sunshine for all. Nor is the artistic impulse a new mania for Easthampton. She can lay claim to being the first in this country to apply original decorative art to house interiors. The story has been told before, but will bear retelling, how in 1799 young Mrs. Lyman Beecher spun a ball of cotton and had it woven into a carpet for her best

phase; but Mr. Turner finds another field here, and one in which we like him better. He is a son of the peaceful city whose

"streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest."

The simplicity and gentleness, the purity and sweet primness of the "Friends" touch his heart, and his

"ear is pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers."

Dorothy Fox is one of his most charming creations. The old house in which she lived

still stands here, with its wainscoted parlor and low-hung ceilings. Other gray buildings of the colonial period, the old court-house and the academy, lend historical backgrounds, which Mr. Turner utilizes so well. His "Harvest Meal," at the Academy Exhibition of 1883, was a realistic study of an Easthampton farm-laborer sitting down *al fresco* to a "boiled dinner." Mr. Turner may be regarded as a resident of the place, and not a mere bird of passage, for he has fitted up here another of those fascinating barn-studios in which interesting exhibitions have been held of the work of "the colony." The landscape-painters

Mrs. Smillie has discovered in Easthampton suggestive figure-subjects and old-fashioned costumes which have led her to wander in the tempting paths of the olden time.

Mr. H. Bolton Jones not long ago contributed to an Academy exhibition a delightful Easthampton landscape, and he has made numerous interesting sketches of the place in its various aspects. Dreary sand-dunes, barnyards, and straw-stacks, vague roads winding indistinctly no one cares whither, weird popular-trees whose sparse leaves shiver lightly in contrast to the close-set foliage of twisted apple-trees,—all tell of the great variety



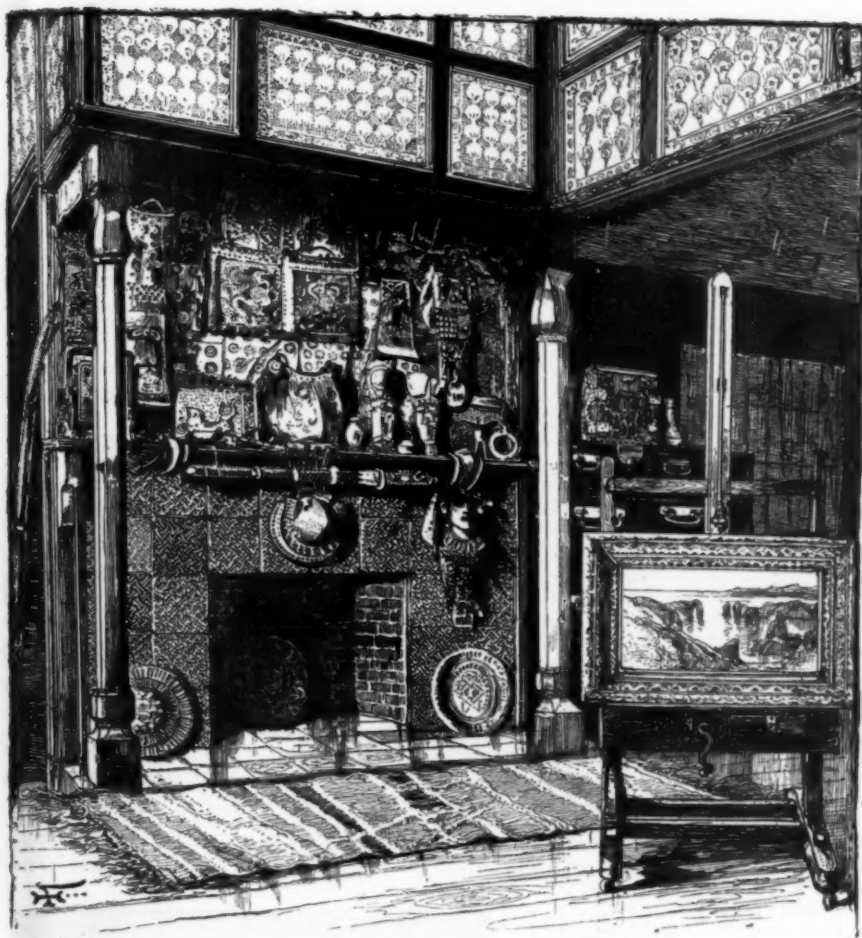
INTERIOR OF STUDIO OF PERCY MORAN, GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND.

have predominated in numbers, and embrace the names of George H. Smillie, H. Bolton Jones, Bruce Crane, and others. Here, also, Mr. Thomas Moran has a house and studio, and his wife, Mrs. Nimmo Moran, has etched many of her vigorous plates.

Easthampton has furnished to Mr. Smillie many interesting subjects, which have been shown at the exhibitions. His city studio contains interesting souvenirs of old gardens and poultry-yards. Mr. Smillie, who is also identified with Marblehead, paints trees and rocks as the masters of *genre* paint aged men and women, making every wrinkle and scar tell its story.

which Easthampton offers to the painter of landscape alone. She is still more capricious in the aspects which she shows her different suitors. Mr. Smillie finds here a likeness both to England and Holland. The gardens and orchards, the lanes, barns, and shrubbery, are all English; while the meadows stretching to low horizons, the windmills "with their delicate white vans outlined against the sky," are Dutch. Mr. Jones, on the other hand, is struck by the resemblance of the locality to Brittany. Mr. Bruce Crane, too, is carried straight to Pont Aven by the hay-ricks and poultry-yards, and by the soft gray atmos-

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FIREPLACE OF SAMUEL COLMAN'S STUDIO, NEWPORT, R. I.

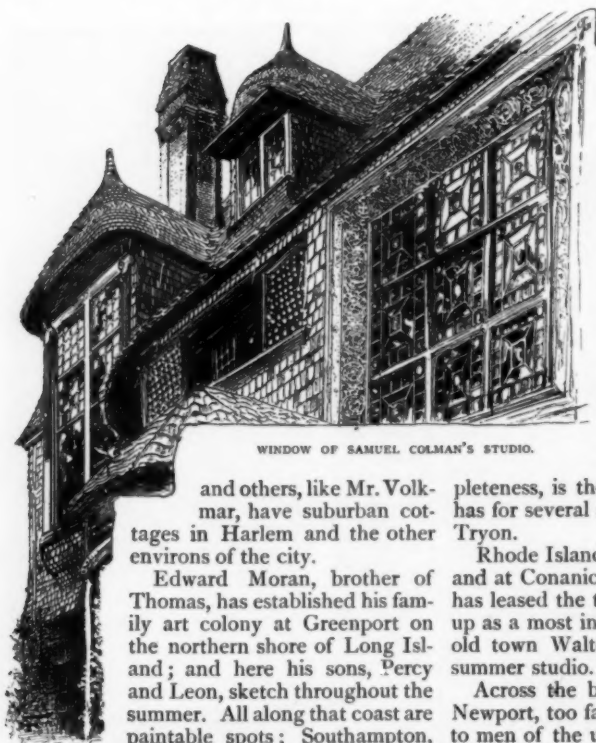
phere. Mr. Walter Clarke, who has laid aside the chisel for the brush, also goes to Easthampton. Mr. Dielman's sketching umbrella has tented frequently in this attractive spot.

The more fashionable beaches in the vicinity of New York have fewer artist visitors, though Mr. Muhrman loves to paint at Coney Island, and Mr. F. S. Church finds the marsh lands for his king's flamingoes near Long Branch and elsewhere in New Jersey. Houghton Farm, with its thousand acres of woodland and meadow, claims him as a guest, and it is in such solitudes that his humorous fancies and grotesques have found expression.

Frank Fowler and his artist wife usually pass the months of June and September in a quaint old house at Bridgeport, Conn. It is

pleasantly situated on Golden Hill, the highest point of the city, and in view of the Sound, along the shore of which they find most suggestive material. Mr. Tracy has a home at Greenwich. The historic old towns of Stratford, Fairfield, and Milford are within easy distance. Stratford was much frequented by the late landscape-painter A. F. Bellows.

The "Trowbridge House" at Litchfield, an old mansion with large grounds, has been fitted up by Mr. Dielman, and a handsome paneled room is the studio. Mr. Dolph painted during the summer at Belport, Mr. M. D. F. Boemer at Babylon; and indeed there is hardly an inviting spot near New York which has not its artist visitors,—some of whom live in the city and run out for a day's sketching,



WINDOW OF SAMUEL COLMAN'S STUDIO.

and others, like Mr. Volkmar, have suburban cottages in Harlem and the other environs of the city.

Edward Moran, brother of Thomas, has established his family art colony at Greenport on the northern shore of Long Island; and here his sons, Percy and Leon, sketch throughout the summer. All along that coast are paintable spots; Southampton, Montauk Point, Orient, Sag Harbor, and Shelter Island have all contributed to Art, and have supplied Mr. Moran with many of his most popular marines and fisher-maidens. The Moran cottage, an unassuming, homelike structure, nestles so close to the shore that one can almost leap from its steps to the deck of a yacht; and the studio walls of both father and sons are hung with all manner of sea-plunder.

Across the Sound from Long Island are the red rocks of Narragansett Pier, where Mr. De Haas for many seasons has found a favorite sketching-station. E. D. Lewis of Philadelphia is another artist thoroughly identified with the place. Narragansett Pier from the water shows only a long line of white hotels glittering in sunlight and of pretty Queen Anne cottages scattered among the rocks. It is not all fresh and new, however. There are old estates in the neighborhood and manor-houses of revolutionary date. In the depths of a tangled wood, large enough for a baronial park,

stands a "castle," so called here, and indeed, had the ambition of the owner been realized, it might have deserved the name. An unfinished tower rises imposingly, and an eccentric labyrinth of oddly shaped apartments cluster at its base. Of course the building has its legend of love and grief. It should have welcomed to its halls an accomplished and beautiful bride, but the lady died before her wedding-day, and her inconsolable lover stopped the building and left his native land in the good old-fashioned way which exists now only in romance. The house, in its ruinous incom-

pleteness, is the very place for an artist, and has for several seasons been occupied by Mr. Tryon.

Rhode Island abounds in colonial buildings, and at Conanicut Mr. Sword of Philadelphia has leased the town hall, which he has fitted up as a most interesting atelier. In the same old town Walter Satterlee has established a summer studio.

Across the bay from Narragansett Pier is Newport, too fashionable a resort to be dear to men of the usual type of artistic temperament. "A man cannot serve two masters," and an artist, be he never so genial, cannot give himself to polo, lawn-tennis, garden-parties, and society, and be worthy of his calling. Newport, however, claims Mr. John La Farge and Mr. William T. Richards, whose new resi-



STUDIO OF EASTMAN JOHNSON, NANTUCKET.

dence is at Conanicut; and Mr. Samuel Colman has dared to build a beautiful studio and home in the very center of the summer Vanity Fair.

Due east from Newport, on the mainland, lies the old town of Little Compton, which Mr.

tasteful studio. It is an old joke that both Mr. Sartain and Mr. Gifford paint Moors; but while Mr. Sartain's have been Saracens of Tangier, sheiks with Koran or nargileh, Mr. Gifford's are the lowlands that stretch about Nonquitt to the sea. Salt marshes, sand dunes, and low,



STUDIO OF R. SWAIN GIFFORD, NONQUITT, MASS.

Blashfield has chosen as his country home. Here he has built a "glass studio" for the painting of figures with outdoor effects, and on these lonely sands, almost as retired from the world as the Ionian Isles, many of his decorative classical designs, processional friezes, and goddesses with whirling drapery and floating hair have passed to canvas.

Continuing our tour around the New England coast, we arrive at Nonquitt, near New Bedford,—a beach most appropriately named, for its waters seem to possess the magical return-compelling property of the Fountain of Trevi. Neighbors both in winter and summer, and friends all the year round, are Messrs. Swain Gifford and William Sartain. Mr. Gifford has painted here for twenty years. Eight years ago he established a summer home here, and five years since commissioned Mr. Emerson, the Boston architect, to build his

flat reaches appeal to him strongly through their windy desolateness.

"A low, gray sky, a freshening wind,
A cold scent of the misty sea;
Before, the barren dunes; behind,
The level meadows, far and free."

This is the landscape which encircles his studio, and which he loves to interpret. Here too Mrs. Gifford doubtless finds the originals of some of her vigorous studies of wild flowers and birds.

Mr. Sartain meets his summer class at his studio on the rocks. His figure-work appears to be the product of his city studio, while the small landscapes which he often contributes to the Society of American Artists and other exhibitions faithfully reproduce the character of Nonquitt scenery—marshes with clumps of coarse, sedgy grass, the level shore, and the rocks with their warm coloring.



STUDIO OF WILLIAM SARTAIN, NONQUITT, MASS.

Across the bay is Padanaram, the favorite resort of W. S. Macy, whose snow-scenes, studied here, prove that he inhabits the place in winter as well as in summer. Harry Chase and D. W. Tryon are both habitués of the pleasant place with the quaint Biblical name full of suggestions of Rebecca and Rachels. Benoni Irwin finds portrait-work among summer visitors, and Messrs. Swift, Cummings, Bradford, Bierstadt, and Charles Gifford belong to the New Bedford colony.

Sailing across Buzzard's Bay and skirting the shores of the Vineyard, we reach Nantucket, one of the rare spots which preserve the flavor and atmosphere of the olden time. The island—with its types of old men and women that are fading out elsewhere, even in other remote nooks of Massachusetts, its queer houses and windmills, its antique furniture and costume—has long been the artistic "property" of Mr. Eastman Johnson. The man and the

place have a natural sympathy for each other. He is a chronicler of a phase of our national life which is fast passing away, and which cannot be made up with old fashion-plates and the lay figure of the studio. He lives in a fascinating "house of seven gables," filled with curiosities brought to Nantucket by seafaring men,—keepsake pitchers inscribed with amatory poetry, and made in England a century ago as gifts for sailors' sweethearts, and many another treasure in willow-ware or other china. Mr. Johnson's studio is stored with antique furniture, spinning-wheels, and costumes. A row of battered hats suggest the antiquated squires, Quakers, and gentlemen of

the olden time that have made their bow to us in his pictures.

The whole Massachusetts coast is Art ground, but at Cape Cod the entire aspect of the coast changes. Species are found north of its threatening arm which are common to Greenland and are not traceable south of it; while in Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound we have some Florida and Gulf varieties, which never stray north of Cape Cod. The historical associations are sterner than those of lower latitudes. Mr. Douglas Volk is prominent among our younger figure-painters in availing himself of the field offered by the Puritan element in early colonial history—a field which Mr. Boughton has worked thoroughly, but which he has by no means exhausted.

The artistic qualities of the Massachusetts coast have been made use of chiefly by Boston artists. Messrs. Norton, Lansil, Halsall, and others have given their transcripts of



STUDIO OF WILLIAM F. HALSALL, BOSTON HARBOR.

"Storm and blinding mist,
And the stout hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead,
The sea-boats of Cape Ann."

Mr. Halsall's love of the ocean developed early in life, when as a boy he ran away to sea, and through varied vicissitudes at length became a marine-painter. His summer working-place is on the Middle Brewster, one of a group of rugged islands forming a protection to Boston Harbor. He finds this wild crag an excellent place to work and study, with a magnificent background of scenery and panorama of shipping constantly passing, "almost like being at sea, without the discomforts of a vessel."

The New York artists, Messrs. Nicoll, Farrer, Bricher, and others, have also spied out the land and have invaded this Yankee reservation; a number have summer sheds upon the rocks at Magnolia, Marblehead, Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, and other points. Magnolia suggests to us Hunt's summer studio, "The Old Ship," as it was nicknamed. His sanctum was in the second story, and the entrance to it was by steps through a trap-door. When he wished to work, it was his custom to hoist these up after him by pulley and tackle, so that he was as completely isolated from marauding, time-stealing visitors as an old baron in his moated castle. Miss Agnes Abbott has painted there in past summers, bringing home portfolios of breezy water-colors worthy of the spot.

The Isles of Shoals attract many artists, among them Joseph Lyman; and the wild Maine coast is full of attractive nooks, from York and Old Orchard Beach to Mount Desert. The last-named locality was first introduced to Art by Mr. Church, and has since been exploited by Prosper L. Senat of Philadelphia. Winslow Homer's imaginative and vigorous style finds peculiar affinity in the fine natural scenery to be found here.

A number of artists desert the land altogether and make the heaving deck their summer studio. Harry Chase, in his yacht *Bonnie*, has coasted our shores in search of artistic booty. Mr. Bradford, the well-known painter of icebergs and Arctic scenes, cruises still more boldly in the wake of the explorers, and gives us from his steam-launch views of "Fishing-craft Working through the Ice on the Coast of Labrador," and other chilly glimpses suggestive of the experiences of Arctic explorers.

The heart of New England is as fully appreciated by painters as the coast. All through



ON BOARD THE "BONNIE," HARRY CHASE'S STUDIO.

the interior is found the most charming scenery of mountain, river, and meadow. The White Mountains, brought by their special trains within a day of New York, grow more popular each year. In several instances the artists' sheds have been the pioneers, and the great hotels have come after. At Crawford's, Mr. Frank Shapleigh of Boston has, near the hotel, a studio, which he has made so picturesque and attractive that it is one of the sights of the place. Jackson is also a favorite sketching-field for this artist. Conway was preempted long ago by Benjamin Champney of Boston, one of our early painters of landscape.

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's picturesque drawings have doubtless done more to spread the fame of the White Mountains than the most glowing of written descriptions.

Mr. Casilear has painted the lakes and mountains of New Hampshire, and Mr. Shirlaw has been attracted by the glistening caves and walls of the marble-quarries of Rutland and Manchester,—a new field in art, and one offering brilliant effects in color, as well as strong contrasts in light and shade. The marble industry is characteristic of New England, and deserves notice as one of the great American interests, but it bases its claim on the artist's attention upon the distinctive and

picturesque effects which it confers upon landscape, and for its association with the arts.

The stony pastures of Vermont are often as white with sheep and lambs as with marble. J. A. S. Monks, who appreciates so well their awkward and frisky attitudes, their middle-aged content and laziness, and the inquisitive baby-impudence of their youth, has painted and etched them in West Rutland and in Medford, and at present has a little artist's ranch at Cold Spring on the Hudson, where, from a side window of his studio, he paints the sheep as they are corralled upon his lawn.

Mr. T. W. Wood has found at Montpelier the backgrounds of hay-loft, farm-house, and barn-yard for his *genre* paintings.

The vicinity of Boston is thickly strewn with summer and home studios. Ernest Longfellow, the son of the poet, has one in Cambridge. Mr. Enneking lives in Hyde Park. He has a studio in the rear of his home in the center of the town, but the woods and byways are near. There are some grand views in the neighborhood, but he has always chosen meadow and wood scenes, a hill-side with an old stone wall, and quiet rustic views.

Frank Millet's interesting studio at Bridgewater, with its Roumanian, Bulgarian, Greek, and Russian curiosities, and its old-fashioned kitchen taken bodily from a house in the neighborhood built in 1695, has already been described in print. Mr. and Mrs. J. Appleton Brown summer at Byfield, a suburb of Newburyport, and find here the twisted apple-trees and hill-side sketches and quiet skies which both are fond of painting.

Connecticut is full of quiet inland nooks that attract the artist. The vicinity of Hartford is especially attractive, and some interesting work has been accomplished by the

ladies of the Decorative Art Society. Farmington with its elms is a favorite with all artists who are familiar with this "bath of silence." Mr. Shattuck has reproduced the quiet loveliness of this nestling village under varied aspects. The environing hills form lines and masses of rare beauty seen from whatever direction, and from their summits one gains a far-reaching panorama of enchantment. To the north one catches a glimpse of the Holyoke range, which guards one of the most charmingly retired portions of Massachusetts. Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, the artist engraver, has made most of his work from nature in the vicinity of Mount Tom, Mount Holyoke, and Chestnut Mountain, in as wild and forsaken regions as can be found in our more remote wildernesses. He has had built for his purposes an ingenious jaunting-car fitted up with every convenience for photography, sketching, painting, and engraving, combined with sleeping and house-keeping conveniences. The body is ten feet long, seven feet high, and three and one-half feet wide. The running-gear is a heavy country one-horse wagon. The windows have outside blinds, mosquito-frames, and single panes of glass in sliding frames, like those used for horse-cars. On the back of the car is an extension, a sort of veranda, with waterproof curtains to let down and inclose the whole, making a dark chamber for photography. The interior of the car is fitted up with drawers, tanks, and cupboards in the most compact ship-shape, with folding bunk and kerosene stove apparatus, swinging lamp, and every adjunct for bachelor comfort. The car is followed by a companion boat on wheels, and the machine can be stocked for solitary camping in one place for a month at



ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY'S STUDIO-CAR IN WHATLEY GLEN.



J. A. S. MONKS' STUDIO AT WEST RUTLAND, VT.

a time. Mr. Kingsley has also camped and sketched the past summer upon the Saguenay, but he has found no conditions so well adapted for his work as in the Connecticut Valley seen from the windows of his gypsy cart.

If we follow the Connecticut Valley a little farther to the north, we find Deerfield, a veritable Sleepy Hollow, hidden away under its elms as you look down upon it from the fast-flying express trains which pass its tiny station in swift disdain. The elms of Deerfield are its glory; nowhere in New England can there be found nobler ones. Mr. A. F. Bellows has painted them again and again. Messrs. F. D. Williams, Frank Currier, Fred Wright, and others have painted here, and the summer homes and studios of J. Wells Champney and the late George Fuller are in and near the village. Mr. Fuller removed the floors of the second story from the old family homestead, and constructed a fascinating and rambling atelier, with many odd nooks and corners, three fireplaces, and a wall of old paneling. Across the way stands the pretty cottage which was his, and around stretch the broad acres of his meadow farm. On these meadows the mist drifts low at dawn and twilight, and the Indian summer haze blurs all too distinct outline into the subtle harmony of light and color of which Mr. Fuller was so pre-

eminent a master. In this homestead studio many of his most original and poetic conceptions took shape.

No picture of his painting is now more touching than this same empty studio, so instinct with the personality of the man that one cannot help fancying that he has only left it for a moment, that he has stepped behind the great easel or is hidden by the chimney-corner. The historic associations of Deerfield carry the imagination back across two centuries. Hatchets and spinning-wheels, looms and foot-stoves, and all the obsolete and prehistoric paraphernalia of the olden time abound in the village—the paradise of the antiquary as well as of the artist. It is not surprising that Mr. Fuller should be acknowledged to occupy a place in art analogous to that of Hawthorne in literature.

West of Deerfield lie the Berkshire Hills, so widely celebrated for their beauty. Mr. Thomas Allen is a native of Pittsfield, and many of our landscape-painters find their way each summer to this enchanting region. Jerome Thompson, Frank Waller, and others have painted at Lenox and Stockbridge, though Mr. Waller has deserted the region for a lodge among the beautiful hop-vines of Coopers-town, N. Y. At Great Barrington Mr. Bristol has established a charming studio, which

is a perfect arbor of Virginia creepers and other vines. Mr. Bristol is best known to the public for his lakes, but he delights also in river effects, and here upon the banks of the Housatonic and the Green River, which Bryant loved, he has sketched with such friends as Bellows and Shattuck.

Still to the westward gleams Lake George, the favorite resort of George H. Yewell. Here by the lake Mr. and Mrs. Loop have a country-

and individual trees, with their inherited characteristics. Here are the selfish beech, thrusting other trees away from it and taking up all the cleared space for itself, the birch in her bridal dress of white satin, the hemlock sheltering a spruce—for these trees are lovers, and can no more bear to be separated than goldenrod and aster.

Mr. Shurtleff takes a more comprehensive view of the forest than Mr. Fitch, and a more



THE LATE GEORGE FULLER'S STUDIO AT DEERFIELD.

seat, old-fashioned in its appointments and its free-hearted hospitality.

A step farther and we have reached the Adirondacks, that enchanted country with which Charles Dudley Warner has made us so well acquainted, where man returns to a delightful savagery, and fishing, camping, climbing, and hunting take the place of the excitements and toil of the city. Here too the emancipated society woman exchanges her elaborately ordered dinners for the coffee-pot smoking over a camp-fire, a string of trout, and a basket of berries; while the theater and opera are replaced by fish and bear stories.

It is possible that the visitor at Keene Valley to-day would hardly recognize this picture; but here, at all events, are the everlasting hills, and just beyond them are the forests, lakes, and solitudes of the wilderness.

The charms of Keene Valley, the peaks of Sentinel Mountain, of Mounts Marcy and Dix, of Noonmark or the Dial, have all been presented to the public by Mr. Robbins. Though dealing generally with small canvases, he loves to depict wide-spreading views. Mr. Fitch gives us detail—nooks in the forest

intimate one than Mr. Robbins. His "lodge in the wilderness" is graced by antlered heads and wild-wood trophies of bark and moss. Mr. Wyant's delicate paintings are too well known to require description.

Mr. William Hart finds the lower end of Keene Valley attractive, and may be met occasionally striding over the hills in search of his favorite sketching-grounds, or quietly seated before some bovine beauty while the herdsman exerts himself in the almost vain attempt to keep the refractory model in position.

Other artists—notably Mr. Robert C. Minor, whose "Heart of the Wilderness," painted here, was shown at the regular Academy Exhibition of 1883, Messrs. J. Alden Weir, Bloodgood, and Douglas Volk—have all visited and worked in the Adirondacks.

The ranges of mountains in the Middle and Southern States have artist visitors. Mr. James Smillie has a summer home in Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn. Here from his painting studio, through an immense single-paned window of plate-glass, he can look away over the Alleghany ranges and study sky-effects in stormy weather; while an ad-



INTERIOR OF R. M. SHURTLEFF'S STUDIO, KEENE VALLEY, NEW YORK.

joining room is fitted up with every appliance for his favorite department of etching.

Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith has also found a double attraction in the trout streams of the Pennsylvania mountains. Farther south Mr. Gilbert Gaul has purchased a sheep farm in the Cumberland Mountains.

Mr. T. Addison Richards also spends his summer upon the Delaware, sketching the rivulets and brooks which follow its course.

We have more marine-painters than painters of mountains, and yet the hills will hold their own against the sea in grandeur. The Adirondack region furnishes the mountain waves that Ruskin speaks of, and only a few adventurous spirits will require anything bolder or wilder. Even these need seek no Alps or Andes, for our own continent, in the tremendous architecture of the Rockies and Sierras, stands waiting "to startle the lethargy of the human heart with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment." Mr. Bierstadt has visited this region six times since 1859, and his pictures have dealt with the mastodon trees, the grand domes of Sentinel Rock, El Capitan, the Cathedral Rocks, and the Yosemite.

Mr. Thomas Moran has given us the geysers and hot springs of Utah, thermal fountains throwing their jets of scalding steam four hundred and fifty feet into the air, and

has dared to reproduce the vivid carnelian, sulphur, and copper blue-coloring of the springs of Firehole River. His "Cañon of the Yellowstone" and "Chasm of the Colorado" are in the Capitol in Washington, and his "Mountain of the Holy Cross" is a well-known picture.

Mr. W. Whittredge has contributed to the Yale collection of paintings some studies of prairie and mountain scenes, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has given us some remarkably fine work in black and white. The opportunities which the Indian offers to the figure-painter have never been fully seized. Mr. Brush, one of our younger men, has been wise enough to see this; and while others have swarmed to Europe to paint the Italian peasant, he has studied in the wilds of Montana and Wyoming, and at the Arapahoe and Crow agencies, the peculiar customs, types, and costumes of the Indians.

Mr. Moser of Atlanta, Georgia, deserves mention as a delineator of African character. His conception of Uncle Remus is the only one accepted by Mr. Harris; and we may expect future work of importance from his plantation studio. Pennell has given us an idea of the picturesqueness of New Orleans.

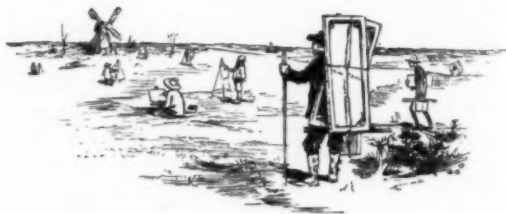
Mexico presents another American field, which Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has shown us in black and white, and Mr. Ferguson in

color; while Hopkinson Smith has spent a busy vacation in Cuba.

We have given but a hasty survey, noticing only a few of the outposts. Other home fields are worthily occupied, while more are still un-

developed. The South allures, and the North is full of stimulus. Everywhere the whole wide new land invites her artist sons, not in summer alone, but throughout every season of the changing year, to tell her story to the world.

Lizzie W. Champney.



THE GRAY GULL'S WING.

I HOLD in my hand the gray gull's wing,
And seem to touch a perpetual flight;
So alert is this softly shining thing,
Sharply pointing from height to height,
That I follow its charmed, vagarious flight:

Where great gray seas beneath it swing,
And soft gray clouds drop against the sea,
That beats its gray horizon-ring,
And sighs o' nights, and prays to be
Moon-led, moon-lifted, and set free.

Out of weird, tossed shadows the gray bird slips,
Vaguely gleaming against the dawn;
Till into some sudden splendor it dips,
Flashing outward, and strangely gone,
And I hear but a cry go on and on.

Beaconed headlands and rock-bound shores,
Wild, crowding crags to rebut the sea,
Sails that flit while the gray bird soars,
Shadows blown out of eternity
To the cold, purple gray of this pinnaced sea.

Fields of sedge, and levels of sand,
And a slow tide drearily slipping away,
And a dim sky falling against the land,
And the fishing-boats loitering up the bay,
And still the gray bird leads the gray.

Over this flying shape I dream,
Reaching a strength to which I cling;
And glad, sweet thoughts seem to rustle and gleam
In the swift elation in which they spring
Higher, to follow the gray gull's wing.

Mary Allen.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "The Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XXIX.

MRS. LUNA was early in the field the next day, and her sister wondered to what she owed the honor of a visit from her at eleven o'clock in the morning. She very soon saw, when Adeline asked her whether it had been she who procured for Basil Ransom an invitation to Mrs. Burrage's.

"Me — why in the world should it have been me?" Olive asked, feeling something of a pang at the implication that it had not been Adeline, as she supposed.

"I didn't know — but you took him up so."

"Why, Adeline Luna, when did I ever —?" Miss Chancellor exclaimed, staring and intensely grave.

"You don't mean to say you have forgotten how you brought him on to see you, a year and a half ago!"

"I didn't bring him on — I said if he happened to be there."

"Yes, I remember how it was: he did happen, and then you happened to hate him, and tried to get out of it."

Miss Chancellor saw, I say, why Adeline had come to her at the hour she knew she was always writing letters, after having given her all the attention that was necessary the day before; she had come simply to make herself disagreeable, as Olive knew, of old, the spirit sometimes moved her irresistibly to do. It seemed to her that Adeline had been disagreeable enough in having beguiled Basil Ransom into a marriage, according to that memorable calculation of probabilities in which she indulged (with a license that she scarcely liked definitely to recall) when the pair made acquaintance under her eyes in Charles street, and Mrs. Luna seemed to take to him as much as she herself did little. She would gladly have accepted him as a brother-in-law, for the harm such a relation could do one was limited and definite; whereas, in his general capacity of being at large in her life, the ability of the young Mississippian to injure her seemed somehow immense. "I wrote to him — that time — for a perfectly definite reason," she said. "I thought mother would have liked us to know him. But it was a mistake."

"How do you know it was a mistake? Mother would have liked him, I dare say."

"I mean my acting as I did; it was a theory of duty which I allowed to press me too much. I always do. Duty should be obvious; one shouldn't hunt round for it."

"Was it very obvious when it brought you on here?" asked Mrs. Luna, who was distinctly out of humor.

Olive looked for a moment at the toe of her shoe. "I had an idea that you would have married him by this time," she presently remarked.

"Marry him yourself, my dear! What put such an idea into your head?"

"You wrote to me at first so much about him. You told me he was tremendously attentive, and that you liked him."

"His state of mind is one thing and mine is another. How can I marry every man that hangs about me — that dogs my footsteps? I might as well become a Mormon at once!" Mrs. Luna delivered herself of this argument with a certain charitable air, as if her sister could not be expected to understand such a situation by her own light.

Olive waived the discussion, and simply said: "I took for granted *you* had got him the invitation."

"I, my dear? That would be quite at variance with my attitude of discouragement."

"Then she simply sent it herself."

"Whom do you mean by 'she'?"

"Mrs. Burrage, of course."

"I thought you might mean Verena," said Mrs. Luna, casually.

"Verena — to him? Why in the world —?" and Olive gave the cold glare with which her sister was familiar.

"Why in the world not — since she knows him?"

"She had seen him twice in her life before last night, when she met him for the third time and spoke to him."

"Did she tell you that?"

"She tells me everything."

"Are you very sure?"

"Adeline Luna, what *do* you mean?" Miss Chancellor murmured.

"Are you very sure that last night was only the third time?" Mrs. Luna went on.

Olive threw back her head and swept her sister from her bonnet to her lowest flounce. "You have no right to hint at such a thing as that unless you know!"

"Oh, I know—I know, at any rate, more than you do!" And then Mrs. Luna, sitting with her sister, much withdrawn, in one of the windows of the big, hot, faded parlor of the boarding-house in Tenth street, where there was a rug before the chimney representing a Newfoundland dog saving a child from drowning, and a row of chromo-lithographs on the walls, imparted to her the impression she had received the evening before—the impression of Basil Ransom's keen curiosity about Verena Tarrant. Verena must have asked Mrs. Burrage to send him a card, and asked it without mentioning the fact to Olive—for wouldn't Olive certainly have remembered it? It was no use her saying that Mrs. Burrage might have sent it of her own movement, because she wasn't aware of his existence, and why should she be? Basil Ransom himself had told her he didn't know Mrs. Burrage. Mrs. Luna knew whom he knew and whom he didn't, or at least the sort of people, and they were not the sort that belonged to the Wednesday Club. That was one reason why she didn't care about him for any intimate relation—that he didn't seem to have any taste for making nice friends. Olive would know what *her* taste was in this respect, though it wasn't that young woman's own any more than his. It was positive that the suggestion about the card could only have come from Verena. At any rate Olive could easily ask, or if she was afraid of her telling a fib she could ask Mrs. Burrage. It was true Mrs. Burrage might have been put on her guard by Verena, and would perhaps invent some other account of the matter; therefore Olive had better just believe what *she* believed, that Verena had secured his presence at the party and had had private reasons for doing so. It is to be feared that Ransom's remark to Mrs. Luna the night before about her having lost her head was near to the mark; for if she had not been blinded by her rancor, she would have guessed the horror with which she inspired her sister when she spoke in that off-hand way of Verena's lying and Mrs. Burrage's lying. Did people lie like that in Mrs. Luna's set? It was Olive's plan of life not to lie, and attributing a similar disposition to people she liked, it was impossible for her to believe that Verena had had the intention of deceiving her. Mrs. Luna, in a calmer hour, might also have divined that Olive would make her private comments on the strange story of Basil Ransom's having made up to Verena out of pique at Adeline's rebuff; for this was the account of the matter that she

now offered to Miss Chancellor. Olive did two things: she listened intently and eagerly, judging there was distinct danger in the air (which, however, she had not wanted Mrs. Luna to tell her, having perceived it for herself the night before); and she saw that poor Adeline was fabricating fearfully, that the "rebuff" was altogether an invention. Mr. Ransom was evidently preoccupied with Verena, but he hadn't needed Mrs. Luna's cruelty to make him so. So Olive maintained an attitude of great reserve; she didn't take upon herself to announce that her own version was that Adeline, for reasons absolutely imperceptible to others, had tried to catch Basil Ransom, had failed in her attempt, and, furious at seeing Verena preferred to a person of her importance (Olive remembered the *spretæ injuria formæ*), now wished to do both him and the girl an ill turn. This would be accomplished if she could induce Olive to interfere. Miss Chancellor was conscious of an abundant readiness to interfere, but it was not because she cared for Adeline's mortification. I am not sure, even, that she did not think her *fiasco* but another illustration of her sister's general uselessness, and rather despise her for it; being perfectly able at once to hold that nothing is baser than the effort to entrap a man, and to think it very ignoble to have to renounce it because you can't. Olive kept these reflections to herself, but she went so far as to say to her sister that she didn't see where the "pique" came in. How could it hurt Adeline that he should turn his attention to Verena? What was Verena to her?

"Why, Olive Chancellor, how can you ask?" Mrs. Luna boldly responded. "Isn't Verena everything to you, and aren't you everything to me, and wouldn't an attempt—a successful one—to take Verena away from you knock you up fearfully, and shouldn't I suffer, as you know I suffer, by sympathy?"

I have said that it was Miss Chancellor's plan of life not to lie, but such a plan was compatible with a kind of consideration for the truth which led her to shrink from producing it on poor occasions. So she didn't say, "Dear me, Adeline, what humbug! you know you hate Verena and would be very glad if she were drowned!" She only said, "Well, I see; but it's very roundabout." What she did see was that Mrs. Luna was eager to help her to stop off Basil Ransom from "making head," as the phrase was; and the fact that her motive was spite, and not tenderness for the young women in Charles street, would not make her assistance less welcome if the danger were real. She herself had a nervous dread, but she had that about everything; still, Adeline had perhaps seen something, and what in the world

did she mean by her reference to Verena's having had secret meetings? When pressed on this point, Mrs. Luna could only say that she didn't pretend to give definite information, and she wasn't a spy anyway, but that the night before he had positively flaunted in her face his admiration for the girl, his enthusiasm for her way of standing up there. Of course he hated her ideas, but he was quite conceited enough to think she would give them up. Perhaps it was all directed at *her* — as if she cared! It would depend a good deal on the girl herself; certainly, if there was any likelihood of Verena's being affected, she should advise Olive to look out. She knew best what to do; it was only Adeline's duty to give her the benefit of her own impression, whether she was thanked for it or not. She only wished to put her on her guard, and it was just like Olive to receive such information so coldly; she was the most disappointing woman she knew.

Miss Chancellor's coldness was not diminished by this rebuke; for it had come over her that, after all, she had never opened herself at that rate to Adeline, had never let her see the real intensity of her desire to keep the sort of danger there was now a question of, away from Verena, had given her no warrant for regarding her as her friend's keeper; so that she was taken aback by the flatness of Mrs. Luna's assumption that she was ready to enter into a conspiracy to circumvent and frustrate the girl. Olive put on all her majesty to dispel this impression, and if she couldn't help being aware that she made Mrs. Luna still angrier, on the whole, than at first, she felt that she would much rather disappoint her than give herself away to her — especially as she was intensely eager to profit by her warning!

XXX.

MRS. LUNA would have been still less satisfied with the manner in which Olive received her proffered assistance, had she known how many confidences that reticent young woman might have made her in return. Olive's whole life now was a matter for whispered communications; she felt this herself, as she sought the privacy of her own apartment, after her interview with her sister. She had for the moment time to think; Verena having gone out with Mr. Burrage, who had made an appointment the night before to call for her to drive at that early hour. They had other engagements in the afternoon — the principal of which was to meet a group of earnest people at the house of one of the great local promoters. Olive would whisk Verena off to these appointments directly after lunch; she flat-

tered herself that she could arrange matters so that there would not be half an hour in the day during which Basil Ransom, complacently calling, would find the Bostonians in the house. She had had this well in mind when, at Mrs. Burrage's, she was driven to give him their address; and she had had it also in mind that she would ask Verena, as a special favor, to accompany her back to Boston on the next day but one, which was the morning of the morrow. There had been considerable talk of her staying a few days with Mrs. Burrage — staying on after her own departure; but Verena backed out of it spontaneously, seeing how the idea worried her friend. Olive had accepted the sacrifice, and their visit to New York was now cut down, in intention, to four days, one of which, the moment she perceived whither Basil Ransom was tending, Miss Chancellor promised herself also to suppress. She had not mentioned that to Verena yet; she hesitated a little, having a slightly bad conscience about the concessions she had already obtained from her friend. Verena made such concessions with a generosity which caused one's heart to ache for admiration, even while one asked for them; and never once had Olive known her to demand the smallest credit for any virtue she showed in this way, or to bargain for an instant about any effort she made to oblige. She had been delighted with the idea of spending a week under Mrs. Burrage's roof; she had said, too, that she believed her mother would die happy (not that there was the least prospect of Mrs. Tarrant's dying) if she could hear of her having such an experience as that; and yet, perceiving how solemn Olive looked about it, how she blanched and brooded at the prospect, she had offered to give it up, with a smile sweeter, if possible, than any that had ever sat in her eyes. Olive knew what that meant for her, knew what a power of enjoyment she still had, in spite of the tension of their common purpose, their vital work, which had now, as they equally felt, passed into the stage of realization, of fruition; and that is why her conscience rather pricked her, as I have said, for consenting to this further act of renunciation, especially as their position seemed really so secure, on the part of one who had already given herself away so sublimely.

Secure as their position might be, Olive called herself a blind idiot for having, in spite of all her first shrinkings, agreed to bring Verena to New York. Verena had jumped at the invitation, the very unexpectedness of which on Mrs. Burrage's part — it was such an odd idea to have come to a mere worldling — carried a kind of persuasion with it. Olive's im-

mediate sentiment had been an instinctive general fear; but, later, she had dismissed that as unworthy; she had decided (and such a decision was nothing new) that where their mission was concerned they ought to face everything. Such an opportunity would contribute too much to Verena's reputation and authority to justify a refusal at the bidding of apprehensions which were after all only vague. Olive's specific terrors and dangers had by this time very much blown over; Basil Ransom had given no sign of life for ages, and Henry Burrage had certainly got his quietus before they went to Europe. If it had occurred to his mother that she might convert Verena into the animating principle of a big soirée, she was at least acting in good faith, for it could be no more her wish to-day that he should marry Selah Tarrant's daughter than it was her wish a year before. And then they should do some good to the benighted, the most benighted, the fashionable benighted; they should perhaps make them furious — there was always some good in that. Lastly, Olive was conscious of a personal temptation in the matter; she was not insensible to the pleasure of appearing in a distinguished New York circle as a representative woman, an important Bostonian, the prompter, colleague, associate of one of the most original girls of the time. Basil Ransom was the person she had least expected to meet at Mrs. Burrage's; it had been her belief that they might easily spend four days in a city of more than a million of inhabitants without that disagreeable accident. But it had occurred; nothing was wanting to make it seem serious; and, setting her teeth, she shook herself, morally, hard, for having fallen into the trap of fate. Well, she would scramble out, with only a scare, probably. Henry Burrage was very attentive; but somehow she didn't fear him now; and it was only natural he should feel that he couldn't be polite enough, after they had consented to be exploited in that worldly way by his mother. The other danger was the worst; the palpitation of her strange dread, the night of Miss Birdseye's party, came back to her. Mr. Burrage seemed, indeed, a protection; she reflected, with relief, that it had been arranged that after taking Verena to drive in the Park and see the Museum of Art in the morning, they should in the evening dine with him at Delmonico's (he was to invite another gentleman) and go afterwards to the German opera. Olive had kept all this to herself, as I have said; revealing to her sister neither the vividness of her prevision that Basil Ransom would look blank when he came down to Tenth street and learned they had flitted, nor the eagerness of her desire

just to find herself once more in the Boston train. It had been only that prevision that had sustained her when she gave Mr. Ransom their number.

Verena came to her room shortly before lunch, to let her know she had returned; and while they sat there waiting to stop their ears when the gong announcing the repast was beaten, at the foot of the stairs, by a negro in a white jacket, she narrated to her friend her adventures with Mr. Burrage — expatiated on the beauty of the park, the splendor and interest of the Museum, the wonder of the young man's acquaintance with everything it contained, the swiftness of his horses, the softness of his English cart, the pleasure of rolling at that pace over roads as firm as marble, the entertainment he promised them for the evening. Olive listened in serious silence; she saw Verena was quite carried away; of course she hadn't gone so far with her without knowing that phase.

"Did Mr. Burrage try to make love to you?" Miss Chancellor inquired at last, without a smile.

Verena had taken off her hat to arrange her feather, and as she placed it on her head again, her uplifted arms making a frame for her face, she said: "Yes, I suppose it was meant for love."

Olive waited for her to tell more, to tell how she had treated him, kept him in his place, made him feel that that question was over long ago; but as Verena gave her no further information she didn't insist, conscious as she always was that in such a relation as theirs there should be a great respect on either side for the liberty of each. She had never yet infringed on Verena's, and of course she wouldn't begin now. Moreover, with the request that she meant presently to make of her, she felt that she must be discreet. She wondered whether Henry Burrage were really going to begin again; whether his mother had only been acting in his interest in getting them to come on. Certainly, the bright spot in such a prospect was that if she listened to him she couldn't listen to Basil Ransom; and he *had* told Olive herself last night, when he put them into their carriage, that he hoped to prove to her yet that he had come round to her gospel. But the old sickness stole upon her again, the faintness of discouragement, as she asked herself why in the name of pity Verena should listen to any one at all (but her). Again it came over her, when she saw the brightness, the happy look, the girl brought back, as it had done in the earlier months, that the great trouble was that weak spot of Verena's, that sole infirmity and subtle flaw, which she had expressed to her very soon

after they began to live together, in saying (she remembered it through the ineffaceable impression made by her friend's avowal), "I'll tell you what is the matter with you—you don't dislike men as a class!" Verena had replied on this occasion, "Well, no, I don't dislike them when they are pleasant!" As if organized selfishness could ever be pleasant! Olive disliked them most when they were least unpleasant. After a little, at present, she remarked, referring to Henry Burrage: "It is not right of him, not decent, after your making him feel how, while he was at Cambridge, he tormented you, wearied you."

"Oh, I didn't show anything," said Verena gayly. "I am learning to dissimulate," she added in a moment. "I suppose you have to as you go along. I pretend not to notice."

At this moment the gong sounded for lunch, and the two young women covered up their ears, face to face, Verena with her quick smile, Olive with her pale patience. When they could hear themselves speak, the latter said abruptly:

"How did Mrs. Burrage come to invite Mr. Ransom to her party? He told Adeline he had never seen her before."

"Oh, I asked her to send him an invitation—after she had written to me, to thank me, when it was definitely settled we should come on. She asked me in her letter if there were any friends of mine in the city to whom I should like her to send cards, and I mentioned Mr. Ransom."

Verena spoke without a single instant's hesitation, and the only sign of embarrassment she gave was that she got up from her chair, passing in this manner a little out of Olive's scrutiny. It was easy for her not to falter, because she was glad of the chance. She wanted to be very simple in all her relations with her friend, and of course it wasn't simple so soon as she began to keep things back. She could at any rate keep back as little as possible, and she felt as if she were making up for a dereliction when she answered Olive's inquiry so promptly.

"You never told me of that," Miss Chancellor remarked, in a low tone.

"I didn't want to. I know you don't like him, and I thought it would give you pain. Yet I wanted him to be there—I wanted him to hear."

"What does it matter—why should you care about him?"

"Well, because he is so awfully opposed!"

"How do you know that, Verena?"

At this point Verena began to hesitate. It was not, after all, so easy to keep back only a little; it appeared rather as if one must either tell everything or hide everything. The

former course had already presented itself to her as unduly harsh; it was because it seemed so that she had ended by keeping the incident of Basil Ransom's visit to Monadnock Place buried in unspoken, in unspeakable, considerations, the only secret she had in the world—the only thing that was all her own. She was so glad to say what she could without betraying herself that it was only after she had spoken that she perceived there was a danger of Olive's pushing the inquiry to the point where, to defend herself as it were, she should be obliged to practice a positive deception; and she was conscious at the same time that the moment her secret was threatened it became dearer to her. She began to pray silently that Olive might not push; for it would be odious, it would be impossible, to defend herself by a lie. Meanwhile, however, she had to answer, and the way she answered was by exclaiming, much more quickly than the reflections I note might have appeared to permit, "Well, if you can't tell from his appearance! He's the type of the reactionary."

Verena went to the toilet-glass to see that she had put on her hat properly, and Olive slowly got up, in the manner of a person not in the least eager for her lunch. "Let him react as he likes—for heaven's sake don't mind him!" That was Miss Chancellor's rejoinder, and Verena felt that it didn't say all that was in her mind. She wished she would come down to lunch, for she, at least, was honestly hungry. She even suspected Olive had an idea she was afraid to express, such distress it would bring with it. "Well, you know, Verena, this isn't our *real* life—it isn't our work," Olive went on.

"Well, no, it isn't, certainly," said Verena, not pretending at first that she did not know what Olive meant. In a moment, however, she added, "Do you refer to this social intercourse with Mr. Burrage?"

"Not to that only." Then Olive asked abruptly, looking at her, "How did you know his address?"

"His address?"

"Mr. Ransom's—to enable Mrs. Burrage to invite him?"

They stood for a moment interchanging a gaze. "It was in a letter I got from him."

At these words there came into Olive's face an expression which made her companion cross over to her directly and take her by the hand. But the tone was different from what Verena expected when she said, with cold surprise: "Oh, you are in correspondence!" It showed an immense effort of self-control.

"He wrote to me once—I never told you," Verena rejoined, smiling. She felt that her friend's strange, uneasy eyes searched very

far; a little more and they would go to the very bottom. Well, they might go if they would; she didn't, after all, care so much about her secret as that. For the moment, however, Verena didn't learn what Olive had discovered, inasmuch as she only remarked presently that it was time to go down to lunch. As they descended the staircase she put her arm into Miss Chancellor's and perceived that she was trembling.

Of course there were plenty of people in New York interested in the uprising, and Olive had made appointments, in advance, which filled the whole afternoon. Everybody wanted to meet them, and wanted everybody else to do so, and Verena saw they could easily have quite a vogue, if they only chose to stay and work that vein. Very likely, as Olive said, it wasn't their real life, and people didn't seem to have such a grip of the movement as they had in Boston; but there was something in the air that carried one along, and a sense of vastness and variety, of the infinite possibilities of a great city, which — Verena hardly knew whether she ought to confess it to herself — might in the end make up for the want of the Boston earnestness. Certainly, the people seemed very much alive, and there was no other place where so many cheering reports could flow in, owing to the number of electric feelers that seemed to stretch out everywhere. The principal center appeared to be Mrs. Croucher's, on Fifty-sixth street, where there was an informal gathering of sympathizers, who didn't seem as if they could forgive her when they learned that she had been speaking the night before in a circle in which they none of them were acquainted. Certainly, they were very different from the group she had addressed at Mrs. Burrage's, and Verena heaved a thin, private sigh, expressive of some helplessness, as she thought what a big, complicated world it was, and how it appeared to contain a little of everything. There was a general demand that she should repeat her address in a more congenial atmosphere; to which she replied that Olive made her engagements for her, and that as the address had been intended just to lead people on, perhaps she would think Mrs. Croucher's friends had reached a higher point. She was as cautious as this because she saw that Olive was now just straining to get out of the city; she didn't want to say anything that would tie them. When she felt her trembling that way before lunch, it made her quite sick to realize how much her friend was wrapped up in her — how terribly she would suffer from the least deviation. After they had started for their round of engagements, the very first thing Verena spoke of in the carriage (Olive had taken one, in her liberal way, for the whole

time) was the fact that her correspondence with Mr. Ransom, as her friend had called it, had consisted on his part of only one letter. It was a very short one, too; it had come to her a little more than a month before. Olive knew she got letters from gentlemen; she didn't see why she should attach such importance to this one. Miss Chancellor was leaning back in the carriage, very still, very grave, with her head against the cushioned surface, only turning her eyes towards the girl.

"You attach importance yourself; otherwise you would have told me."

"I knew you wouldn't like it — because you don't like *him*."

"I don't think of him," said Olive; "he's nothing to me." Then she added suddenly, "Have you noticed that I am afraid to face what I don't like?"

Verena couldn't say that she had, and yet it was not just on Olive's part to speak as if she were an easy person to tell such a thing to; the way she lay there, white and weak, like a wounded creature, sufficiently proved the contrary. "You have such a fearful power of suffering," she replied in a moment.

To this at first Miss Chancellor made no rejoinder; but after a little she said, in the same attitude, "Yes, *you* could make me."

Verena took her hand and held it awhile. "I never will, till I have been through everything myself."

"*You* were not made to suffer — you were made to enjoy," Olive said, in very much the same tone in which she had told her that what was the matter with her was that she didn't like men as a class, — a tone which implied that the contrary would have been much more natural and perhaps rather higher. Perhaps it would; but Verena was unable to rebut the charge; she felt this, as she looked out of the window of the carriage at the bright, amusing city, where the elements seemed so numerous, the animation so immense, the shops so brilliant, the women so strikingly dressed, and knew that these things quickened her curiosity, all her pulses.

"Well, I suppose I mustn't presume on it," she remarked, glancing back at Olive with her natural sweetness, her uncontradicting grace.

That young lady lifted her hand to her lips — held it there a moment; the movement seemed to say, "When you are so divinely docile, how can I help the dread of losing you?" This idea, however, was unspoken, and Olive Chancellor's uttered words, as the carriage rolled on, were different.

"Verena, I don't understand why he wrote to you."

"He wrote to me because he likes me. Perhaps you'll say you don't understand why

he likes me," the girl continued, laughing.

"He liked me the first time he saw me."

"Oh, that time!" Olive murmured.

"And still more the second."

"Did he tell you that in his letter?" Miss Chancellor inquired.

"Yes, my dear, he told me that. Only he expressed it more gracefully." Verena was very happy to say that; a written phrase of Basil Ransom's sufficiently justified her.

"It was my intuition—it was my foreboding!" Olive exclaimed, closing her eyes.

"I thought you said you didn't dislike him."

"It isn't dislike—it's simple dread. Is that all there is between you?"

"Why, Olive Chancellor, what do you think?" Verena asked, feeling now distinctly like a coward. Five minutes afterwards she said to Olive that if it would give her pleasure they would leave New York on the morrow, without taking a fourth day; and as soon as she had done so she felt better, especially when she saw how gratefully Olive looked at her for the concession, how eagerly she rose to the offer in saying, "Well, if you *do* feel that it isn't our own life—our very own!" It was with these words, and others besides, and with an unusually weak, indefinite kiss, as if she wished to protest that, after all, a single day didn't matter, and yet accepted the sacrifice and was a little ashamed of it—it was in this manner, I say, that the agreement as to an immediate retreat was sealed. Verena could not shut her eyes to the fact that for a month she had been less frank, and if she wished to do penance, this abbreviation of their pleasure in New York, even if it made her almost completely miss Basil Ransom, was easier than to tell Olive just now that the letter was *not* all, that there had been a long visit, a talk, and a walk besides, which she had been covering up for ever so many weeks. And of what consequence, anyway, was the missing? Was it such a pleasure to converse with a gentleman who only wanted to let you know—and why he should want it so much Verena couldn't guess—that he thought you quite ridiculous? Olive took her from place to place, and she ended by forgetting everything but the present hour and the bigness and variety of New York, and the entertainment of rolling about in a carriage with silk cushions, and meeting new faces, new expressions of curiosity and sympathy, assurances that one was watched and followed. Mingled with this was a bright consciousness, sufficient for the moment, that one was moreover to dine at Delmonico's and go to the German opera. There was enough of the epicurean in Verena's composition to make it easy for her in certain conditions to live only for the hour.

XXXI.

WHEN she returned with her companion to the establishment in Tenth street, she saw two notes lying on the table in the hall; one of which she perceived to be addressed to Miss Chancellor, the other to herself. The hand was different, but she recognized both. Olive was behind her on the steps, talking to the coachman about sending another carriage for them in half an hour (they had left themselves but just time to dress); so that she simply possessed herself of her *own* note and ascended to her room. As she did so she felt that all the while she had known it would be there, and was conscious of a kind of treachery, of unfriendly willfulness, in not being more prepared for it. If she could roll about New York the whole afternoon and forget that there might be difficulties ahead, that didn't alter the fact that there *were* difficulties, and that they might even become considerable—might not be settled by her simply going back to Boston. Half an hour later, as she drove up the Fifth Avenue with Olive (there seemed to be so much crowded into that one day), smoothing her light gloves, wishing her fan were a little nicer, and proving by the answering, familiar brightness with which she looked out on the lamp-lighted streets that, whatever theory might be entertained as to the genesis of her talent and her personal nature, the blood of the lecture-going, night-walking Tarrants did distinctly flow in her veins; as the pair proceeded, I say, to the celebrated restaurant, at the door of which Mr. Burrage had promised to be in vigilant expectancy of their carriage, Verena found a sufficiently gay and natural tone of voice for saying to her friend that Mr. Ransom had called upon her while they were out, and had left a note in which there were many compliments for Miss Chancellor.

"That's wholly your own affair, my dear," Olive replied, with a melancholy sigh, gazing down the vista of Fourteenth street (which they happened just then to be traversing, with much agitation) toward the queer barrier of the elevated railway.

It was nothing new to Verena that if the great striving of Olive's life was for justice, she yet sometimes failed to arrive at it in particular cases; and she reflected that it was rather late for her to say, like that, that Basil Ransom's letters were only his correspondent's business. Had not his kinswoman quite made the subject her own during their drive that afternoon? Verena determined now that her companion should hear all there was to be heard about the letter; asking herself whether, if she told her at present more than she cared

to know, it wouldn't make up for her hitherto having told her less. "He brought it with him, written, in case I should be out. He wants to see me to-morrow — he says he has ever so much to say to me. He proposes an hour — says he hopes it won't be inconvenient for me to see him about eleven in the morning; thinks I may have no other engagement so early as that. Of course our return to Boston settles it," Verena added, with serenity.

Miss Chancellor said nothing for a moment; then she replied, "Yes, unless you invite him to come on with you in the train."

"Why, Olive, how bitter you are!" Verena exclaimed, in genuine surprise.

Olive could not justify her bitterness by saying that her companion had spoken as if she were disappointed, because Verena hadn't. So she simply remarked, "I don't see what he can have to say to you — that would be worth your hearing."

"Well, of course, it's the other side. He has got it on the brain!" said Verena, with a laugh which seemed to relegate the whole matter to the category of the unimportant.

"If we should stay, would you see him — at eleven o'clock?" Olive inquired.

"Why do you ask that — when I have given it up?"

"Do you consider it such a tremendous sacrifice?"

"No," said Verena, good-naturedly; "but I confess I am curious."

"Curious, — how do you mean?"

"Well, to hear the other side."

"Oh, mercy!" Olive Chancellor murmured, turning her face upon her.

"You must remember I have never heard it." And Verena smiled into her friend's wan gaze.

"Do you want to hear all the infamy that is in the world?"

"No, it isn't that; but the more he should talk, the better chance he would give me. I guess I can meet him."

"Life is too short. Leave him as he is."

"Well," Verena went on, "there are many I haven't cared to move at all, whom I might have been more interested in than in him. But to make him give in just at two or three points — that I should like better than anything I have done."

"You have no business to enter upon a contest that isn't equal; and it wouldn't be, with Mr. Ransom."

"The inequality would be that I have right on my side."

"What is that — for a man? For what was their brutality given them, but to make that up?"

"I don't think he's brutal; I should like to see," said Verena gayly.

Olive's eyes lingered a little on her own; then they turned away, vaguely, blindly, out of the carriage-window, and Verena made the reflection that she looked strangely little like a person who was going to dine at Delmonico's. How terribly she worried about everything, and how tragical was her nature; how anxious, suspicious, exposed to subtle influences! In their long intimacy Verena had come to revere most of her friend's peculiarities; they were a proof of her depth and devotion, and were so bound up with what was noble in her that she was rarely provoked to criticise them separately. But at present, suddenly, Olive's earnestness began to appear as inharmonious with the scheme of the universe as if it had been a broken edge; and she was positively glad she had not told her about Basil Ransom's appearance in Monadnock Place. If she worried so about what she knew, how much would she not have worried about the rest! Verena had by this time made up her mind that her acquaintance with Mr. Ransom was the most episodic, most superficial, most unimportant, of all possible relations.

Olive Chancellor watched Henry Burrage very closely that evening; she had a special reason for doing so, and her entertainment, during the successive hours, was derived much less from the delicate little feast, over which this insinuating proselyte presided, in the brilliant public room of the establishment, where French waiters flitted about on deep carpets, and parties at neighboring tables excited curiosity and conjecture, or even from the magnificent music of "Lohengrin," than from a secret process of comparison and verification, which shall presently be explained to the reader. As some discredit has possibly been thrown upon her impartiality, it is a pleasure to be able to say that on her return from the opera she took a step dictated by an earnest consideration of justice — of the promptness with which Verena had told her of the note left by Basil Ransom in the afternoon. She drew Verena into her room with her. The girl, on the way back to Tenth street, had spoken only of Wagner's music, of the singers, the orchestra, the immensity of the house, her tremendous pleasure. Olive could see how fond she might become of New York, where that kind of pleasure was so much more in the air.

"Well, Mr. Burrage was certainly very kind to us — no one could have been more thoughtful," Olive said; and she colored a little at the look with which Verena greeted this tribute of appreciation from Miss Chancellor to a single gentleman.

"I am so glad you were struck with that,

because I do think we have been a little rough to him." Verena's *we* was angelic. "He was particularly attentive to *you*, my dear; he has got over me. He looked at you so sweetly. Dearest Olive, if you marry him—!" And Miss Tarrant, who was in high spirits, embraced her companion, to check her own silliness.

"He wants you to stay there, all the same. They haven't given *that* up," Olive remarked, turning to a drawer, out of which she took a letter.

"Did he tell you that, pray? He said nothing more about it to me."

"When we came in this afternoon I found this note from Mrs. Burrage. You had better read it." And she presented the document, open, to Verena.

The purpose of it was to say that Mrs. Burrage could really not reconcile herself to the loss of Verena's visit, on which both she and her son had counted so much. She was sure they would be able to make it as interesting to Miss Tarrant as it would be to themselves. She, Mrs. Burrage, moreover, felt as if she hadn't heard half she wanted about Miss Tarrant's views, and there were so many more, who were present at the address, who had come to her that afternoon (losing not a minute, as Miss Chancellor could see), to ask how in the world they too could learn more—how they could get at the fair speaker and question her about certain details. She hoped so much, therefore, that even if the young ladies should be unable to alter their decision about the visit, they might at least see their way to staying over long enough to allow her to arrange an informal meeting for some of these poor thirsty souls. Might she not at least talk over the question with Miss Chancellor? She gave her notice that she would attack her on the subject of the visit too. Might she not see her on the morrow, and might she ask of her the very great favor that the interview should be at Mrs. Burrage's own house? She had something very particular to say to her, as regards which perfect privacy was a great consideration, and Miss Chancellor would doubtless recognize that this would be best secured under Mrs. Burrage's roof. She would therefore send her carriage for Miss Chancellor at any hour that would be convenient to the latter. She really thought much good might come from their having a satisfactory talk.

Verena read this epistle with much deliberation; it seemed to her mysterious, and confirmed the idea she had received the night before—the idea that she had not got quite a correct impression of this clever, worldly, curious woman on the occasion of her visit to Cambridge, when they met her at her son's rooms.

As she gave the letter back to Olive she said to her, "That's why he didn't seem to believe we are really leaving to-morrow. He knows she had written that, and he thinks it will keep us."

"Well, if I were to say it may—should you think me too miserably changeful?"

Verena stared with all her candor, and it was so very queer that Olive should now wish to linger that the sense of it, for the moment, almost covered the sense of its being pleasant. But that came out after an instant, and she said, with great honesty, "You needn't drag me away for consistency's sake. It would be absurd for me to pretend that I don't like being here."

"I think perhaps I *ought* to see her." Olive was very thoughtful.

"How lovely it must be to have a secret with Mrs. Burrage!" Verena exclaimed.

"It won't be a secret from you."

"Dearest, you needn't tell me unless you want." Verena went on thinking of her own unimparted knowledge.

"I thought it was our plan to divide everything. It was certainly mine."

"Ah, don't talk about plans!" Verena exclaimed, rather ruefully. "You see, if *we* are going to stay to-morrow, how foolish it was to have any. There is more in her letter than is expressed," she went on, as Olive appeared to be studying in her face the reasons for and against making this concession to Mrs. Burrage, and that was rather embarrassing.

"I thought it over all the evening—so that if now you will consent, we will stay."

"Darling—what a spirit you have got! All through all those dear little dishes—all through 'Lohengrin!' As I haven't thought it over at all, you must settle it. You know I am not difficult."

"And would you go and stay with Mrs. Burrage, after all, if she should say anything to me that seems to make it desirable?"

Verena smiled, broke into a laugh. "You know it's not our *real* life!"

Olive said nothing for a moment; then she replied: "Don't think I can forget that. If I suggest a deviation, it's only because it sometimes seems to me that perhaps, after all, almost anything is better than the form reality *may* take with us." This was slightly obscure, as well as very melancholy, and Verena was relieved when her companion added, in a moment, "You must think me strangely inconsequent"; for this gave her a chance to reply, soothingly:

"Why, you don't suppose I expect you to keep always screwed up! I will stay a week with Mrs. Burrage, or a fortnight, or a month, or anything you like," she went on; "any-

thing it may seem to you best to tell her after you have seen her."

"Do you leave it all to me? You don't give me much help," Olive said.

"Help to what?"

"Help to help *you*."

"I don't want any help; I am quite strong enough!" Verena cried, gayly. The next moment she added, in an appeal half comical, half touching, "My dear colleague, why do you make me say such conceited things?"

"And if you do stay—just even to-morrow—shall you be—very much of the time—with Mr. Ransom?"

As Verena for the moment appeared ironically-minded, she might have found a fresh subject for hilarity in the tremulous, tentative tone in which Olive made this inquiry. But it had not that effect; it produced the first manifestation of impatience—the first, literally, and the first note of reproach—that had occurred in the course of their remarkable intimacy. The color rose to Verena's cheek, and her eye for an instant looked moist.

"I don't know what you always think, Olive, nor why you don't seem able to trust me. You didn't, from the first, with gentlemen. Perhaps you were right then—I don't say; but surely, it is very different now. I don't think I ought to be suspected so much. Why have you a manner as if I had to be watched, as if I wanted to run away with every man that speaks to me? I should think I had proved how little I care. I thought you had discovered by this time that I am serious; that I have dedicated my life; that there is something unspeakably dear to me. But you begin again, every time—you don't do me justice. I must take everything that comes. I mustn't be afraid. I thought we had agreed that we were to do our work in the midst of the world, facing everything, keeping straight on, always taking hold. And now that it all opens out so magnificently, and victory is really sitting on our banners, it is strange of you to doubt of me, to suppose I am not more wedded to all our old dreams than ever. I told you the first time I saw you that I could renounce, and knowing better to-day, perhaps, what that means, I am ready to say it again. That I can, that I will! Why, Olive Chancellor," Verena cried, panting a moment, with her eloquence, and with the rush of a culminating idea, "haven't you discovered by this time that I *have* renounced?"

The habit of public speaking, the training, the practice, in which she had been immersed, enabled Verena to unroll a coil of propositions dedicated even to a private interest, with the most touching, most cumulative effect. Olive

was completely aware of this, and she stilled herself, while the girl uttered one soft, pleading sentence after another, into the same rapt attention she was in the habit of sending up from the benches of an auditorium. She looked at Verena fixedly, felt that she was stirred to her depths, that she was exquisitely passionate and sincere, that she was a quivering, spotless, consecrated maiden, that she really had renounced, that they were both safe, and that her own injustice and indelicacy had been great. She came to her slowly, took her in her arms and held her long—giving her a silent kiss. From which Verena knew that she believed her.

XXXII.

THE hour that Olive proposed to Mrs. Burroughs, in a note sent early the next morning, for the interview to which she consented to lend herself, was the stroke of noon; this period of the day being chosen in consequence of a prevision of many subsequent calls upon her time. She remarked in her note that she didn't wish any carriage to be sent for her, and she surged and swayed up the Fifth Avenue on one of the convulsive, clattering omnibuses which circulated in that thoroughfare. One of her reasons for mentioning twelve o'clock had been that she knew Basil Ransom was to call at Tenth street at eleven, and (as she supposed he didn't intend to stay all day) this would give her time to see him come and go. It had been tacitly agreed between them, the night before, that Verena was quite firm enough in her faith to submit to his visit, and that such a course would be much more dignified than dodging it. This understanding passed from one to the other during that dumb embrace which I have described as taking place before they separated for the night. Shortly before noon, Olive, passing out of the house, looked into the big sunny double parlor, where, in the morning, with all the husbands absent for the day, and all the wives and spinsters launched upon the town, a young man desiring to hold a debate with a young lady might enjoy every advantage in the way of a clear field. Basil Ransom was still there; he and Verena, with the place to themselves, were standing in the recess of the window, their backs presented to the door. If he had got up, perhaps he was going, and Olive, softly closing the door again, waited a little in the hall, ready to pass into the back part of the house if she should hear him coming out. No sound, however, reached her ear; apparently he did mean to stay all day, and she should find him there on her return. She left the house, knowing they were looking at

her from the window as she descended the steps, but feeling she could not bear to see Basil Ransom's face. As she walked, averting her own, toward the Fifth Avenue, on the sunny side, she was barely conscious of the loveliness of the day, the perfect weather, all suffused and tinted with spring, which sometimes descends upon New York when the winds of March have been stilled; she was given up only to the remembrance of that moment when *she* had stood at a window (the second time he came to see her in Boston), and watched Basil Ransom pass out with Adeline — with Adeline, who had seemed capable then of getting such a hold on him, but had proved as ineffectual in this respect as she was in every other. She recalled the vision she had allowed to dance before her as she saw the pair cross the street together, laughing and talking, and how it seemed to interpose itself against the fears which already then — so strangely — haunted her. Now that she saw it so fruitless — and that Verena, moreover, had turned out really so great — she was rather ashamed of it; she felt associated, however remotely, in the reasons which had made Mrs. Luna tell her so many fibs the day before, and there could be nothing elevating in that. As for the other reasons why her fidgety sister had failed and Mr. Ransom had held his own, of course, naturally Miss Chancellor didn't like to think of them.

If she had wondered what Mrs. Burrage wished so particularly to talk about, she waited some time for the clearing-up of the mystery. During this interval she sat in a remarkably pretty boudoir, where there were flowers and faïences and little French pictures, and watched her hostess revolve round the subject in circles, the vagueness of which she tried to dissimulate. Olive believed she was a person who never could enjoy asking a favor, especially of a votary of the new ideas; and that was evidently what was coming. She had asked one already, but that had been handsomely paid for; the note from Mrs. Burrage which Verena found awaiting her in Tenth street, on her arrival, contained the largest cheque this young woman had ever received for an address. The request that hung fire had reference to Verena too, of course; and Olive needed no prompting to feel that her friend's being a young person who took money could not make Mrs. Burrage's present effort more agreeable. To this taking of money (for when it came to Verena it was as if it came to her as well) she herself was now completely inured; money was a tremendous force, and when one wanted to assault the wrong with every engine, one was happy not to lack the

sinews of war. She liked her hostess better this morning than she had liked her before; she had more than ever the air of taking all sorts of sentiments and views for granted between them; which could only be flattering to Olive so long as it was really Mrs. Burrage who made each advance, while her visitor sat watchful and motionless. She had a light, clever, familiar way of traversing an immense distance with a very few words, as when she remarked, "Well then, it is settled that she will come, and will stay till she is tired."

Nothing of the kind had been settled, but Olive helped Mrs. Burrage (this time) more than she knew by saying, "Why do you want her to visit you, Mrs. Burrage? why do you want her socially? Are you not aware that your son, a year ago, desired to marry her?"

"My dear Miss Chancellor, that is just what I wish to talk to you about. I am aware of everything; I don't believe you ever met any one who is aware of more things than I." And Olive had to believe that, as Mrs. Burrage held up, smiling, her intelligent, proud, good-natured, ugly head. "I knew a year ago that my son was in love with your friend, I know that he has been so ever since, and that in consequence he would like to marry her to-day. I dare say you don't like the idea of her marrying at all; it would break up a friendship which is so full of interest" (Olive wondered for a moment whether she had been going to say "so full of profit") "for you. This is why I hesitated; but since you are willing to talk about it, that is just what I want."

"I don't see what good it will do," Olive said.

"How can we tell till we try? I never give a thing up till I have turned it over in every sense."

It was Mrs. Burrage, however, who did most of the talking; Olive only inserted from time to time an inquiry, a protest, a correction, an ejaculation tinged with irony. None of these things checked or diverted her hostess; Olive saw more and more that she wished to please her, to win her over, to smooth matters down, to place them in a new and original light. She was very clever and (little by little Olive said to herself) absolutely unscrupulous, but she didn't think she was clever enough for what she had undertaken. This was neither more nor less, in the first place, than to persuade Miss Chancellor that she and her son were consumed with sympathy for the movement to which Miss Chancellor had dedicated her life. But how could Olive believe that, when she saw the type to which Mrs. Burrage belonged — a type into which

nature herself had inserted a face turned in the very opposite way from all earnest and improving things? People like Mrs. Burrage lived and fattened on abuses, prejudices, privileges, on the fixed cruel fashions of the past. It must be added, however, that if her hostess was a humbug, Olive had never met one who provoked her less; she was such a brilliant, genial, artistic one, with such a recklessness of perfidy, such a willingness to bribe you if she couldn't deceive you. She seemed to be offering Olive all the kingdoms of the earth if she would only exert herself to bring about a state of feeling on Verena Tarrant's part which would lead the girl to accept Henry Burrage.

"We know it's you — all, everything; that you can do what you please. You could decide it to-morrow with a word."

She had hesitated at first, and spoken of her hesitation, and it might have appeared that she would need all her courage to say to Olive, that way, face to face, that Verena was in such subjection to her. But she didn't look afraid; she only looked as if it were an infinite pity Miss Chancellor couldn't understand what immense advantages and rewards there would be for her in striking an alliance with the house of Burrage. Olive was so impressed with this, so occupied, even, in wondering what these mystic benefits might be, and whether after all there might not be a protection in them (from something worse), a fund of some sort that she and Verena might convert to a large use, setting aside the mother and son when once they had got what they had to give — she was so arrested, I say, with the vague daze of this vision, the sense of Mrs. Burrage's full hands, her eagerness, her thinking it worth while to flatter and conciliate, whatever her pretenses and pretensions might be, that she was almost insensible, for the time, to the strangeness of such a woman's coming round to a positive desire for a connection with the Tarrants. Mrs. Burrage had indeed explained this partly by saying that her son's condition was wearing her out, and that she would enter into anything that would make him happier, make him better. She was fonder of him than of the whole world beside, and it was an anguish to her to see him yearning for Miss Tarrant only to lose her. She made that charge about Olive's power in the matter in such a way that it seemed at the same time a tribute to her force of character.

"I don't know on what terms you suppose me to be with my friend," Olive returned, with considerable majesty. "She will do exactly as she likes in such a case as the one you allude to. She is absolutely free; you speak as if I were her keeper!"

Then Mrs. Burrage explained that of course she didn't mean that Miss Chancellor exercised a conscious tyranny; but only that Verena had a boundless admiration for her, saw through her eyes, took the impress of all her opinions, preferences. She was sure that if Olive would only take a favorable view of her son, Miss Tarrant would instantly throw herself into it. "It's very true that you may ask me," added Mrs. Burrage, smiling, "how you can take a favorable view of a young man who wants to marry the very person in the world you want most to keep unmarried!"

This description of Verena was of course perfectly correct; but it was not agreeable to Olive to have the fact in question so clearly perceived, even by a person who expressed it with an air intimating that there was nothing in the world *she* couldn't understand.

"Did your son know that you were going to speak to me about this?" Olive asked, rather coldly, waiving the question of her influence on Verena and the state in which she wished her to remain.

"Oh, yes, poor dear boy; we had a long talk yesterday, and I told him I would do what I could for him. Do you remember the little visit I paid to Cambridge last spring, when I saw you at his rooms? Then it was I began to perceive how the wind was setting; but yesterday we had a real *éclaircissement*. I didn't like it at all, at first; I don't mind telling you that now — now that I am really enthusiastic about it. When a girl is as charming, as original, as Miss Tarrant, it doesn't in the least matter who she is; she makes herself the standard by which you measure her; she makes her own position. And then Miss Tarrant has such a future!" Mrs. Burrage added, quickly, as if that were the last thing to be overlooked. "The whole question has come up again — the feeling that Henry tried to think dead, or at least dying, has revived, through the — I hardly know what to call it, but I really may say the unexpectedly great effect of her appearance here. She was really wonderful on Wednesday evening; prejudice, conventionality, every presumption there might be against her, had to fall to the ground. I expected a success, but I didn't expect what you gave us," Mrs. Burrage went on, smiling, while Olive noted her "you." "In short, my poor boy flamed up again; and now I see that he will never again care for any girl as he cares for that one. My dear Miss Chancellor, *j'en ai pris mon parti*, and perhaps you know my way of doing that sort of thing. I am not at all good at resigning myself, but I am excellent at taking up a craze. I haven't renounced, I have only changed sides. For or against, I must be a partisan. Don't you

know that kind of nature? Henry has put the affair into my hands, and you see I put it into yours. Do help me; let us work together."

This was a long, explicit speech for Mrs. Burrage, who dealt, usually, in the cursory and allusive; and she may very well have expected that Miss Chancellor would recognize its importance. What Olive did, in fact, was simply to inquire, by way of rejoinder, "Why did you ask us to come on?"

If Mrs. Burrage hesitated now, it was only for twenty seconds. "Simply because we are so interested in your work."

"That surprises me," said Olive, thoughtfully.

"I dare say you don't believe it; but such a judgment is superficial. I am sure we give proof in the offer we make," Mrs. Burrage remarked, with a good deal of point. "There are plenty of girls—without any views at all—who would be delighted to marry my son. He is very clever, and he has a large fortune. Add to that that he's an angel!"

That was very true, and Olive felt all the more that the attitude of these fortunate people, for whom the world was so well arranged just as it was, was very curious. But as she sat there it came over her that the human spirit had many variations, that the influence of the truth was great, and that there were such things in life as happy surprises quite as well as disagreeable ones. Nothing, certainly, forced such people to fix their affections on the daughter of a "healer"; it would be very clumsy to pick her out of her generation only for the purpose of frustrating her. Moreover, her observation of their young host at Delmonico's and in the spacious box at the Academy of Music, where they had privacy and ease, and murmured words could pass without making neighbors more given up to the stage turn their heads—her consideration of Henry Burrage's manner, I say, suggested to her that she had measured him rather scantily the year before, that he was as much in love as the feebler passions of the age permitted (for though Miss Chancellor believed in the amelioration of humanity, she thought there was too much water in the blood of all of us), that he prized Verena for her rarity, which was her genius, her gift, and would therefore have an interest in promoting it, and that he was of so soft and fine a paste that his wife might do what she liked with him. Of course there would be the mother-in-law to count with; but unless she was per-juring herself shamelessly, Mrs. Burrage really had the wish to project herself into the new atmosphere, or at least to be generous personally; so that, oddly enough, the fear that most glanced before Olive was not that this

high, free matron, slightly irritable with cleverness and at the same time good-natured with prosperity, would bully her son's bride, but rather that she might take too fond a possession of her. It was a fear which may be described as a presentiment of jealousy. It occurred, accordingly, to Miss Chancellor's quick conscience that, possibly, the proposal which presented itself in circumstances so complicated and anomalous was simply a magnificent chance, an improvement on the very best, even, that she had dreamed of for Verena. It meant a large command of money—much larger than her own; the association of a couple of clever people who simulated conversation very well, whether they felt it or not, and who had a hundred useful worldly ramifications, and a kind of social pedestal from which she might really shine afar. The conscience I have spoken of grew positively sick as it thought of having such a problem as that to consider, such an ordeal to traverse. In the presence of such a contingency the poor girl felt grim and helpless; she could only vaguely wonder whether she were called upon in the name of duty to lend a hand to the torture of her own spirit.

"And if she should marry him, how could I be sure that—afterwards—you would care so much about the question which has all our thoughts, hers and mine?" This inquiry evolved itself from Olive's rapid meditation; but even to herself it seemed a little rough.

Mrs. Burrage took it admirably. "You think we are feigning an interest, only to get hold of her? That's not very nice of you, Miss Chancellor; but of course you have to be tremendously careful. I assure you my son tells me he firmly believes your movement is the great question of the immediate future, that it has entered into a new phase; into what does he call it? the domain of practical politics. As for me, you don't suppose I don't want everything we poor women can get, or that I would refuse any privilege or advantage that's offered me? I don't rant or rave about anything, but I have—as I told you just now—my own quiet way of being zealous. If you had no worse partisan than I, you would do very well. My son has talked to me immensely about your ideas; and even if I should enter into them only because he does, I should do so quite enough. You may say you don't see Henry dangling about after a wife who gives public addresses; but I am convinced that a great many things are coming to pass—very soon, too—that we don't see in advance. Henry is a gentleman to his finger-tips, and there is not a situation in which he will not conduct himself with tact."

Olive could see that they really wanted

Verena immensely, and it was impossible for her to believe that if they were to get her they would not treat her well. It came to her that they would even over-indulge her, flatter her, spoil her; she was perfectly capable, for the moment, of assuming that Verena was susceptible of deterioration, and that her own treatment of her had been discriminatingly severe. She had a hundred protests, objections, replies; her only embarrassment could be as to which she should use first.

"I think you have never seen Doctor Tarrant and his wife," she remarked, with a calmness which she felt to be very pregnant.

"You mean they are absolutely fearful? My son has told me they are quite impossible, and I am quite prepared for that. Do you ask how we should get on with them? My dear young lady, we should get on as you do!"

If Olive had answers, so had Mrs. Burrage; she had still an answer when her visitor, taking up the supposition that it was in her power to dispose in any manner whatsoever of Verena, declared that she didn't know why Mrs. Burrage addressed herself to *her*, that Miss Tarrant was free as air, that her future was in her own hands, that such a matter as this was a kind of thing with which it could never occur to one to interfere. "Dear Miss Chancellor, we don't ask you to interfere. The only thing we ask of you is simply *not* to interfere."

"And have you sent for me only for that?"

"For that, and for what I hinted at in my note; that you would really exercise your influence with Miss Tarrant to induce her to come to us now for a week or two. That is really, after all, the main thing I ask. Lend her to us, here, for a little while, and we will take care of the rest. That sounds conceited—but she *would* have a good time."

"She doesn't live for that," said Olive.

"What I mean is that she should deliver an address every night!" Mrs. Burrage returned, smiling.

"I think you try to prove too much. You do believe—though you pretend you don't—that I control her actions, and as far as possible her desires, and that I am jealous of any other relations she may possibly form. I can imagine that we may perhaps have that air, though it only proves how little such an association as ours is understood, and how superficial is still"—Olive felt that her "still" was really historical—"the interpretation of many of the elements in the activity of women, how much the public conscience with regard to them needs to be educated. Your conviction with respect to my attitude being what I believe it to be," Miss Chancellor went on, "I am surprised at your not perceiving how little

it is in my interest to deliver my—my victim up to you."

If we were at this moment to take, in a single glance, an inside view of Mrs. Burrage (a liberty we have not yet ventured on), I suspect we should find that she was considerably exasperated at her visitor's superior tone, at seeing herself regarded by this dry, shy, obstinate, provincial young woman as superficial. If she liked Verena very nearly as much as she tried to convince Miss Chancellor, she was conscious of disliking Miss Chancellor more than she should probably ever be able to reveal to Verena. It was doubtless partly her irritation that found a voice as she said, after a self-administered pinch of caution not to say too much, "Of course it would be absurd in us to assume that Miss Tarrant would find my son irresistible, especially as she has already refused him. But even if she should remain obdurate, should you consider yourself quite safe as regards others?"

The manner in which Miss Chancellor rose from her chair on hearing these words showed her hostess that if she had wished to take a little revenge by frightening her, the experiment was successful. "What others do you mean?" Olive asked, standing very straight, and turning down her eyes as from a great height.

Mrs. Burrage—since we have begun to look into her mind we may continue the process—had not meant any one in particular; but a train of association was suddenly kindled in her thought by the flash of the girl's resentment. She remembered the gentleman who had come up to her in the music-room, after Miss Tarrant's address, while she was talking with Olive, and to whom that young lady had given so cold a welcome. "I don't mean any one in particular; but, for instance, there is the young man to whom she asked me to send an invitation to my party, and who looked to me like a possible admirer." Mrs. Burrage also got up; then she stood a moment, closer to her visitor. "Don't you think it's a good deal to expect that, young, pretty, attractive, clever, charming as she is, you should be able to keep her always, to exclude other affections, to cut off a whole side of life, to defend her against dangers—if you call them dangers—to which every young woman who is not positively repulsive is exposed? My dear young lady, I wonder if I might give you three words of advice?" Mrs. Burrage did not wait till Olive had answered this inquiry; she went on quickly, with her air of knowing exactly what she wanted to say, and feeling at the same time that, good as it might be, the manner of saying it, like the manner of saying most other things, was not

worth troubling much about. "Don't attempt the impossible. You have got hold of a good thing; don't spoil it by trying to stretch it too far. If you don't take the better, perhaps you will have to take the worse; if it's safety you want, I should think she was much safer with my son — for with us you know the worst — than as a possible prey to adventurers, to exploiters, or to people who, once they had got hold of her, would shut her up altogether."

Olive dropped her eyes; she couldn't endure Mrs. Burrage's horrible expression of being near the mark, her look of worldly cleverness, of a confidence born of much experience. She felt that nothing would be spared her, that she should have to go to the end, that this ordeal also must be faced, and that, in particular, there was a detestable wisdom in her hostess's advice. She was conscious, however, of no obligation to recognize it then and there; she wanted to get off, and even to carry Mrs. Burrage's sapient words along with her — to hurry to some place where she might be alone and think. "I don't know why you have thought it right to send for me only to say this. I take no interest whatever in your son — in his settling in life." And she gathered her mantle more closely about her, turning away.

"It is exceedingly kind of you to have come," said Mrs. Burrage, imperturbably. "Think of what I have said; I am sure you won't feel that you have wasted your hour."

"I have a great many things to think of!" Olive exclaimed, insincerely, for she knew that Mrs. Burrage's ideas would haunt her.

"And tell her that if she will make us the little visit, all New York shall sit at her feet!"

That was what Olive wanted, and yet it seemed a mockery to hear Mrs. Burrage say it. Miss Chancellor retreated, making no response even when her hostess declared again that she was under great obligations to her for coming. When she reached the street she found she was deeply agitated, but not with a sense of weakness; she hurried along, excited and dismayed, feeling that her insufferable conscience was bristling like some irritated animal, that a magnificent offer had really been made to Verena, and that there was no way for her to persuade herself she might be silent about it. Of course, if Verena should be tempted by the idea of being made so much of by the Burrages, the danger of Basil Ransom getting any kind of hold on her would cease to be pressing. That was what was present to Olive as she walked along, and that was what made her nervous, conscious only of this problem that had suddenly turned the bright day to grayness, heedless of the sophisticated-looking people who passed her

on the wide Fifth Avenue pavement. It had risen in her mind the day before, planted first by Mrs. Burrage's note; and then, as we know, she had vaguely entertained the conception, asking Verena whether she would make the visit if it were again to be pressed upon them. It had been pressed, certainly, and the terms of the problem were now so much sharper that they seemed cruel. What had been in her own mind was that if Verena should appear to lend herself to the Burrages, Basil Ransom might be discouraged — might think that, shabby and poor, there was no chance for him as against people with every advantage of fortune and position. She didn't see him relax his purpose so easily; she knew she didn't believe he was of that pusillanimous fiber. Still, it was a chance, and any chance that might help her had been worth considering. At present she saw it was a question not of Verena's lending herself, but of a positive gift, or at least of a bargain in which the terms would be immensely liberal. It would be impossible to use the Burrages as a shelter on the assumption that they were not dangerous, for they became dangerous from the moment they set up as sympathizers, took the ground that what they offered the girl was simply a boundless opportunity. It came back to Olive, again and again, that this was, and could only be, fantastic and false; but it was always possible that Verena might not think it so, might trust them all the way. When Miss Chancellor had a pair of alternatives to consider, a question of duty to study, she put a kind of passion into it — felt, above all, that the matter must be settled that very hour, before anything in life could go on. It seemed to her at present that she couldn't reënter the house in Tenth street without having decided first whether she might trust the Burrages or not. By "trust" them, she meant trust them to fail in winning Verena over, while at the same time they put Basil Ransom on a false scent. Olive was able to say to herself that he probably wouldn't have the hardihood to push after her into those gilded saloons, which, in any event, would be closed to him as soon as the mother and son should discover what he wanted. She even asked herself whether Verena would not be still better defended from the young Southerner in New York, amid complicated hospitalities, than in Boston with a cousin of the enemy. She continued to walk down the Fifth Avenue, without noticing the cross-streets, and after a while became conscious that she was approaching Washington Square. By this time she had also definitely reasoned it out that Basil Ransom and Henry Burrage could not both marry Miss Tarrant, that therefore there could not be

two dangers, but only one, that this was a good deal gained, and that it behooved her to determine which peril had most reality, in order that she might deal with that one only. She held her way to the Square, which, as all the world knows, is of great extent and open to the encircling street. The trees and grass-plats had begun to bud and sprout, the fountains plashed in the sunshine, the children of the quarter, both the dingier types from the south side, who played games that required much chalking of the paved walks, and much sprawling and crouching there, under the feet of passers, and the little curled and feathered people who drove their hoops under the eyes of French nursemaids,—all the infant population filled the vernal air with small sounds which had a crude, tender quality, like the leaves and the herbage. Olive wandered through the place, and ended by sitting down on one of the continuous benches. It was a long time since she had done anything so vague, so wasteful. There were a dozen things which, as she was staying over in New York, she ought to do; but she forgot them, or, if she thought of them, felt that they were now of no moment. She remained in her place an hour, brooding, tremulous, turning over and over certain thoughts. It seemed to her that she was face to face with a crisis of her destiny, and that she mustn't shrink from seeing it exactly as it was. Before she rose to return to Tenth street, she had made up her mind that there was no menace so great as the menace of Basil Ransom; she had accepted in thought any arrangement which would deliver her from that. If the Burrages were to take Verena, they would take her from Olive immeasurably less than he would do; it was from him, from him they would take her most. She walked back to her boarding-house, and the servant who admitted her said, in answer to her inquiry as to whether Verena were at home, that Miss Tarrant had gone out with the gentleman who called in the morning, and had not yet come in. Olive stood staring; the clock in the hall marked three.

XXXIII.

"COME out with me, Miss Tarrant; come out with me. *Do* come out with me." That was what Basil Ransom had been saying to Verena when they stood where Olive perceived them, in the embrasure of the window. It had of course taken considerable talk to lead up to this; for the tone, even more than the words, indicated a large increase of intimacy. Verena was mindful of this when he spoke; and it frightened her a little, made her uneasy, which was one of the reasons why

she got up from her chair and went to the window—an inconsequent movement, inasmuch as her wish was to impress upon him that it was impossible she should comply with his request. It would have served this end much better for her to sit, very firmly, in her place. He made her nervous and restless; she was beginning to perceive that he produced a peculiar effect upon her. Certainly, she had been out with him at home the very first time he called upon her; but it seemed to her to make an important difference that she herself should then have proposed the walk—simply because it was the easiest thing to do when a person came to call upon you in Monadnoc Place.

They had gone out that time because she wanted to, not because he did. And then it was one thing for her to stroll with him round Cambridge, where she knew every step and had the confidence and freedom which came from being on her own ground, and the pretext, which was perfectly natural, of wanting to show him the college, and quite another thing to go wandering with him through the streets of this great strange city, which, attractive, delightful as it was, had not the suitableness even of being his home, not his real one. He wanted to show her something; he wanted to show her everything; but she was not sure now—after an hour's talk—that she particularly wanted to see anything more that he could show her. He had shown her a great deal while he sat there, especially what moonshine he thought it,—the whole idea of women's being equal to men. He seemed to have come only for that, for he was all the while revolving round it; she couldn't speak of anything but what he brought it back to the question of some new truth like that. He didn't say so in so many words; on the contrary, he was tremendously insinuating and satirical, and pretended to think she had proved all and a great deal more than she wanted to prove; but his exaggeration, and the way he rung all the changes on two or three of the points she had made at Mrs. Burrage's, was just the sign that he was a scoffer of scoffers. He wouldn't do anything but laugh; he seemed to think that he might laugh at her all day without her taking offense. Well, he might if it amused him; but she didn't see why she should ramble round New York with him to give him his opportunity.

She had told him, and she had told Olive, that she was determined to produce some effect on him; but now, suddenly, she felt differently about that—she ceased to care whether she produced any effect or not. She didn't see why she should take him so seriously,

when he wouldn't take her so; that is, wouldn't take her ideas. She had guessed before that he didn't want to discuss them; this had been in her mind when she said to him at Cambridge that his interest in her was personal, not controversial. Then she had simply meant that, as an inquiring young Southerner, he had wanted to see what a bright New England girl was like; but since then it had become a little more clear to her—her short talk with Ransom at Mrs. Burrage's threw some light upon the question—what the personal interest of a young Southerner (however inquiring merely) might amount to. Did he too want to make love to her? This idea made Verena rather impatient, weary in advance. The thing she desired least in the world was to be put into the wrong with Olive; for she had certainly given her ground to believe (not only in their scene the night before, which was a simple repetition, but all along, from the very first) that she really had an interest which would transcend any attraction coming from such a source as that. If yesterday it seemed to her that she should like to struggle with Mr. Ransom, to refute and convince him, she had this morning gone into the parlor to receive him with the idea that, now they were alone together in a quiet, favorable place, he would perhaps take up the different points of her address one by one, as several gentlemen had done after hearing her on other occasions. There was nothing she liked so well as that, and Olive never had anything to say against it. But he hadn't taken up anything; he had simply laughed and chaffed, and unrolled a string of queer fancies about the delightful way women would fix things when, as she said in her address, they should get out of their box. He kept talking about the box; he seemed as if he wouldn't let go that simile. He said that he had come to look at her through the glass sides, and if he wasn't afraid of hurting her he would smash them in. He was determined to find the key that would open it, if he had to look for it all over the world; it was tantalizing only to be able to talk to her through the keyhole. If he didn't want to take up the subject, he at least wanted to take *her* up—to keep his hand upon her as long as he could. Verena had had no such sensation since the first day she went in to see Olive Chancellor, when she felt herself plucked from the earth and borne aloft.

"It's the most lovely day, and I should like so much to show you New York, as you showed me your beautiful Harvard," Basil Ransom went on, pressing her to accede to his proposal. "You said that was the only thing you could do for me then, and so this is

the only thing I can do for you here. It would be odious to see you go away, giving me nothing but this stiff little talk in a boarding-house parlor."

"Mercy, if you call this stiff!" Verena exclaimed, laughing, while at that moment Olive passed out of the house and descended the steps before her eyes.

"My poor cousin's stiff; she won't turn her head a hair's breadth to look at us," said the young man. Olive's figure, as she went by, was, for Verena, full of a certain queer, touching, tragic expression, saying ever so many things, both familiar and strange; and Basil Ransom's companion privately remarked how little men knew about women, or indeed about what was really delicate, that he, without any cruel intention, should attach an idea of ridicule to such an incarnation of the pathetic, should speak rough, derisive words about it. Ransom, in truth, to-day, was not disposed to be very scrupulous, and he only wanted to get rid of Olive Chancellor, whose image, at last, decidedly bothered and bored him. He was glad to see her go out; but that was not sufficient; she would come back quick enough; the place itself contained her, expressed her. For to-day he wanted to take possession of Verena, to carry her to a distance, to reproduce a little the happy conditions they had enjoyed the day of his visit to Cambridge. And the fact that in the nature of things it could only be for to-day made his desire more keen, more full of purpose. He had thought over the whole question in the last forty-eight hours, and it was his belief that he saw things in their absolute reality. He took a greater interest in her than he had taken in any one yet, but he proposed, after to-day, not to let that accident make any difference. This was precisely what gave its high value to the present limited occasion. He was too shamefully poor, too shabbily and meagerly equipped, to have the right to talk of marriage to a girl in Verena's very peculiar position. He understood now how good that position was, from a worldly point of view; her address at Mrs. Burrage's gave him something definite to go upon, showed him what she could do, that people would flock in thousands to an exhibition so charming (and small blame to them); that she might easily have a big career, like that of a distinguished actress or singer, and that she would make money in quantities only slightly smaller than performers of that kind. Who wouldn't pay half a dollar for such an hour as he had passed at Mrs. Burrage's? The sort of thing she was able to do, to say, was an article for which there was more and more demand—fluent, pretty, third-rate palaver, conscious or unconscious perfected hum-

bug; the stupid, gregarious, gullible public, the enlightened democracy of his native land, could swallow unlimited draughts of it. He was sure she could go, like that, for several years, with her portrait in the druggists' windows and her posters on the fences, and during that time would make a fortune sufficient to keep her in affluence for evermore. I shall perhaps expose our young man to the contempt of superior minds if I say that all this seemed to him an insuperable impediment to his making up to Verena. His scruples were doubtless begotten of a false pride, a sentiment in which there was a thread of moral tinsel, as there was in the Southern idea of chivalry; but he felt ashamed of his own poverty, the positive flatness of his situation, when he thought of the gilded nimbus that surrounded the protégée of Mrs. Burrage. This shame was possible to him, even while he was conscious of what a mean business it was to practice upon human imbecility, how much better it was even to be seedy and obscure, discouraged about one's self. He had been born to the prospect of a fortune, and, in spite of the years of misery that followed the war, had never rid himself of the belief that a gentleman who desired to unite himself to a charming girl couldn't yet ask her to come and live with him in sordid conditions. On the other hand, it was no possible basis of matrimony that Verena should continue for his advantage the exercise of her remunerative profession; if he should become her husband he should know a way to strike her dumb. In the midst of this an irrepressible desire urged him on to taste, for once, deeply, all that he was condemned to lose, or at any rate forbidden to attempt to gain. To spend a day with her and not to see her again — that presented itself to him at once as the least and the most that was possible. He didn't need even to remind himself that young Mr. Burrage was able to offer her everything *he* lacked, including the most amiable adhesion to her views.

"It will be lovely in the Park to-day. Why not take a stroll with me there as I did with you in the little park at Harvard?" he asked, when Olive had disappeared.

"Oh, I have seen it, very well, in every corner. A friend of mine kindly took me to drive there yesterday," Verena said.

"A friend? — do you mean Mr. Burrage?" And Ransom stood looking at her with his extraordinary eyes. "Of course, I haven't a vehicle to drive you in; but we can sit on a bench and talk." She didn't say it was Mr. Burrage, but she was unable to say it was not, and something in her face showed him that he had guessed. So he went on: "Is it only with him you can go out? Won't he like it,

and may you only do what he likes? Mrs. Luna told me he wants to marry you, and I saw at his mother's how he stuck to you. If you are going to marry him, you can drive with him every day in the year, and that's just a reason for your giving me an hour or two now, before it becomes impossible." He didn't mind much what he said, — it had been his plan not to mind much to-day, — and so long as he made her do what he wanted, he didn't care much how he did it. But he saw that his words brought the color to her face; she stared, surprised at his freedom and familiarity. He went on, dropping the hardness, the irony of which he was conscious, out of his tone. "I know it's no business of mine whom you marry, or even whom you drive with, and I beg your pardon if I seem indiscreet and obtrusive; but I would give anything just to detach you a little from your ties, your belongings, and feel for an hour or two, as if — as if —" and he paused.

"As if what?" she asked very seriously.

"As if there were no such person as Mr. Burrage — as Miss Chancellor — in the whole place." This had not been what he was going to say; he used different words.

"I don't know what you mean, why you speak of other persons. I can do as I like, perfectly. But I don't know why you should take so for granted that *that* would be it!" Verena spoke these words not out of coquetry, or to make him beg her more for a favor, but because she was thinking, and she wanted to gain a moment. His allusion to Henry Burrage touched her, his belief that she had been in the Park under circumstances more agreeable than those he proposed. They were *not*; somehow, she wanted him to know that. To wander there with a companion, slowly stopping, lounging, looking at the animals as she had seen the people do the day before; to sit down in some out-of-the-way part where there were distant views, which she had noticed from her high perch beside Henry Burrage — she had to look down so, it made her feel unduly fine; that was much more to her taste, much more her idea of true enjoyment. It came over her that Mr. Ransom had given up his work to come to her at such an hour; people of his kind, in the morning, were always getting their living, and it was only for Mr. Burrage that it didn't matter, inasmuch as he had no profession. Mr. Ransom simply wanted to give up his whole day. That pressed upon her; she was, as the most good-natured girl in the world, too entirely tender not to feel any sacrifice that was made for her; she had always done everything that people asked. Then, if Olive should make that strange arrangement for her to go to

Mrs. Burrage's, he would take it as a proof that there was something serious between her and the gentleman of the house, in spite of anything she might say to the contrary; moreover, if she should go she wouldn't be able to receive Mr. Ransom there. Olive would trust her not to, and she must certainly, in future, not disappoint Olive nor keep anything back from her, whatever she might have done in the past. Besides, she didn't want to do that; she thought it much better not. It was this idea of the episode which was possibly in store for her in New York, and from which her present companion would be so completely excluded, that worked upon her now with a rapid transition, urging her to grant him what he asked, so that in advance she should have made up for what she might not do for him later. But most of all she disliked his thinking she was engaged to some one. She didn't know, it is true, why she should mind it; and indeed, at this moment, this young lady's feelings were not in any way clear to her. She did not see what was the use of letting her acquaintance with Mr. Ransom become much closer (since his interest did really seem personal); and yet she presently asked him why he wanted her to go out with him, and whether there was anything particular he wanted to say to her (there was no one like Verena for making speeches apparently flirtatious, with the best faith and the most innocent intention in the world), as if that would not be precisely a reason to make it well she should get rid of him altogether.

"Of course I have something particular to say to you — I have a tremendous lot to say to you!" the young man exclaimed. "Far more than I can say in this stuck-up, confined room, which is public, too, so that any one may come in from one moment to another. Besides," he added, sophistically, "it isn't proper for me to pay a visit of three hours."

Verena didn't take up the sophistry, nor ask him whether it would be more proper for her to ramble about the city with him for an equal period; she only said, "Is it something that I shall care to hear, or that will do me any good?"

"Well, I hope it will do you good; but I don't suppose you will care much to hear it." Basil Ransom hesitated a moment, smiling at her; then he went on: "It's to tell you, once for all, how much I really do differ from you!" He said this at a venture, but it was a happy inspiration.

If it was only that, Verena thought she might go, for that wasn't personal. "Well, I'm glad you care so much," she answered, musingly. But she had another scruple still, and she expressed it in saying that she should

like Olive very much to find her when she came in.

"That's all very well," Ransom returned; "but does she think that she only has a right to go out? Does she expect you to keep the house because she's abroad? If she stays out long enough, she *will* find you when she comes in."

"Her going out that way — it proves that she trusts me," Verena said, with a candor which alarmed her as soon as she had spoken.

Her alarm was just, for Basil Ransom instantly caught up her words, with a great mocking amazement. "Trusts you? and why shouldn't she trust you? Are you a little girl of ten and she your governess? Haven't you any liberty at all, and is she always watching you and holding you to an account? Have you such disorderly instincts that you are only thought safe when you are between four walls?" Ransom was going on to speak, in the same tone, of her having felt it necessary to keep Olive in ignorance of his visit to Cambridge — a fact they had touched on, by implication, in their short talk at Mrs. Burrage's; but in a moment he saw that he had said enough. As for Verena, she had said more than she meant, and the simplest way to unsay it was to go and get her bonnet and jacket and let him take her where he liked. Five minutes later he was walking up and down the parlor, waiting while she prepared herself to go out.

They went up to the Central Park by the Elevated Railway, and Verena reflected, as they proceeded, that anyway Olive was probably disposing of her somehow at Mrs. Burrage's, and that therefore there wasn't much harm in her just taking this little run on her own responsibility, especially as she should only be out an hour — which would be just the duration of Olive's absence. The beauty of the Elevated was that it took you up to the Park and brought you back in a few minutes, and you had all the rest of the hour to walk about and see the place. It was so lovely now that one was glad to see it twice over. The long, narrow inclosure, across which the houses in the streets that border it look at each other with their glittering windows, bristled with the raw delicacy of April, and, in spite of its rockwork grottoes and tunnels, its pavilions and statues, its too numerous paths and pavements, lakes too big for the landscape and bridges too big for the lakes, expressed all the fragrance and freshness of the most charming moment of the year. Once Verena was fairly launched, the spirit of the day took possession of her; she was glad to have come, she forgot about Olive, enjoyed the sense of wandering in the great city with a remarkable young man who would take beautiful care

of her, while no one else in the world knew where she was. It was very different from her drive yesterday with Mr. Burrage, but it was more free, more intense, more full of amusing incident and opportunity. She could stop and look at everything now, and indulge all her curiosities, even the most childish; she could feel as if she were out for the day, though she wasn't really—as she hadn't done since she was a little girl, when in the country. Once or twice, when her father and mother had drifted into summer quarters, gone out of town like people of fashion, she had, with a chance companion, strayed far from home, spent hours in the woods and fields, looking for raspberries and playing she was a gypsy. Basil Ransom had begun with proposing, strenuously, that she should come somewhere and have some lunch; he had brought her out half an hour before that meal was served in West Tenth street, and he maintained that he owed her the compensation of seeing that she was properly fed; he knew a very quiet, luxurious French restaurant, near the top of the Fifth Avenue; he didn't tell her that he knew it through having once lunched there in company with Mrs. Luna. Verena for the present declined his hospitality—said she was going to be out so short a time that it wasn't worth the trouble; she should not be hungry, lunch to her was nothing, she would lunch when she went home. When he pressed she said she would see later, perhaps, if she should find she wanted something. She would have liked immensely to go with him to an eating-house, and yet, with this, she was afraid, just as she was rather afraid, at bottom, and in the intervals of her quick pulsations of amusement, of the whole expedition, not knowing why she had come, though it made her happy, and reflecting that there was really nothing Mr. Ransom could have to say to her that would concern her closely enough. He knew what he intended about her having lunch with him somehow; it had been part of his plan that she should sit opposite to him at a little table, taking her napkin out of its curious folds—sit there smiling back at him while he said to her certain things that hummed, like memories of tunes, in his fancy, and they waited till something extremely good, and a little vague, chosen out of a French *carte*, was brought them. That was not at all compatible with her going home at the end of half an hour, as she seemed to expect to. They visited the animals in the little zoölogical garden which forms one of the attractions of the Central Park; they observed the swans in the ornamental water, and they even considered the question of taking a boat for half an hour, Ransom saying that they needed this to make

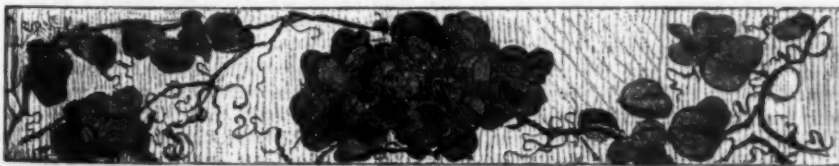
their visit complete. Verena replied that she didn't see why it should be complete, and after having threaded the devious ways of the Ramble, lost themselves in the Maze, and admired all the statues and busts of great men with which the grounds are decorated, they contented themselves with resting on a sequestered bench, where, however, there was a pretty glimpse of the distance and an occasional stroller creaked by on the asphalted walk. They had had by this time a great deal of talk, none of which, nevertheless, had been serious to Verena's view. Mr. Ransom continued to joke about everything, including the emancipation of women; Verena, who had always lived with people who took everything very earnestly, had never encountered such a power of disparagement or heard so much sarcasm leveled at the institutions of her country and the tendencies of the age. At first she replied to him, contradicted, showed a high, jesting spirit, and turned his irreverence against himself; she was too quick and ingenious not to be able to think of something to oppose—talking in a fanciful strain—to almost everything he said. But little by little she grew weary and rather sad; brought up, as she had been, to admire new ideas, to criticise the social arrangements that one met almost everywhere, and to disapprove of a great many things, she had yet never dreamed of such a wholesale arraignment as Mr. Ransom's, so much bitterness as she saw lurking beneath his exaggerations, his misrepresentations. She knew he was an intense conservative, but she didn't know that being a conservative could make a person so aggressive and unmerciful. She thought conservatives were only smug and stubborn and self-complacent, satisfied with what actually existed; but Mr. Ransom didn't seem any more satisfied with what existed than with what she wanted to exist, and he was ready to say worse things about some of those whom she would have supposed to be on his own side than she thought it right to say about almost any one. She ceased after a while to care to argue with him, and wondered what could have happened to him to make him so perverse. Probably something had gone wrong in his life—he had had some misfortune that colored his whole view of the world. He was a cynic; she had often heard about that state of mind, though she had never encountered it, for all the people she had seen only cared, if possible, too much. Of Basil Ransom's personal history she knew only what Olive had told her, and that was but a general outline, which left plenty of room for private dramas, secret disappointments and sufferings. As she sat there beside him she thought of some of these

things, asked herself whether they were what he was thinking of when he said, for instance, that he was sick of all the modern cant about freedom and had no sympathy with those who wanted an extension of it. What was needed for the good of the world was that people should make a better use of the liberty they possessed. Such declarations as this took Verena's breath away; she didn't suppose you could hear any one say that in the nineteenth century, even the least advanced. It was of a piece with his denouncing the spread of education; he thought the spread of education a gigantic farce—people stuffing their heads with a lot of empty catchwords that prevented them from doing their work quietly and honestly. You had a right to an education only if you had an intelligence, and if you looked at the matter with any desire to see things as they are, you soon perceived that an intelligence was a very rare luxury, the attribute of one person in a hundred. He seemed to take a pretty low view of humanity, anyway. Verena hoped that something really pretty bad had happened to him—not by way of gratifying any resentment he aroused in her nature, but to help herself to forgive him for so much contempt and brutality. She wanted to forgive him, for after they had sat on their bench half an hour and his jesting mood had abated a little, so that he talked with more consideration (as it seemed) and more sincerity, a strange feeling came over her, a perfect willingness not to keep insisting on her own side and a desire not to part from him with a mere accentuation of their differences. Strange I call the nature of her reflections, for they softly battled with each other as she listened, in the warm, still air, touched with the far-away hum of the immense city, to his deep, sweet, distinct voice, expressing monstrous opinions with exotic cadences and mild, familiar laughs, which, as he leaned towards her, almost tickled her cheek and ear. It seemed to her strangely harsh, almost

brutal, to have brought her out only to say to her things which, after all, free as she was to contradict them and good-natured as she always tried to be, could only give her pain; yet there was a spell upon her as she listened; it was in her nature to be easily submissive, to like being overborne. She could be silent when people insisted, and silent without acrimony. Her whole relation to Olive was a kind of tacit assent to perpetual insistence, and if this had ended by being easy and agreeable to her (and indeed had never been anything else), it may be supposed that the struggle of yielding to a will which she felt to be stronger even than Olive's was not of long duration. Ransom's will had the effect of making her linger even while she knew the afternoon was going on, that Olive would have come back and found her still absent, and would have been submerged again in the bitter waves of anxiety. She saw her, in fact, as she must be at that moment, posted at the window of her room in Tenth street, watching for some sign of her return, listening for her step on the staircase, her voice in the hall. Verena looked at this image as at a painted picture, perceived all it represented, every detail. If it didn't move her more, make her start to her feet, dart away from Basil Ransom and hurry back to her friend, this was because the very torment to which she was conscious of subjecting that friend made her say to herself that it must be the very last. This was the last time she could ever sit by Mr. Ransom and hear him express himself in a manner that interfered so with her life; the ordeal had been so familiar and so complete that she forgot, for the moment, that it was also the first time it had occurred. It might have been going on for months. She was perfectly aware that it could bring them to nothing, for one must lead one's own life; it was impossible to lead the life of another, especially when the person was so different, so arbitrary, so inconsiderate.

(To be continued.)

Henry James.



THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

WHAT tempted the people of Canada to undertake so gigantic a work as the Canada Pacific Railway? The difficulties in the way were great, unprecedented, unknown. Had they been known beforehand, the task would not have been attempted. We were under the inspiration of a national idea, and went forward. We were determined to be something more than a fortuitous collocation of provinces. That the difficulties were faced and overcome as they emerged, great temptations to halt or retreat being quietly set aside, proves that we, like our neighbors and progenitors, are not easily discouraged. Our ultimate destiny will be none the worse because we have — not unwillingly — made sacrifices in order to make ourselves a nation.

Roughly speaking, the new country through which the great railway runs consists of three sections,—about a thousand miles of forest from the upper Ottawa to the Red River of the North; then a thousand miles of alluvial; and then five or six hundred miles of mountains, from the first chain of the Rockies to where the waters of the Pacific are sheltered by the breakwater of Vancouver Island. The total length of the line from Montreal to the Pacific terminus is 2895 miles. The first section was long considered impracticable for a railway, and the expense of construction has been enormous. The rocks at the back of Lake Superior are the oldest known to men of science and the toughest known to engineers. But dynamite, if there be enough of it, can do anything. This part of the line was opened last spring most dramatically, it being used before actual completion to transport our militia to put down the half-breed and Indian rising in the North-west. No amount of champagne-drinking and of driving last spikes of gold could have called the attention of the country so emphatically to its importance. The second section runs through what promises to be the great granary of the world. The third is being pushed across a sea of mountains. Thousands of navvies of all nationalities are swarming in the valley of the Columbia, and thousands of Chinese are working on the grade easterly. When this section is completed, and the shortest of all transcontinental railways opened for traffic from ocean to ocean, Canada will have attained to unification, so far as links of steel can unify.

The work is so completely a political necessity that — along with the Intercolonial Railway, which binds the Atlantic provinces to

old Canada — it may be called the symbol of our national existence. Whether it will pay the company financially or not is a question on which experts differ. That it will develop the country, and thus at any rate pay indirectly, seems to me unquestionable. The Intercolonial was run for a time at a cost to the Dominion of over half a million dollars annually. It now pays its way; and though shorter through lines are to be built, the increasing local traffic, the best indication of the real value of the road to the country, will keep it running. So, too, the first section of the Canada Pacific pierces a wilderness that wise men said would not furnish business to pay for greasing the wheels; but it gets freight enough in the shape of lumber alone to pay for the wheels as well as the grease. It is revolutionizing the mode of lumber transportation on the upper Ottawa and to the West. The lumber kings find that time is money. It is more profitable to send on logs to market by rail than to continue the tedious plan of floating them, from the banks of far-away lakes and nameless streams in the interior, down countless rapids and slides to unbroken waterways. The danger now is that our timber limits, which constitute an essential part of the national capital, may be exhausted within a measurable time. With regard to the rugged Laurentian regions to the north of Lake Superior, unexplored as yet by men of science, there are grounds for believing that they will turn out to be as rich in mineral wealth as the southern shores of the lake; and no business pays a railway so well as that which a mining community supplies. Then, the fertile plains of the North-west are certain to yield harvests that will tax to the utmost the carrying capacity of branch as well as trunk lines.

These plains extend for eight hundred miles west of Winnipeg. Originally a north-western instead of a western route from Winnipeg had been chosen for the railway, because every one said that the only "fertile belt" was in that direction. This "belt," or rainbow, of fertile land swept semicircularly round a supposed great wedge of the American desert. But the company came to the conclusion that the plains west of Winnipeg had been belied, and that the rainfall was sufficient for the growth of cereals or root crops. Singularly enough, their faith has been vindicated; it turns out that we have no desert. This fact is a physical reality of the greatest importance with regard to the area in the North-west available for

settlement. That area is now known to be practically illimitable. The waves of a great human sea will in a short time roll steadily on, without break, from the boundary line to the prairies of the mighty Peace River. That new North-west of ours will a century hence have fifty millions of people, and they will raise enough to feed themselves and the rest of the world, if need be.

Manitobans, it may be said here, have also great expectations of being able to export directly to Liverpool by Hudson's Bay, and of being thus independent of Chicago and Montreal alike. Should such an alternative route prove a reality, it would serve the whole Red River valley, as well as the Saskatchewan. Last year the Dominion Government sent out a well-equipped vessel to ascertain definitely for how many months in the year the Hudson's Bay Straits are navigable, and other facts bearing on the question at issue. Parties were left at different points along the coast to winter, and make all needed observations. We shall soon know whether it is worth while constructing a railway to Fort Churchill. Dr. Robert Bell, Assistant Director of the Dominion Geological Survey, is sanguine that the produce of the North-west will have a new outlet in this direction. If so, it will be a potent factor in the development of those far inland fertile wildernesses. But this line to Hudson's Bay is as yet in the air. For years to come the North-west must be served by the Canada Pacific Railway. But how came it that the greater part of the country directly west from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains was once supposed to be semi-desert? Captain Palliser, who was sent with a well-organized expedition by Her Majesty's Government, in 1857, to explore the country between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, found it rainless and condemned it. Superficial observers who visited it subsequently, and looked only at the short russet-colored grass that covered its illimitable, treeless, terribly lonely plains, had no hesitation in confirming his opinion. But five or six years ago Mr. John Maccoun, an accomplished practical botanist, after exploring it lengthways and crossways and thoroughly examining soil, flora, and fauna, gave testimony of an entirely opposite character. He was derided as an enthusiast or worse, but his opinions had probably something to do with determining the new route taken by the Canada Pacific Railway; and in 1881 and 1882 settlers, ignoring the proved fertility of the "fertile belt," or postponing its claims to a more convenient season, took up land along the railway almost as fast as it was constructed. They found that the soil was actually better for their purposes than the heavy tenacious loam of the Red River

valley, just because it was lighter. Population flowed for some four hundred miles west of Winnipeg to the little towns of Regina and Moosegaw. There the masses of drift that constitute the "Coteau" of the Missouri show themselves, and there it was then said the good land ceased. The railway was built in the early part of 1883 four hundred miles farther west, and soon after Mr. Sandford Fleming and myself had sufficient opportunities of examining the nature of the soil. Far from being barren, "it resembles," says Mr. Fleming, "in color and character that of the Carse of Gowrie in Perthshire," notoriously the most productive district in Scotland.

But why, then, had those vast plains been condemned? Because there is very little rain in the summer months; and because observers could not fail to notice that the grass was light, short, dry, and apparently withered. To their eyes it contrasted most unfavorably with the luxuriant green herbage of the well-watered belt along the North Saskatchewan. It did not occur to them that the grass of the plains might be the product of peculiar atmospheric conditions, and that what had been food in former days for countless millions of buffaloes, whose favorite resorts these plains had been, would in all probability be good food for domestic cattle. The facts are that spring comes early in these far western districts, and that the grass matures in the beginning of June, and turns into nutritious hay. If burned, there is sufficient moisture in the soil to produce a second growth. We saw at different points, towards the end of August, green patches where little prairie fires had run some weeks previously. If there is enough moisture for such a second crop, it seemed clear to us that there must be enough for cereals. The fact is that the roots of wheat penetrate to a great depth in search of moisture or nutriment. The intense cold of winter, instead of being a drawback, acts in the farmer's interest. The deeper the frost goes, the better. As it thaws out gradually in the summer it loosens the sub-soil, and sends up the needed moisture to the roots of the grain. Coal, too, of cretaceous age, being abundant, no one who is at all robust objects to the intense dry cold. Sufficient moisture being all but certain, the lack of rain makes harvesting sure, while the purity and dryness of the air and the continual breeziness render the climate most healthful and pleasant. But, notwithstanding these facts, the impression was general that, at any rate from *le grand Coteau du Missouri* to the Rocky Mountains, the country was worthless. The company, therefore, determined to try experiments that would be conclusive. Late in the autumn of 1883 men were sent

out with instructions to plow up a few acres at intervals of about twenty miles along the line. This work was done, necessarily, in rough-and-ready fashion. The sod was turned up, and then the teams, put on board the next train, were moved on to another point. The following March seeds of various kinds were sown on the plowed sections and roots planted. No attempt at cultivating, cleaning, or protecting could be made, and yet the result was a magnificent crop on the experimental "farms." Every one who knows anything of prairie farming will acknowledge that a more rigorous test could not have been tried. The south of the beautiful Bow River is the chosen country of our cow-boys, a race—from Texas to the North—free, fearless, and peculiar, to whom all the rest of the world are "tenderfeet," and in whose eyes horse-stealing is the unpardonable sin. The transport to England of cattle from this district, and ultimately from the adjoining territories of Montana and Idaho, is certain to supply steady business to the railway; and the transport of coal on a large scale to Manitoba from the vast deposits which are being opened up near Medicine Hat and the head-waters of the Saskatchewan is still more certain. The Bow River, which takes its name from its repeated windings and doublings like an ox-bow, guides the railway into the mountains. The wide valley, inclosed by foot-hills, not very long ago the favorite haunt of the buffalo, is divided into ranches. These and all other industries in southern Alberta converge at Calgary, an enterprising little town, once a Hudson's Bay fort, on a site of ideal beauty. It fronts the illimitable plains; snow-peaked mountains, Devil's Head preëminent, tower up behind; and two impetuous glacier-fed streams meet in the natural amphitheater that has been scooped out of the surrounding hills to give it ample room to spread itself. Forty miles farther up the river, and so much nearer the best hunting-grounds in the mountains, two villages of Stonies have gathered round the Methodist Mission of Morley,—a brave and hardy tribe of mountaineers who, like their white neighbors, are taking to stock-raising, as they can no longer live by hunting. The railway climbs the valley of the Bow, crossing and recrossing, past Morley, past the mass of rock five thousand feet high called Cascade Mountain, where anthracite coal has been discovered, past the chiseled turrets of Castle Mountain, and into the core of the range, till within six miles of the summit, where it abandons the river and strikes up the bed of one of its tributaries.

The railway terminus in September, 1883, being Calgary, tourists generally stopped

there; but our party determined to push on to the Pacific. Four ranges of mountains intervened—the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Gold, and the Cascades. One engineer told us that it was problematical whether we should get through. Another said that we should not. We determined to try, and we now congratulate ourselves that we were the first to cross from one side of the four ranges to the other side, on the line on which the railway is constructed.

It was a journey to be remembered. I have seen many countries, but I know none where there are such magnificent rock-exposures for a hundred miles continuously as up the valley of the Bow, from Calgary to the summit of the Rockies. The general elevation of the valley is between four and five thousand feet, and the mountains on each side are only from one to six thousand feet higher; consequently, the beauty does not consist in the altitude of the mountains. Beside the Andes or even the Alps they are hardly worth speaking about; but nothing can be finer than the distinct stratification, the variety of form and clearness of outline, the great masses of bare rock standing out as if piled by masons and carved and chiseled by sculptors. Photography alone could bring out their amazing richness in detail. Scenes of gloomy grandeur present themselves at every point for several miles along the summit; and down the western slope the views at times are even more striking. But our journey down the Kicking Horse should be read in the "England and Canada" of the distinguished engineer with whom I traveled, by those who wish to know more of our experiences.

When we crossed the Rockies the hitherto unconquered Selkirks rose before us. To understand the position of this range, take a map and look for the springs of the Columbia. This greatest of salmon rivers rises in Canada, and runs north-west so persistently that it appears doomed to fall into the Fraser. But, reaching the neighborhood of Mounts Brown and Hooker, it seems to have had enough of us, and accordingly, sweeping right round in a "Big Bend," it makes straight for Washington Territory, cutting through all obstacles, the *Dalles* with the significant *Dalle de Mort*, and then spreads out into long, broad, calm expanses known as the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes. Within that great loop which it makes on our soil are inclosed the Selkirks. As they extend only to the Big Bend of the Columbia, our engineers had no concern with them when it was supposed that the Canada Pacific Railway was to run farther north; but when the company decided that they must have as nearly as possible an air-line from Winnipeg west to the ocean, the question of whether a pass

could be found across the Selkirks became important. If no pass could be found, a *détour* must be made away to the North by the Big Bend. Passes were known to exist through the other three ranges that rise between the plains and the Pacific. The Rockies proper, the backbone of this continent, are cloven north of the boundary line by half a dozen rivers, along the valley of any one of which a railway could be carried with ease to a summit where another stream is generally found beginning its course down the western slope. Then, the two ranges nearest the Pacific have also open gates wide enough for a railway. But between the Gold Mountains and the Rockies rose the Selkirks, apparently without a break. When asked about a pass here, the Indians shook their heads; so did the engineers, Mr. Walter Moberly excepted. He knew something about the Selkirks; but though he pointed out the way, to another fell the honor of solving the problem.

Moberly had discovered a first-rate pass in 1865 through the Gold Mountains, greatly to the satisfaction of himself and all British Columbia. Gold had been found by enterprising prospectors at the Big Bend, and the provincial government, anxious to have a trail cut from the navigable waters in the heart of the colony to the new Eldorado, sent Moberly, then assistant surveyor-general, to explore. One day, not far from Shuswap Lake, among tangled mountains choked with dense underbrush and fallen timber, valleys radiating to every point of the compass, but leading nowhere, he saw an eagle flying to the east up one of the valleys. Accepting the omen, he followed and discovered the pass which he called after the eagle, though it might more fitly be called by his own name. Previous to this the Gold range had been supposed to be "an unbroken and impassable wall of mountains," but, thanks to Moberly, a wagon-road could now be made from the settled part of the province to the Columbia, to be followed—he was convinced—by a railway that would in due time extend to the fertile plains of the North-west. If a pass could only be found across the Selkirks, he felt that his work would be completed. He sent one and then another of his staff to explore, but their reports were discouraging. His Indians knew nothing, except that they could not take their canoes that way. When they wished to get to the other side of the range, they descended the Columbia, and then crossed over to its head-waters by the Kootenay River. To them time was no object. Indians will go a hundred miles in a canoe, or ride across a prairie for the same distance, rather than cut through a mile of brush. In a forest they will walk for a hundred yards round a fallen tree, and others will continue

for years to follow the trail, rather than be at the trouble of cutting through the obstruction. Moberly did not despair. He saw a fracture in the range, almost corresponding to the fracture of the Eagle Pass in the Gold range. Crossing the Columbia, though it was late in the season, and entering the mouth of this fracture, he forced his way up the banks of a stream called the Ille-Cille-Waet, chocolate-colored from the grains of slate it holds in solution. Twenty or thirty miles from its mouth the Ille-Cille-Waet forked. Trying the north fork, it led him into the slate range, intersected by innumerable veins of promising-looking quartz that prospectors have yet to test, but to nothing like a pass. His Indians then struck. He used every means to induce them to go with him up the east fork, but in vain. The snow had begun to fall on the mountains, and they said that they would be caught and would never get out again. Reluctantly Moberly turned back, and as the colony could afford no more explorations, the Big Bend diggings not turning out as had been anticipated, he had to content himself with putting on record that the easterly fork of the Ille-Cille-Waet should be examined before a route for a transcontinental railway was finally determined on.

Thus it happened that up to 1881 no man had crossed the virgin range. It was covered with heavy timber almost up to the snow-line. Without let or hindrance herds of noble caribou trotted along ancestral trails to their feeding-grounds or to water. Bears—black, brown, cinnamon, and grizzly—found in sheltered valleys exhaustless supplies of the berries on which they grow fat. From the opposite flanks of the range, east and west, short swollen streams rush down to join the Columbia, their sands often indicating gold; while on the south, where the drainage flows into the Kootenay Lake and River, which also feed the Columbia, rich mines of argentiferous galena are now being worked. But no one knew of a pass.

In February, 1881, the Syndicate appointed Major A. B. Rogers, C. E., engineer of the Mountain Division of the Canada Pacific Railway. He seemed about as unlikely a man for the work of ascertaining whether the Selkirks problem was soluble as could have been chosen. He knew little or nothing of mountains; his previous experiences had been in States where there is no counterpart to the characteristic scenery and difficulties of British Columbia. But Major Rogers, like a true descendant of the Pilgrim or Puritan fathers, is a man who goes to the particular wilderness to which he may be appointed, asking no questions. Naturally intense, self-reliant,

and scornful of appearances, the opposite schooling of an old-fashioned Down-East training, the rough experiences of engineer and frontier life have made him so downright that he is apt to be appalling to ordinary mortals. Though between fifty and sixty years of age, hair and beard now white, no youngster in his party will plunge into the grimmest mountain ranges with as little thought of commissariat or as complete a contempt of danger, and no Indian will encounter fatigue or famine as stoically. Hard as nails himself, he expects others who take service with him to endure hardness; and should there be shirking, he is apt to show his worst side rather than be guilty of what he has scorned as hypocrisy in others. He fitted out at Kamloops for his first attempt on the Selkirks. The wonder is that he did not start with rifle on shoulder and a piece of pork in his pocket, two or three Indians perhaps carrying blankets and a few fixings; for at that time he thought that a gun ought to feed a party. He does not think so now. Man can have but one paradise at a time. If he goes into the mountains to hunt, he can do that; if to prospect, he can do that, with a slightly different outfit; if to discover a pass or to get through to a given point by a given date, he may or may not succeed,—but it is quite certain that he cannot combine the three characters, or even two, on the one expedition. A bear or caribou may lead you miles from your course; and if you shoot him, your Indians have a capital excuse for delay, while they regard the meat as simply so much "kitchen" to their stock of pork and bacon.

The Major and his nephew, Mr. Albert Rogers, hiring at Kamloops ten Shuswap Indians from the Roman Catholic Mission to carry their packs, started in April to force their way to the east. They succeeded in reaching the core of the Selkirk range, by following the east fork of the Ille-Cille-Waet; but, like Moberly on the north fork, they got only to a *cul de sac*, and their packs having become ominously light, they—heavy with the consciousness of failure—came to the conclusion that retreat was inevitable. Before retracing their steps, however, they climbed the divide to see if any break could be detected in the range. Yes; a valley appeared in the direction of an unexplored little affluent of the Ille-Cille-Waet, and, apparently connected with it, a depression extending to the east. Everywhere else, all around to the horizon, nothing but "snow-clad desolation." The result of five or six weeks' endurance of almost intolerable misery was this gleam of hope.

Our journey enabled us to understand what they must have suffered. The underbrush is

of the densest, owing to the ceaseless rain. Black flies or mosquitoes do their part unweariedly. What with fallen timber of enormous size, precipices, prickly thorns, beaver dams, marshes full of fetid water to be waded through, alder swamps, lakelets surrounded by bluffs so steep that it would almost puzzle a chamois to get over or around them, we had all we wanted of the Ille-Cille-Waet and the Eagle Pass. But they had started too early in the season. The snow was not only deep, but it was melting and rotting under spring suns and rains, and therefore would not bear their weight. Down they sank at every step, and often into the worst kind of pitfalls. At first their loads were so heavy that they had to leave part behind, and then, after camping early, return wearily on their tracks for the second load. The Indians would have deserted them a dozen times over, but the Major had arranged with the Mission that if they returned without a certificate they were to get a whipping instead of good pay. Nothing but pluck kept them pegging away; but in spite of all they failed that year. The following May the Major made his attack from the other side of the range, and again he was unsuccessful. Swollen torrents and scarcity of supplies forced him back to his base, at the point where the Kicking Horse River joins the Columbia. On this occasion, had it not been for the discovery of a canoe, he and his party would have starved. Sorely against their will he had put them on half rations, but he gladdened their hearts one morning by announcing that it was his birthday, and producing a little sugar to sweeten their tea.

Nothing daunted, he started again the same summer, in the month of July, from the same base, and succeeded. Proceeding up the valley of the Beaver, a large stream that enters the Columbia through an open cañon, and then following the course of one of its tributaries appropriately called Bear Creek, he at length found the long-sought-for pass. He saw the mountain from the summit of which the year before he and his nephew had noticed the depression extending to the east. Not content while anything remained undone, he made for the Ille-Cille-Waet, and following it down to the north fork, ascended it too, to ascertain if its head-waters would connect with a tributary of the Beaver, and so perhaps afford something better; but nothing better, or rather nothing at all, was found. The Selkirks have only one pass, but it is better than the western slope of the main chain by the Kicking Horse. And an American has had the honor of finding that one on behalf of Canada! All honor to him!

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Kicking Horse, the ascent of the eastern slope of the Selkirks was remarkably easy. The valley of the Beaver contracts near its mouth, so it is no wonder that observers from the outside formed an incorrect idea of its importance. The Ille-Cille-Waet on the other side of the range ends its course in the same way. The two streams by which the Selkirks are overcome are thus something like two long bottles with their narrow necks facing and ending in the Columbia. The trail up the Beaver led through forests of great cedars, and then of noble spruce, hemlock, and pine, so dense that it was impossible to get any views of the range before reaching the Rogers Pass. Our first evening was spent with a pleasant, fit-looking lot of fellows, who were working down from the summit under the leadership of Major Critchelow, a West Point graduate. They did all they could for us, sharing tents and blankets, as well as porridge, as if we had been life-long comrades. Major Critchelow's party had been at work for three months, and, besides caribou and other large game, had seen about fifty bears, chiefly black and grizzly. I can, with a reasonable measure of confidence, assure sportsmen that the bears are still there, for the engineers were too busy to do much hunting. We saw on our ride to the summit next morning why the place was such a favorite bear center. On both sides of the trail grew an extraordinary profusion of high bushes laden with delicious wild fruits, blackberries and gooseberries as large as small grapes, and half a dozen other varieties, that we could pick by handfuls without dismounting. The rowan-tree drooped its rich red clusters over the bushes, and high above towered the magnificent forest primeval, one cedar that we passed having a diameter of nine feet. It was like riding through a deserted garden. Emerging from the forest, after a leisurely three hours' ride, into a saucer-shaped open meadow covered with tall thick grass, Major Rogers, who had kindly joined our party at the mouth of the Kicking Horse, pointed to a little stream, saying, "That is Summit Creek, and there," pointing to the opposite end of the meadow, "is the summit where our yew stake is planted." We gave a hearty cheer in his honor, and taking our seats on a moss-grown natural rockery, heard him recount the story of the discovery of the pass. A scene of more mingled grandeur and beauty could not be desired. "Such a spot for a summer hotel!" would, I think, be the first cry of an American tourist. Snow-covered mountains, glaciers accumulating in lofty comb, and high above the snow, the looser shales of the peaks having weathered off, fantastic columns of rock giving to each mountain form an individual-

ity that stamps it permanently on the memory; while we in the sunny valley at their feet dined on wild fruit, and our horses rolled contentedly among the deep succulent grasses! Syndicate, the distinctive peak among the mountains at the summit, is a veritable Canadian Matterhorn, but it is not seen till you begin the western descent.

The Selkirks did not let us off so easily as we had hoped from our experience of the ascent. Where the trail ended the Major gave us his nephew as a guide and half a dozen athletic, obliging young men to carry our packs to the second crossing of the Columbia. I shall never attempt to pioneer through a wilderness again, much less to carry a pack; and of all wildernesses, commend me to those of British Columbia as the best possible samples to test wind and limb. It would simply weary readers to go into details of struggling through acres of densest underbrush where you cannot see a yard ahead, wading through swamps and beaver dams, getting scratched from eyes to ankles with prickly thorns, scaling precipices, falling over moss-covered rocks into pitfalls, your packs almost strangling you, losing the rest of the party while you halt to feel all over whether any bones are broken, and then experiencing in your inmost soul the unutterable loneliness of savage mountains. Those who have not tried would not understand. It took us five days to make seventeen miles, and we did our best. Right glad were we to see the Columbia again, a river now twelve hundred feet wide, full from bank to bank, sweeping past this time to the south with a current of six or seven miles an hour. We struck it nearly opposite the Big Eddy, and one or two tents and a group of Indians among the aspens on the bank a little farther down comforted us with the thought that we could at any rate get what man considers the one thing needful in the wilderness—a supply of food. It might have an evil smell, but it would be food; and starvation, at any rate, was now out of the question. Back a little from the noble river rose the Gold Mountains, cloven almost to the feet by the Eagle Pass.

The Indians came across in their canoes and ferried us over; and we spent the night on the river bank, well to windward of Camp Siwash. Under a half-moon shining in a blue, cloudless sky, a great glacier on our right reflected a ghostly light, and every peak came out clearly defined in the pure atmosphere. The rush of the great river and the muffled roar of the distant falls of the Ille-Cille-Waet alone broke the perfect stillness. Four or five camp-fires seen through the trees, with dusky figures silently flitting about, gave life to the scene. Reclining on spruce boughs, softer and more fragrant than beds of down, we felt the

charm of frontier or backwoods life. Two or three hours after, awakened by rain first pattering on tent and leaves and then pouring down in earnest, the charm was forgotten. One had left his boots outside, another had hung his clothes near the camp-fire, and we knew that the men were lying on the ground, rolled in their blankets, and that to-morrow every pack would be fifty per cent. heavier to carry. We were still in the rainy region. Every night but one since leaving the summit of the Selkirks there had been rain with thunder and lightning; and yet, in spite of the discomfort, not a man showed a sign of discontent. Sybarites still growl over their crumpled rose-leaves, but the race is not deteriorating.

Before leaving Winnipeg Mr. Fleming had telegraphed to Hudson's Bay officials in British Columbia to send a party from Kamloops to meet us with provisions at some point on the Columbia near the mouth of the Eagle Pass. When we saw the Indians every one was sure that the Kamloops party had reached the rendezvous before us. Our disappointment was brief, for the same evening half a dozen men were heard hallooing and struggling through the pass. This was our eagerly expected party, and great and natural was the delight at making such wonderfully close connections in a trackless wilderness; but our countenances fell when, asking for the provisions, the leader simply handed us a large sheet of foolscap on which was inscribed in fine legible hand a list of supplies *cached* at a distance of some days' journey! They had been able to carry barely enough for themselves, and had we not wisely husbanded our pork and flour, they and we might have starved.

Next morning we started up the Eagle Pass, with our sheet of foolscap and the Kamloops men. They brought us good news at any rate. In three or four days we should get to horses and supplies, and in a day or two thereafter to a wagon-road that had been commenced from Lake Shuswap by the company that is working the silver-bearing galena mines on the Kootenay. It turned out as they said. We found the horses, and a wealth of good things; cups and saucers of crockery were included, to our infinite amusement. The horses were of little use except to carry the packs, for better speed can be made walking than riding, and walking is safer and much more pleasant—if there can be pleasure on a trail along the Eagle River. We reached the wagon-road, Mr. G. V. Wright, in the center of a canvas town, superintending its construction, and ready to do anything for us. We sat luxuriously stretching our legs in the spring wagon in which he sent us on the

beautiful star-shaped Lake Shuswap—last of a series of lakes strung like beads on the river that drains the western slope of the Eagle Pass. There the Hon. Mr. Mara, having heard of our approach, had kindly kept the steamer *Peerless* waiting for us. The dangers and the toils of our journey were over.

With regard to the scenery in the Selkirk and Gold Mountains little need be said. Rain or snow falls almost unceasingly. The clouds from the Pacific shed some of their contents on Vancouver Island and the Cascades; then, rising high above these coast mountains, they float easterly over a wide intervening region, and empty their buckets most bountifully on the Gold range. A moss carpet several inches thick covers the ground, the rocks, the fallen timber, in every direction—mosses exquisitely delicate, as thickly and uniformly sown as if green showers had fallen silently from the heavens to replace the deep white snow of winter. From the branches of the trees hang mossy streamers. Softer than velvet is the coating of every bank. Dense underbrush and ferns from four to six or seven feet high fill the narrow valleys, save where the prickly devil's-club and enormous skunk cabbage dispute the ground with the ferns. Emerging from the dark-blue waters of Lake Shuswap and sailing the South Thompson, the air, the soft outlines of the hills, the park-like scenery recalling "the upper portions of the Arno and the Tiber," we come upon the intervening region of elevated broken plateau that extends from the Gold range west to the Cascades. Its physical character is the exact opposite of the humid mountains left behind. Low rounded, russet-colored hills, and benches covered with bunch-grass, or, where that has been too greedily cropped, with sage and prickly pear, take the place of lofty, rugged peaks and valleys choked with heavy timber. This intervening region that extends to the Cascades has everywhere a dry, dusty, California look, except where some little creek has been made to do duty in the way of irrigation. Then we have a garden plot, a field, or a ranch converted into a carpet or ribbon of freshest green contrasting beautifully with the surrounding gray or russet. These bits of green are like oases in the desert. They yield abundantly every variety of fruit or grain. Tomatoes, water- and musk-melons, and grapes ripen in the open air. Wheat, as in the most favored spots of Oregon and Washington Territory, yields from forty to seventy bushels to the acre. At Lytton the Fraser comes down from its long circuit round the far north country, through gorges inclosed by snow-crested mountains, to receive the tribute of the united Thompson. The clear blue Thomp-

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son flows into the turbid Fraser, and the swollen torrent, deep, narrow, swirling, eddying, resistless, cuts its way through the granite of the Cascades to the sea. In this mountainous region, again, the farmer is no longer dependent on irrigation, and wherever there is soil anything can be raised. The Lower Fraser or New Westminster district is not only the most valuable in British Columbia, agriculturally, but the river is full of salmon and sturgeon, the country abounds with game, and the timber along the coast would furnish masts for all the admirals in the world.

But what will a railway get to do in this great sea of mountains? For along those five hundred miles of road on the mainland, constructed at so enormous a cost, the population, not counting Indians and Chinamen, is less than ten thousand. The British Columbians claim that a portion of the Asiatic trade will come their way, especially as the company that is building the road has announced its intention of putting on steamers to connect the Pacific terminus with the ports of Japan and China; and they also point to their fish, their mines of silver and gold, and their forests, as the complement of the prairies of the North-west. All their hopes and dreams cluster around the railway, and those whom it does not enrich will feel that they have a right to be disappointed. They ignore the fact that the people of the North-west or any other country can afford to pay only a certain price for fish or flesh, galena, gold, or anything else, and that if it cannot be supplied at said price it must be for them all the same as if it were non-existent. They fancy that the difficulty the province has to contend with is not the comparatively small amount of arable land, or the necessity for irrigation in districts otherwise good, or the intervening mountains, or the cañons that prevent river navigation, or the cost of transportation, or the great distances, but simply the presence of some thousands of industrious Chinamen. If Chinamen could only be kept out white people would come in, and wages would go up and keep up. Good prices would then be obtained for everything, and every one could live comfortably.

A most obliging merchant in Kamloops informed me that it would be as well for him to shut shop, because it was impossible to do business any longer. A few Chinamen had come to the place, and beginning as cooks, waiters, barbers, washermen, had at length opened some small shops, and were fast getting hold of the entire trade of the country. Nobody else had a chance with them, he said. I asked

why. "Oh," was the answer, given in perfect simplicity, "they are satisfied with small profits and quick returns, and they make no losses, for they refuse to give credit." He had not so learned business. His former customers, who were now buying goods at reasonable rates, agreed with him that it was a shame. I am sorry to seem to reflect on any of my British Columbian friends, or rather to reflect on their notions of commercial or political economy. They were kindness itself to me, as they are to all travelers. "They are a real nice people," said one of the engineers we fell in with; "they do cheerfully what you want, either for nothing or for an enormous price." That hits the mark. Their hospitality is beyond praise; but when they charge, you are likely to remember the bill. Three of us hired a wagon one afternoon. The boy drove us twenty-three miles in four hours, and the charge was thirty dollars. On another afternoon we engaged a man to row us in his little boat to a steamer on Burrard Inlet. It took him an hour, and we had to pay four dollars for the use of his boat and the pleasure of his company. A friend wished to negotiate for the removal of some lumber. Finding that the cost of a team was fifteen dollars per day, he preferred to do without the lumber. That such costs and charges put a stop to industrial development, that they are equivalent to total prohibition of intercourse or exchange, does not occur to the average politician. Abundance of labor is the one thing absolutely indispensable in British Columbia. Pretty much the only labor attainable on a large scale for many a year is that of Chinamen. Far from welcoming the labor, almost every one's face is set against it, even when necessity forces him to take advantage of it for the time. But this is not the place to discuss the Chinese problem. I have alluded to it simply because the railway has forced it upon our attention, and it presses for solution.

Since the Dominion was constituted the political life of Canada has centered about the Pacific Railway. Now that it is on the eve of completion, we see how great was the task that three millions of people set themselves fourteen years ago to accomplish. The work is imperial in meaning as well as magnitude, though the cost has been wholly defrayed by Canada. It is our contribution to the organization and defense of the empire. It has added to our public burdens, but our credit is better than when it was commenced. When we are told that it has cost fifty, sixty, or a hundred millions, what need one say but that it was a necessity, and that it is worth the cost?



FROM CATHEDRAL AT LUCCA.

TUSCAN CITIES.

I.

AS Pisa made no comment on the little changes she may have observed in me since we had last met, nineteen years before, I feel bound in politeness to say that I found her in April, 1883, looking not a day older than she did in December, 1864. In fact she looked younger, if anything, though it may have been the season that made this difference in her. She was in her spring attire, freshly, almost at the moment, put on; and that counts for much more in Pisa than one who knew her merely in the region of her palaces and churches and bridges would believe. She has not, indeed, quite that breadth of orchards and gardens within her walls which Siena has, but she has space enough for nature to flourish at ease there; and she has many deserted squares and places where the grass was sprouting vigorously in the crevices of the pavement. All this made her perceptibly younger, even with her memories running so far back of Roman times, into twilights whither perhaps a less careful modern historian than myself would not follow them. But when I am in a town that has real claims to antiquity, I like to allow them to the uttermost; and with me it is not merely a duty, it is a pleasure, to remind the reader that Pisa was founded by Pelops, the grandson of Jove, and the son of Tantalus, king of Phrygia. He was the same who was slain by his father, and served in a banquet to the gods, to try if they knew everything, or could be tricked into eating of the hideous repast; and it was after this curious experience — Ceres came in from the field, very tired and hungry, and popped down and tasted a bit of his shoulder before they could stop her — that, being restored to life by his grandfather, he visited Italy, and liking the situation at the mouth of the Arno, built his city there. This is the opinion of Pliny and Solinus, and that generally adopted by the Pisan chroniclers; but the skeptical Strabo would have us think that Pisa was not founded till much later, when Nestor, sailing homeward after the fall of Troy, was cast away on the Etruscan

shore at this point. There are some historians who reconcile the accounts by declaring that Nestor merely joined the Phrygians at Pisa, and could never have pretended to found the city. I myself incline to this notion; but even if Pisa was not built till after the fall of Troy, the reader easily perceives that a sense of her antiquity might affect an Ohio man, even after a residence in Boston. A city founded by Pelops or Nestor could not be converted to Christianity by a less person than St. Peter, who, on his way to Rome, was expressly wrecked on the Pisan coasts for that purpose. Her faith, like her origin, is as ancient as possible, and Pisa was one of the first Italian communities to emerge from the ruin of the Roman empire into a vigorous and splendid life of her own. Early in the middle ages she had, with the arrogance of long-established consequence, superciliously explained the Florentines, to an Eastern potentate who had just heard of them, as something like the desert Arabs,—a lawless, marauding, barbarous race, the annoyance of all respectable and settled communities. In those days Pisa had not only commerce with the East, but wars; and in 1005 she famously beat back the Saracens from their conquests in the northern Mediterranean, and, after a struggle of eighteen years, ended by carrying the war into Africa and capturing Carthage with the Emir of the Saracens in it. In the beginning of this war her neighbor Lucca, fifteen miles away, profited by her pre-occupation to attack her, and this is said to have been one of the first quarrels, if not the first, in which the Italian cities asserted their separate nationality and their independence of the empire. It is supposed on that account to have been rather a useful event, though it is scarcely to be praised otherwise. Of course the Pisans took it out of the Lucchese afterwards in the intervals of their more important wars with the Genoese by sea and the Florentines by land. There must have been fighting pretty well all the time, back and forth across the vineyards and olive orchards that stretch between the two cities; I have counted up

eight distinct wars, bloody and tedious, in which they ravaged each other's territory, and I dare say I have missed some. Once the Pisans captured Lucca and sacked it, and once the Lucchese took Pisa and sacked it; the Pisans were Ghibelline and the Lucchese were Guelph, and these things had to be. In the mean time Pisa was waging, with varying fortune, seven wars with Genoa, seven other with Florence, three with Venice, and one with Milan, and was in a spirited state of continual party strife within herself; though she found leisure to take part in several of the crusades, to break the naval supremacy of the Saracens, and to beat the Greeks in sea-fights under the walls of Constantinople. The warlike passions of men were tightly wound up in those days, and Pisa was set to fight for five hundred years. Then she fell at last, in 1509, under the power of those upstart Florentines whom she had despised so long.

II.

WHAT is odd in the history of Pisa is that it has given but one name to common remembrance. Her prosperity was early and great, and her people employed it in the cultivation of all the arts; yet Andrea and Niccolò Pisano are almost the only artists whose fame is associated with that of their native city. She was perpetually at war by sea and by land, yet her admirals and generals are unknown to the world. Her university is one of the oldest and most learned in Italy, yet she produced no eminent scholars or poets, and one hardly realizes that the great Galileo, who came a century after the fall of his country, was not a Florentine but a Pisan by birth; he was actually of a Florentine family settled in Pisa. When one thinks of Florence, one thinks of Dante, of Giotto, of Cimabue, of Brunelleschi, of Michelangelo, of Savonarola, and of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X., of Boccaccio and Pulci and Politian, of Machiavelli, of Giovanni delle Bande Nere and Gino Capponi, of Guido Cavalcanti, of Amerigo Vespucci, of Benvenuto Cellini, and Masaccio and Botticelli, and all the rest. When one thinks of Siena, one thinks of St. Catharine, and Ochino, and Socinus, and the Piccolomini, and Bandini, and Sodoma. But when one thinks of Pisa, Ugolino is the sole name that comes into one's mind. I am not at all sure, however, that one ought to despise Pisa for her lack of celebrities; I am rather of a contrary opinion. It is certain that such a force and splendor as she was for five hundred years could have been created only by a consensus of mighty wills, and it seems to me that a very pretty case might be made out in behalf

of the democracy whose level was so high that no one head could be seen above it. Perhaps this is what we are coming to in our own civilization, and I am disposed to take heart from the heroless history of Pisa when I look round over the vast plain of our equality, where every one is as great as every other.

I wish, if this is the case, we might come finally to anything as clean and restful and lovely as I found Pisa on the day of my arrival; but of course that would be much more difficult for a continent than for a city, and probably our last state will not be so pleasant. On our way down from Florence, through much the same landscape as that through which we had started to Siena, the peach-trees were having their turn in the unhurried Italian spring's succession of blossoms, and the fields were lit with their pathetic pink, where earlier the paler bloom of the almond had prevailed. As I said, Pisa herself was in her spring dress, and it may be that the season had touched her with the languor which it makes the whole world feel, as she sat dreaming beside her Arno, in the midst of the gardens that compassed her about within her walls. I do not know what Pisa had to say to other tourists who arrived that day, but we were old friends, and she regarded me with a frank, sad wonder when she read in my eyes a determination to take notes of her.

"Is it possible?" she expressed, with that mute, melancholy air of hers. "You, who have lived in Italy, and ought to know better? You, who have been here before? Sit down with me beside the Arno!" and she indicated two or three empty bridges, which I was welcome to, or if I preferred half a mile or so of that quay which has the noblest sweep in the world, there it was, vacant for me. I shrugged my excuses, as well as I could, and indicated the artist at my side, who with his etching-plate under his arm, and his hat in his hand, was making his manners to Pisa, and I tried to explain that we were both there under contract to produce certain illustrated papers for THE CENTURY.

"What papers? What century?" she murmured, and tears came into the eyes of the beautiful ghost; and she added with an inexpressible pathos and bitterness, "I remember no century since the fifteenth, when — I — died."

She would not say when she fell under the power of her enemy, but we knew she was thinking of Florence; and as she bowed her face in her hands, we turned away with our hearts in our throat.

We thought it well not to go about viewing the monuments of her fallen grandeur at once, — they are all kept in wonderful repair,

—and we left the Arno, whose mighty curve is followed on either side by lines of magnificent palaces, and got our driver to carry us out to the streets that dwindled into lanes beside the gardens fenced in by the red brick city walls. At one point a long stretch of the wall seemed trellised for yellow roses which covered acres of it with their golden multitude, but when we got down and walked nearer, with the permission of the peasant whose field we passed through, we found they were lemons. He said they grew very well in that shelter and exposure, and his kind old weather-beaten, friendly face was almost the color of one. He bade us go anywhere we liked in his garden, and he invited us to drink of the water of his well, which he said never went dry in the hottest weather. Then he returned to his fat old wife, who had kept on weeding, and bent down beside her and did not follow us for drink-money, but returned a self-respectful adieu from a distance, when we called a good-bye before getting into our carriage. We generalized from his behavior a manly independence of character in the Pisan people, and I am sure we were not mistaken in the beauty of the Pisan women, who, as we met them in the street, were all extremely pretty, and young, many of them, even after five hundred years. One gets over expecting good looks in Tuscany; and perhaps this was the reason why we prized the loveliness of the Pisans. It may have been comparative only, though I am inclined to think it was positive. At any rate there can be no doubt about the landscape outside the walls, which we drove into a little way out of one of the gates, to return by another. It was a plain country, and at this point a line of aqueduct stretched across the smiling fields to the feet of the arid purple hills that propped the blue horizon. There was something richly simple in the elements of the picture, which was of as few tones as a landscape of Titian or Raphael, and as strictly subordinated in its natural features to the human interest which we did our best to represent. I dare say our best was but poor. Every acre of that plain had been the theater of a great tragedy; every rood of ground had borne its hero. Now, in the advancing spring, the grass and wheat were long enough to flow in the wind, and they flowed like the ripples of a wide green sea to the feet of those purple hills, away from our feet where we stood beside our carriage on its hither shore. The warmth of the season had liberated the fine haze that dances above the summer fields, and this quivered before us like the confluent phantoms of multitudes, indistinguishably vast, who had fallen there in immemorial strife. But we could not stand

musling long upon this fact; we had taken that carriage by the hour. Yet we could not help loitering along by the clear stream that followed the road, till it brought us to a flour-whitened mill near the city wall, slowly and thoughtfully turning its huge undershot wheel; and I could not resist entering and speaking to the miller where, leaning upon a sack of wheat, he dimly loomed through the powdered air, in the exact attitude of a miller I used to know in a mill on the Little Miami, in Ohio, when I was a boy.

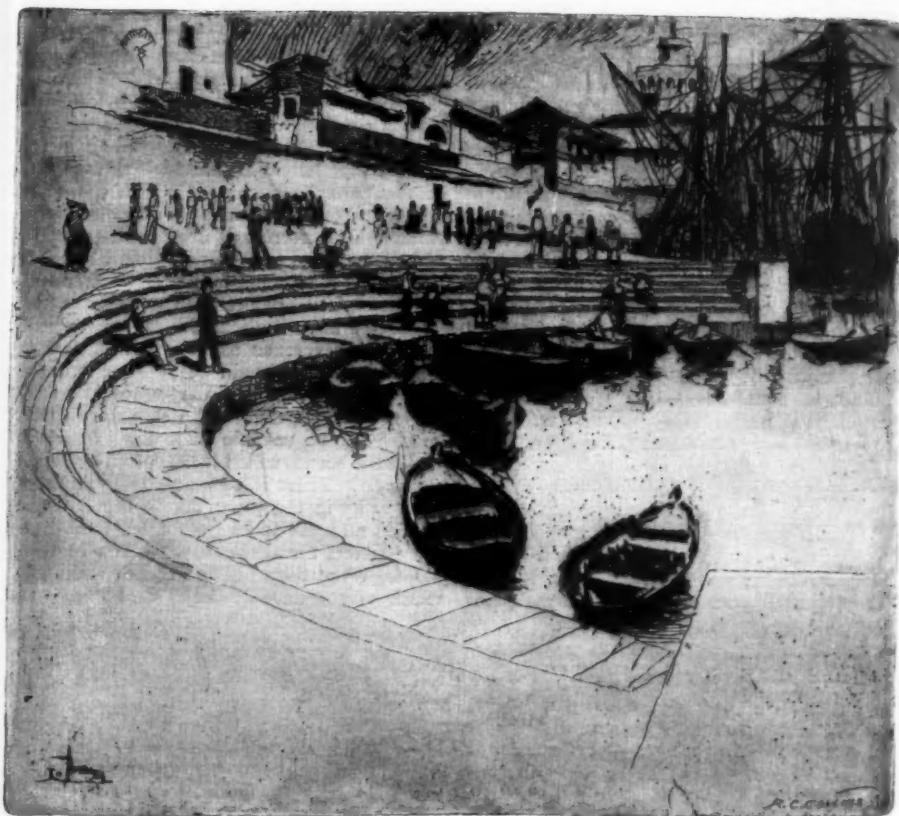
III.

I TRY to give the reader a true impression of the sweet confusion of travel in those old lands. In the phrases that come out of the point of the pen, rather than out of the head or the heart, we talk about losing ourselves in the associations of the past; but we never do it. A prime condition of our sympathy with it is that we always and every instant and vividly find our dreary, tiresome, unstoried, unstoriable selves in it; and if I had been less modern, less recent, less raw, I should have been by just so much indifferent to the antique charm of the place. In the midst of my reverie of the Pisan past, I dreamily asked the miller about the milling business in the Pisan present. I forget what he said.

The artist outside had begun an etching,—if you let that artist out of your sight half a second he began an etching,—and we got back by a common effort into the town again, where we renewed our impression of a quiet that was only equaled by its cleanliness, of a cleanliness that was only surpassed by its quiet. I think of certain genial, lonely, irregular squares, more or less planted with pollarded sycamores, just then woolily tufted with their leaf-buds; and I will ask the reader to think of such white light over all as comes in our own first real spring days; for in some atmospheric qualities and effects the spring is nowhere so much alike as in America and Italy. In one of these squares the boys were playing ball, striking it with a small tambourine instead of a bat; in another, some young girls sat under a sycamore with their sewing; and in a narrow street running out of this was the house where Galileo was born. He is known to have said that the world moves; but I do not believe it has moved much in that neighborhood since his time. His natal roof is overlooked by a lofty gallery leading into Prince Corsini's garden; and I wish I could have got inside of that garden; it must have been pleasanter than the street in which Galileo was born, and which more nearly approached squalor in its condition

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THE LANDING STAIRS, LEGHORN.*

than any other street that I remember in Pisa. It had fallen from no better state, and must always have witnessed to the poverty of the decayed Florentine family from which Galileo sprang.

I left the artist there — beginning an etching, as usual — and wandered back to our hotel; for it was then in the drowsy heart of the late afternoon, and I believed that Pisa had done all that she could for me in one day. But she had reserved a little surprise, quaint and unimaginable enough, in a small chapel of the Chiesa Evangelica Metodista Italiana, which she suddenly showed me in a retired street I wandered through. This Italian Evangelical Methodist Church was but a tiny structure, and it stood back from the street in a yard, with some hollies and myrtles before

it — simple and plain, like a little Methodist church at home. It had not a frequented look, and I was told afterwards that the Methodists of Pisa were in that state of arrest which the whole Protestant movement in Italy has fallen into, after its first vigorous impulse. It has not lost ground, but it has not gained, which is also a kind of loss. Apparently the Protestant church which prospers best in Italy is the ancient Italian church of the Waldenses. This presents the Italians a Protestantism of their own invention, while perhaps the hundred religions which we offer them are too distracting, if unaccompanied by our one gravity. It is said that our missionaries have unexpected difficulties to encounter in preaching to the Italians, who are not amused as we should be by a foreigner's blunder in our

* Mr. Howells's series does not include Leghorn, but Mr. Pennell, who, according to Mr. Howells, is simply irrepressible as an etcher, made such a pretty plate of the "landing stairs" there that we cannot withhold it from our readers. — EDITOR CENTURY.

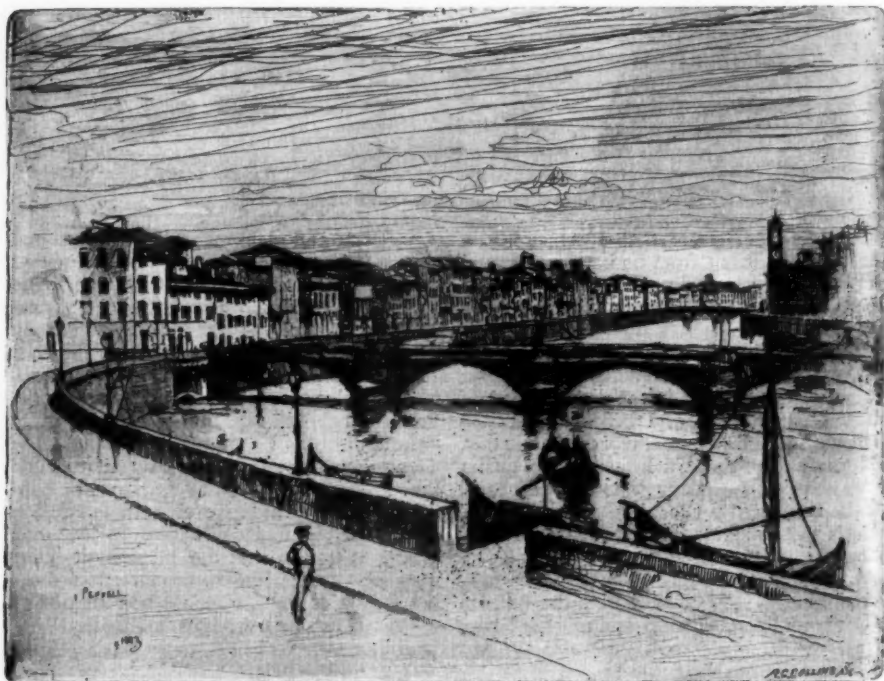
language, but annoyed and revolted by incorrect Italian from the pulpit. They have, moreover, their intellectual pride in the matter: they believe that if Protestantism had been the wiser and better thing we think it, the Italians would have found it out long ago for themselves. As it is, such proselytes as we make are among the poor and ignorant; though that is the way all religions begin.

After the Methodist church it was not at all astonishing to come upon an agricultural implement warehouse—alongside of a shop glaring with alabaster statuary—where the polite attendant offered me an American pump as the very best thing of its kind that I could use on my *podere*. When I explained that I and his pump were fellow-countrymen, I could see that we both rose in his respect. A French pump, he said, was not worth anything in comparison, and I made my own inferences as to the relative inferiority of a Frenchman.

IV.

ONE of our first cares in Pisa was of course to visit the Four Fabrics, as the Italians call, *par excellence*, the Duomo, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistry, and the Campo Santo.

I say cares, for to me it was not a great pleasure. I perceive, by reference to my note-book, that I found that group far less impressive than at first, and that the Campo Santo especially appeared conscious and finicking. I had seen those Orgagna frescoes before, and I had said to myself twenty years ago, in obedience to whatever art-critic I had in my pocket, that here was the highest evidence of the perfect sincerity in which the early masters wrought—that no one could have painted those horrors of death and torments of hell who had not thoroughly believed in them. But this time I had my doubts, and I questioned if the painters of the Campo Santo might not have worked with almost as little faith and reverence as so many American humorists. Why should we suppose that the men who painted the Vergognosa peeping through her fingers at the debauch of Noah should not be capable of making ferocious fun of the scenes which they seemed to depict seriously? There is, as we all know, a modern quality in the great minds, the quickest wits, of all ages, and I do not feel sure these old painters are always to be taken at their word. Were they not sometimes making a mock of the devout clerics and laics who



THE SWEEP OF THE ARNO AT PISA.

employed them? It is bitter fun, I allow. The Death and the Hell of Orgagna are atrocious—nothing less. A hideous fancy, if not a grotesque, insolent humor, riots through those scenes, where the damned are shown with their bowels dangling out (my pen cannot be half so plain as his brush), with their arms chopped off and their tongues torn out by fiends, with their women's breasts eaten by snakes. I for one will not pretend to have revered those works of art, or to have felt anything but loathing in their presence. If I am told that I ought at least to respect the faith with which the painter wrought, I say that faith was not respectable; and I can honor him more if I believe he was portraying those evil dreams in contempt of them,—doing what he could to make faith in them impossible by realizing them in all the details of their filthy cruelty. It was misery to look upon them, and it was bliss to turn my back and give my gaze to the innocent wilding flowers and weeds—the daisies that powdered the sacred earth brought from the Holy Land in the Pisan galleys of old, for the sweeter repose of those laid away here to wait the judgment day. How long they had been sleeping already!

But they do not dream; that is one comfort.

I revisited the Baptistery for the sake of the famous echo which I had heard before, and which had sweetly lingered in my sense all these twenty years. But I was now a little disappointed in it—perhaps because the custodian who had howled so skillfully to evoke it was no longer there, but a mere tyro intent upon his half franc, with no real feeling for ululation as an art. Guides and custodians of an unexampled rapacity swarmed in and all about the Four Fabrics, and beggars, whom we had almost forgotten in Florence, were there in such number that if the Leaning Tower were to fall, as it still looks capable of doing at any moment, it would half depopulate Pisa. I grieve to say that I encouraged mendicancy in the person of an old woman whom I gave a franc by mistake for a soldo. She had not the public spirit to refuse it; without giving me time to correct the error, her hand closed upon it like a talon of a vulture, and I had to get what consolation I could out of pretending to have meant to give her a franc, and to take lightly the blessings under which I really staggered.

It may have been this misadventure that cast a malign light upon the cathedral, which



AN ARCADED STREET, PISA.

I found, after that of Siena, not at all estimable. I dare say it had its merits; but I could get no pleasure even out of the swinging lamp of Galileo; it was a franc, large as the full moon, and reproachfully pale, that waved to and fro before my eyes. This cathedral, however, is only the new Duomo of Pisa, being less than eight hundred years of age, and there is an old Duomo, in another part of the city, which went much more to my heart. I do not pretend that I entered it; but it had a lovely façade of Pisan Gothic, mellowed through all its marble by the suns of a thousand summers, and weed-grown in every neglected niche and nook where dust and seeds could be lodged; so that I now wonder I did not sit down before it and spend the rest of my life there.

V.

THE reader, who has been requested to imagine the irregular form and the perpetually varying heights and depths of Siena, is now set the easier task of supposing Pisa shut within walls almost quadrangular, and reposing on a level which expands to the borders of the hills beyond Lucca, and drops softly with the Arno towards the sea. The river di-

vides the southward third of the city from the rest, to which stately bridges bind it again. The group of the Four Fabrics, to which we have paid a devoir tempered by modern misgiving, rises in aristocratic seclusion in the north-western corner of the quadrangle, and the outer wall of the Campo Santo is the wall of the city. Nothing statelier than the position of these edifices could be conceived; and yet their isolation, so favorable to their reproduction in small alabaster copies, costs them something of the sympathy of the sensitive spectator. He cannot withhold his admiration of that grandeur, but his soul turns to the Duomo in the busy heart of Florence, or to the cathedral, preëminent but not solitary, in the crest of Siena. The Pisans have put their famous group apart from their streets and shops, and have consecrated to it a region which no business can take them to. In this they have gained distinction and effect for it, but they have lost for it that character of friendly domesticity which belongs to all other religious edifices that I know in Italy. Here, as in some other things not so easily definable, the people so mute in all the arts but architecture—of which they were the origin and school in Italy—seem to have expressed themselves mistakenly. The Four Fabrics are where they are to be seen, to be visited, to be wondered at; but they are remote from human society, and they fail of the last and finest effect of architecture—the perfect adaptation of houses to the use of men. Perhaps also one feels a want of unity in the group; perhaps they are too much like dishes set upon the table: the Duomo a vast and beautiful pudding; the Baptistery a gigantic charlotte russe; the Campo Santo an exquisite structure in white sugar; the Leaning Tower a column of ice-cream which has been weakened at the base by too zealous an application of hot water to the outside of the mold. But I do not insist upon this comparison; I only say that I like the ancient church of St. Paul by the Arno. Some question whether it was really the first cathedral of Pisa, maintaining that it was merely used as such while the Duomo was in repair after the fire from which it suffered shortly after its completion.

One must nowadays seem to have some preference in all æsthetic matters, but the time was when polite tourists took things more easily. In the seventeenth century, "Richard Lassels, Gent. who Travelled through Italy five times as Tutor to several of the English Nobility and Gentry," says of the Pisan Duomo that it "is a neat Church for structure, and for its three Brazen Doors historied with a fine Basso rilievo. It's built after *La maniera Tedescha*, a fashion of Building much used in Italy

four or five hundred years ago, and brought in by Germans or Tedeschi, saith Vasari. Near to the Domo stands (if leaning may be called standing) the bending Tower, so artificially made, that it seems to be falling, and yet it stands firm. . . . On the other side of the Domo is the Campo Santo, a great square cloistered about with a low cloister curiously painted."

Here is no trouble of mind about the old masters, either architects or painters, but a beautiful succinctness, a tranquil brevity, which no concern for the motives, or meanings, or aspirations of either penetrates. We have taken upon ourselves in these days a heavy burden of inquiry as to what the mediæval masters thought and felt; but the tourist of the seventeenth century could say of the Pisan Duomo that it was "a neat church for structure," and of the Campo Santo that it was "curiously painted," and there an end. Perhaps there was a relief for the reader also in this method. Master Lassels vexed himself to spell his Italian correctly no more than he did his English.

He visited, apparently with more interest, the Church of the Knights of St. Stephen, which, indeed, I myself found full of unique attraction. Of these knights he says:

"They wear a Red Cross of Satin upon their Cloaks, and profess to fight against the Turks. For this purpose they have here a good House and Maintainance. Their Church is beautified without with a handsome Faciata of White Marble, and within with Turkish Ensigns and divers Lanterns of Capitanesque Gallies. In this House the Knights live in common, and they are well maintained. In their Treasury they shew a great Buckler of Diamonds, won in a Battle against the Turks. . . . They have their Cancellaria, a Catalogue of those Knights who have done notable service against the Turks, which serves for a powerful exhortation to their Successors, to do, and die bravely. In fine, these Knights may marry if they will, and live in their own particular houses, but many of them choose celibate, as more convenient for brave Soldiers; Wives and Children being the true *impedimenta exercitus*."

The knights were long gone from their House and Maintainance in 1883, and I suspect it is years since any of them even professed to fight the Turks. But their church is still there, with their trophies, which I went and admired; and I do not know that there is anything in Pisa which gives you a more vivid notion of her glory in the past than those flags taken from the infidels and those carvings that once enriched her galleys. These and the ship-yards by the Arno, from which her galleys were launched, do really recall the majesty and dominion of the sea which once was hers — and then Genoa's, and then Venice's, and then the Hanseatic Cities', and then Holland's, and then England's; and shall be ours when the Moral Force of the American

Navy is appreciated. At present Pisa and the United States are equally formidable as maritime powers, unless, indeed, this conveys too strong an impression of the decay of Pisa.

VI.

ISSUING from the Church of the Cavaliers, I found myself in the most famous spot in the whole city: the wide dusty square where the Tower of Famine once stood, and where you may still see a palace with iron baskets swung from the corners of the façade, in which it is said the wicked Archbishop Ruggieri used to put the heads of traitors. It may not be his palace, and the baskets may not have been used for this purpose; but there is no doubt that this was the site of the tower, which was not demolished till 1655, and that here it was that Ugolino and his children and grandchildren cruelly perished.

The writer of an excellent little local guide to Pisa, which I bought on my first visit, says that Dante has told the story of Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, and that "after Dante God alone can repeat it." Yet I fancy the tragedy will always have a fascination to the scribbler who visits Pisa, irresistibly tempting him to recall it to his reader. I for my part shall not do less than remind him that Ugolino was Captain of the People and Podestà of Pisa at the time of her great defeat by Genoa in 1284, when so many of her best and bravest were carried off prisoners that a saying arose, "If you want to see Pisa, go to Genoa." In those days they had a short and easy way of accounting for disaster, which has been much practiced since down even to the date of our own civil war: they attributed it to treason, and in this case they were pretty clear that Count Ugolino was the traitor. He sailed away with his squadron before his critics thought the day lost; and after the battle, in his negotiations with Florence and Genoa, they declared that he behaved as only a man would who wished to ruin his country in order to rule her. He had already betrayed his purpose of founding an hereditary lordship in Pisa, as the Visconti had done in Milan and the Scaligeri in Verona, and to this end had turned Guelph from being ancestrally Ghibelline; for his name is one of the three still surviving in Tuscany of the old German nobility founded there by the emperors. He was a man of furious and ruthless temper; he had caused one of his nephews to be poisoned, he stabbed another, and when the young man's friend, a nephew of the Archbishop, would have defended him, Ugolino killed him with his own hand. The Archbishop, as a Ghibelline, was already no friend of Ugolino's, and



THE CLOCK TOWER OF LUCCA.

here now was bloodshed between them. "And what happened to Count Ugolino a little after," says the Florentine chronicler, Villani,

"was prophesied by a wise and worthy man of the court, Marco Lombardo; for when the count was chosen by all to be Lord of Pisa, and when he was in his highest estate and felicity, he made himself a splendid birthday feast, where he had his children and grandchildren and all his lineage, kinsmen and kinswomen, with great pomp of apparel, and ornament, and preparation for a rich banquet. The count took this Marco, and went about showing him his possessions and splendor, and the preparation for the feast, and that done, he said, 'What do you think of it, Marco?' The sage answered at once, and said, 'You are fitter for evil chance than any baron of Italy.' And the count, afraid of Marco's meaning, asked, 'Why?' And Marco answered, 'Because you lack nothing but the wrath of God.' And surely the wrath of God quickly fell upon him, as it pleased God, for his sins and treasons; for as it had been intended by the Archbishop of Pisa and his party to drive out of Pisa Nino

and his followers, and betray and entammel Ugolino, and weaken the Guelphs, the Archbishop ordered Count Ugolino to be undone, and immediately set the people on in their fury to attack and take his palace, giving the people to understand that he had betrayed Pisa, and surrendered their castles to the Florentines and Lucchese; and finding the people upon him, without hope of escape, Ugolino gave himself up, and in this assault his bastard son and one of his grandchildren were killed; and Ugolino being taken, and two of his sons and two of his son's sons, they threw them in prison, and drove his family and his followers out of Pisa. . . . The Pisans, who had thrown in prison Ugolino and his two sons, and two sons of his son Count Guelfo, as we have before mentioned, in a tower on the Piazza degli Anziani, caused the door of the tower to be locked and the keys to be thrown into the Arno, and forbidding these captives all food, in a few days they perished of hunger. But first, the count imploring a confessor, they would not allow him a friar or priest that he might confess. And all five being taken out of the tower together, they were vilely buried; and from that time the prison was called the Tower of Famine, and will be so always. For this cruelty the Pisans were strongly blamed by the whole world, wherever it was known, not so much for the count, who for his crimes and treasons was perhaps worthy of such a death, but for his sons and grandsons, who were young boys, and innocent; and this sin, committed by the Pisans, did not remain unpunished, as may be seen in after time."

A monograph on Ugolino by an English writer states that the victims were rolled in the matting of their prison floor and interred, with the irons still on their limbs, in the cloister of the church of San Francesco. The grave was opened in the fourteenth century, and the irons taken out; again, in 1822, the remains were found and carelessly thrown together in a spot marked by a stone bearing the name of Vannuchi. Of the prison where they suffered no more remains now than of the municipal eagles which the Republic put to molt there, and from which it was called the Molting Tower before it was called the Tower of Famine.

At Pisa there is nothing of wildness or strife in the Arno, as at Florence, where it rushes and brawls down its channel and over its dams and ripples. Its waters are turbid, almost black, but smooth, and they slip oilily away with many a wreathing eddy, round the curve of the magnificent quay, to which my mind recurs still as the noblest thing in Pisa—as the noblest thing, indeed, that any city has done with its river. But what quick and sensitive allies of Nature the Italians have always shown themselves! No suggestion of hers has been thrown away on them; they have made the most of her lavish kindness, and transmuted it into the glory and the charm of art. Our last moments of sight-seeing in Pisa were spent in strolling beside the river, in hanging on the parapet and delighting in the lines of that curve.

At one end of the city, before this begins,

near a spick-and-span new iron bridge, is the mediæval tower of the galley prison, which we found exquisitely picturesque in the light of our last morning; and then, stretching up towards the heart of the town from this tower, were the ship-yards, with the sheds in which the old republic built the galleys she launched on every sea then known. They are used now for military stables; they are not unlike the ordinary horse-car stables of our civilization; and the grooms, swabbing the legs of the horses and combing their manes, were naturalized to our home-sick sympathies by the homely community of their functions with those I had so often stopped to admire in my own land. There is no doubt but the toilet of a horse is something that interests every human being.

VII.

WITH rather less than the ordinary stupidity of tourists, wretched slaves of routine as they are, we had imagined the possibility of going to Lucca overland; that is, of driving fifteen miles across the country instead of taking the train. It would be as three hours against twenty minutes, and as fifteen francs against two; but my friend was young and I was imprudent, and we boldly ventured upon the expedition. I have never regretted it, which is what can be said of, alas, how few pleasures! On the contrary, it is rapture to think of it still.

Already, at eight o'clock of the April morning, the sun had filled the city with a sickening heat, which intimated pretty clearly what it might do for Pisa in August; but when we had mounted superbly to our carriage-seats, after pensioning all the bystanders, and had driven out of the city into the green plain beyond the walls, we found it a delicious spring day, warm, indeed, but full of a fervent life.

We had issued from the gate nearest the Four Fabrics, and I advise the reader to get that view of them if he can. To the backward glance of the journeyer toward Lucca, they have the unity, the *ensemble*, the want of which weakens their effect to proximity. Beside us swept the great level to the blue-misted hills on our right; before us it stretched indefinitely. From the grass, the larks were quivering up to the perfect heaven, and the sympathy of Man with the tender and lovely mood of Nature was expressed in the presence of the hunters with their dogs, who were exploring the herbage in quest of something to kill.

Perhaps I do man injustice. Perhaps the rapture of the blameless littérateur and artist, who drove along crying out over the exquisite beauty of the scene, was more justly representative of our poor race. I am vexed now when I think how brief this rapture was, and

how much it might have been prolonged if we had bargained with our driver to go slow. We had bargained for everything else; but who could have imagined that one Italian could ever have been fast enough for two Americans? He was even too fast. He had a just pride in his beast,—as tough as the iron it was the color of,—and when implored, in the interest of natural beauty, not to urge it on, he misunderstood; he boasted that it could keep up that pace all day, and he incited it in the good Tuscan of Pisa to go faster yet. Ah me! what enchanting villas he whirled us by! what gray châteaux! what old wayside towers, hoary out of all remembrance! What delightfully stupid-looking little stony picturesque villages, in every one of which that poor artist and I would have been glad to spend the whole day! But the driver could not snatch the broad and constant features of the landscape from us so quickly; these we had time to peruse, and imprint forever on our memories: the green expanses; the peach-trees pink in their bloom; the plums and cherries putting on their bridal white; the gray road, followed its whole length by the vines trained from trees to tall stakes across a space which they thus embowered continuously from field to field. Everywhere the peasants were working the soil; spading, not plowing their acres, and dressing it to the smoothness of a garden. It looked rich and fertile, and the whole land wore an air of smiling prosperity which I cannot think it put on expressly for us.

Pisa seemed hardly to have died out of the horizon before her ancient enemy began to rise from the other verge, beyond the little space in which they used to play bloodily at national hostilities. The plain narrowed as we approached, and hills hemmed us in on three sides, with snow-capped heights in the background, from which the air blew cooler and cooler. It was only eleven o'clock, and we would gladly have been all day on the road. But we pretended to be pleased with the mistaken zeal that had hurried us; it was so amiable, we could not help it; and we entered Lucca with the smiling resolution to make the most of it.

VIII.

LUCCA lies as flat as Pisa, but in shape it is as regularly oblong as that is square, and instead of the brick wall, which we had grown fond of there and in Siena, it has a girdle of gray stone, deeply moated without, and broadly leveled on top, where a lovely driveway winds round the ancient town. The wall juts in a score of angles, and the projecting spaces thus formed are planted with groups of forest trees,

lofty and old, and giving a charm to the promenade exquisitely wild and rare.

To our approach, the clustering city towers and roofs promised a picturesqueness which she kept in her own fashion when we drove in through her gates, and were set down, after a dramatic rattling and banging through her streets, at the door of the *Universo*, or the *Creca di Malta*—I do not really remember which hotel it was. But I remember very well the whole domestic force of the inn seemed to be concentrated in the distracted servant who gave us our rooms, and was landlord, porter, accountant, waiter, and chambermaid all in one. It was an inn apparently very little tainted by tourist custom, and Lucca is certainly one of the less discovered of the Tuscan cities. At the *table-d'hôte* in the evening our commensals were all Italians except an ancient English couple, who had lived so long in that region that they had rubbed off everything English but their speech. I wondered a good deal who they could be; they spoke conservatively—the foreigners are always conservative in Italy—of the good old ducal days of Lucca, when she had her own mild little despot, and they were now going to the Baths of Lucca to place themselves for the summer. They were types of a class which is numerous all over the Continent, and which seems thoroughly content with expatriation. The Europeanized American is always apologetic; he says that America is best, and he pretends that he is going back there; but the continentalized Englishman has apparently no intention of repatriating himself. He has said to me frankly in one instance that England was beastly. But I own I should not like to have said it to him.

In their talk of the ducal past of Lucca these English people struck again the note which my first impression of Lucca had sounded. Lucca was a sort of republic for nearly a thousand years, with less interruption from lords, bishops, and foreign dominions than most of her sister commonwealths, and she kept her ancient liberties down to the time of the French revolution—four hundred years longer than Pisa, and two hundred and fifty years longer than Florence and Siena; as long, in fact, as Venice, which she resembled in an arbitrary change effected from a democratic to an aristocratic constitution at the moment when the change was necessary to her existence as an independent state. The duchy of Lucca, created by the Congress of Vienna in 1817 and assigned to the Bourbons of Parma, lasted only thirty years, when it was merged by previous agreement in the grand duchy of Tuscany, the Bourbons going back to Parma, in which Napoleon's Austrian widow had



SKETCH IN LUCCA.

Lucca
S. Marchetti

meantime enjoyed a life interest. In this brief period, however, the old republican city assumed so completely the character of a little principality, that, in spite of the usual Via Garibaldi and Corso Vittorio Emanuele, I could not banish the image of the ducal state from my mind. Yet I should be at a loss how to impart this feeling to every one, or to say why a vast dusty square, planted with pollarded sycamores, and a huge, ugly palace with but a fairish gallery of pictures, fronting upon the dust and sycamores, should have been so expressive of a ducal residence. There was a statue of Maria Louisa, the first ruler of the temporary duchy, in the midst of these sycamores, and I had a persistent whimsey of her reviewing her little ducal army there, as I sat and looked out from the open door of the restaurant where my friend and I were making the acquaintance of a number of strange dishes and trying our best to be friends with the Lucchese conception of a beef-steak.

It was not because I had no other periods to choose from; in Lucca you can be overwhelmed with them. Her chronicles do not indeed go back into the mists of fable for her origin, but they boast an Etruscan, a Roman antiquity which is hardly less formidable. Here in A. U. 515 there was fixed a colony of two thousand citizens; here in 698 the great Cæsar met with Pompey and Crassus,

and settled who should rule in Rome. After the Romans, she knew the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks; then she had her own tyrants, and in the twelfth century she began to have her own consuls, the magistrates of her people's choice, and to have her wars within and without, to be torn with faction and menaced with conquest in the right Italian fashion. Once she was sacked by the Pisans under the terrible Uguccione della Faggiuola, in 1314; and more than once she was sold. She was sold for thirty-five thousand florins to two ambitious and enterprising gentlemen, the Rossi brothers, of Parma, who, however, were obliged to relinquish her to the Scaligeri of Verona. This was the sorrow and shame that fell upon her after a brief fever of conquest and glory, brought her by the greatest of her captains, the famous Castruccio Castracani, the condottiere, whose fierce, death-white face, bordered by its pale yellow hair, looks more vividly out of the history of his time than any other. For Uguccione had been in prison, appointed to die, and when the rising of the Lucchese delivered him and made him Lord of Lucca, Uguccione's fetters were still upon him. He was of the ancient Ghibelline family of the Antelminelli, who had prospered to great wealth in England, where they spent a long exile, and where Castruccio learned the art of war. After his death, one of his sons sold his dominion to another for twenty-two thousand florins, from whom his German garrison took it and sold it for sixty thousand to Gherardo Spinola; he, in turn, disposed of it to the Rossi, at a clear loss of thirty-eight thousand florins. The Lucchese suffered six years under the Scali-

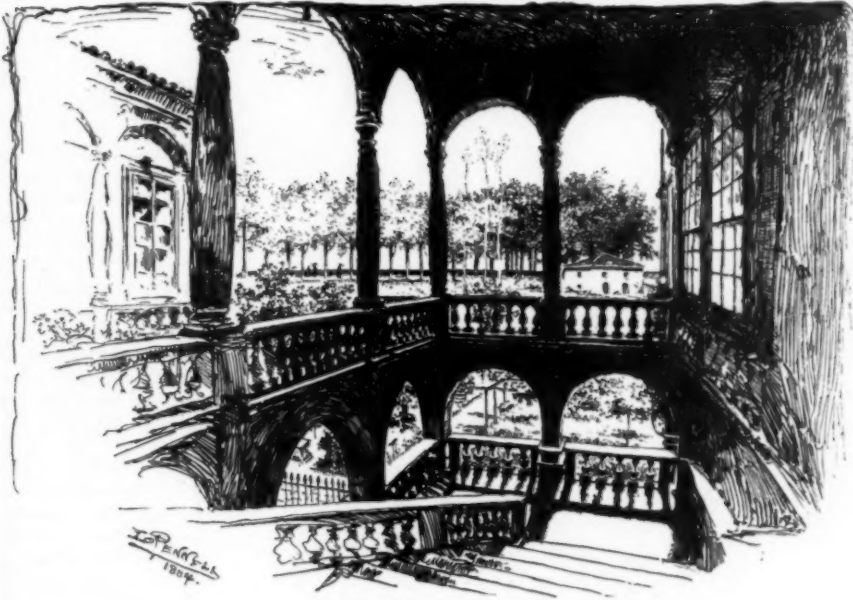
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geri, who sold them again—the market price this time is not quoted—to the Florentines, whom the Pisans drove out. These held her in a servitude so cruel that the Lucchese called it their Babylonian captivity; and when

Cosmo I. that they were guiltless of complicity. The imperial commissioner came from Milan to preside at his trial, and he was sentenced to suffer death for treason to the empire. He was taken to Milan and beheaded;



A STAIRWAY, LUCCA.

it was ended after twenty years, through the intervention of the Emperor Charles IV., in 1369, they were obliged to pay the German a hundred thousand florins for their liberty, which had been sold so many times for far less money.

An ancient Lucchese family, the Guanigi, whose Gothic palaces are still the most beautiful in the city, now rose to power, and held it till 1430; and then the city finally established the republican government, which in its democratic and oligarchic form continued till 1799.

The noblest event of this long period was the magnanimous attempt of the gonfaloniere, Francesco Burlamacchi, who in 1546 dreamed of driving the Medici from power and reestablishing the republic throughout Tuscany. Burlamacchi was of an old patrician family, but the love of freedom had been instilled in him by his uncle, Filippo Burlamacchi, that Fra Pacifico who wrote the first life of Savonarola and was one of his most fervent disciples. The gonfaloniere's plot was discovered, and he was arrested by the timid Lucchese Senate, which hastened to assure the ferocious

but now he is the greatest name in Lucca, and his statue in the piazza, fronting her ancient communal palace, appeals to all who love freedom with the memory of his high intent. He died in the same cause which Savonarola laid down his life for, and not less generously.

Poor little Lucca had not even the courage to attempt to save him; but doubtless she would have tried if she had dared. She was under the special protection of the emperors, having paid Maximilian and then Charles V. good round sums for the confirmation of her early liberties; and she was so anxious to be well with the latter, that, when she was accused to him of favoring the new Lutheran heresy, she hastened to persecute the Protestants with the same cowardice that she had shown in abandoning Burlamacchi.

It cost, indeed, no great effort to suppress the Protestant congregation at Lucca. Peter Martyr, its founder, had fled before, and was now a professor at Strasburg, whence he wrote a letter of severe upbraiding to the timorous flock who suffered themselves to be frightened back to Rome. Some of them would not renounce their faith, preferring ex-

ile, and of these, who emigrated by families, were the Burlamacchi, from whom the hero came. He had counted somewhat upon the spirit of the Reformation to help him in his design against the Medici, knowing it to be the spirit of freedom, but there is no one evidence that he was himself more a Protestant than Savonarola was.

Eight years after his death the constitution of Lucca was changed, and she fell under the

while keeping its own; here are the pillars resting on the backs of lions and leopards; here are the quaint mosaics in the façades. You see the former in the cathedral, which is not signally remarkable, like that of Florence, or Siena, or Pisa, and the latter in the beautiful old church of San Frediano, an Irish saint who for some reason figured in Lucca; he was bishop there in the fifth century, and the foundation of his church dates only a century

or two later. San Michele is an admirable example of Lucchese Gothic, and is more importantly placed than any other church, in the very heart of the town, opposite the Palazzo Pretorio. This structure was dedicated to the occupation of the Podestà of Lucca, in pursuance of the republic's high-languaged decree, recognizing the fact that "among the ornaments with which cities embellish themselves, the greatest expenditure should always be devoted to those where the deities are worshiped, the magistracy administers justice, and the people convenes." The Palazzo Pretorio is now the repository of a public archaeological collection, and the memory of its original use has so utterly perished that the combined intellects of two



THE TOWER WITH A GROVE ON ITS CREST.

rule of an aristocracy nicknamed the Lords of the Little Ring, from the narrow circle in which her senators succeeded one another. She had always been called Lucca the Industrious; in her safe subordination, she now worked and thrived for two hundred and fifty years, till the French republicans came and toppled her oligarchy over at a touch.

IX.

OF mediæval Lucca I have kept freshest the sense of her Gothic church architecture, with its delicate difference from that of Pisa, which it resembles and excels. It is touched with the Lombardic and Byzantine character,

policemen, whom we appealed to for information, could not assign to it any other function than that of lottery office, appointed by the late grand duke. The popular intellect at Lucca is not very vivid, so far as we tested it, and though willing, it is not quick. The *caffetteria* in whose restaurant we took breakfast, under the shadow of the Pretorian Palace walls, was as ignorant of its history as the policemen; but she was very amiable, and she had three pretty daughters in the bonbon department, who looked the friendliest disposition to know about it if they could. I speak of them at once, because I did not think the Lucchese generally such handsome people as the Pisans, and I wish to be generous before I am just.

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the local Scientific and Literary Academy proclaimed "the marvel of her age" for her learning and her gifts in improvisation. The reader will readily identify her from this; or if he cannot, the greater shame to him; he might as well be a Lucchese.

"All there are barrators, except Bontura;
No into yes for money there is changed,"

says Dante of this Lucca in which I found an aspect of busy commonplace, an air of thrift and traffic, and in which I only feign to have discovered an indifference to finer things. I dare say Lucca is full of intelligence and polite learning, but she does not imbue her policemen and *caffetieras* with it, as Boston does.

Yet I would willingly be at this moment in a town where I could step out and see an old Roman amphitheater, built bodily up into the modern city, and showing its mighty ribs through the houses surrounding the market-place — a market-place quaint beyond any other, with its tile-roofed stands and booths. There is much more silk in Lucca than in Boston, if we have the greater culture; and the oil of Lucca is sublime; and — yes, I will own it! — Lucca has the finer city wall. The town showed shabby and poor from the driveway along the top of this, for we saw the back yards and rears of the houses; but now and then we looked down into a stiff, formal, delicious palace garden, full of weather-beaten statues, old, bad, ridiculous, divinely dear and beautiful!

Why, indeed, should I be severe with the poor Lucchese in any way, even for their ignorance, when the infallible Baedeker himself speaks of the statue in the Piazza S. Michele as that of "S. Burlamacchi"? The hero thus canonized stood frowning down upon a grain and seed market when we went to offer him our homage, and the peasants thought we had come to buy, and could not understand why we should have only a minor curiosity about their wares. They took the wheat up in their brown hands to show us, and boasted of its superior quality. We said we were strangers, and explained that we had no intention of putting in a crop of that sort; but they only laughed blankly. In spite of this prevailing ignorance, penetrating even to the Baedeker in our hands, Lucca was much tableted to the memory of her celebrities, especially her literary celebrities, who need tablets as greatly as any literary celebrities I know. There was one literary lady whose tablet I saw in a church, and whom



ARMORIAL DRAWINGS OF PODESTÀ IN PALAZZO PRETORIO.



I cannot say that I have been hardly used, when I remember that I have seen such gardens as those; and I humbly confess it a privilege to have walked in the shadow of the Guanigi palaces at Lucca, in which the Gothic seems to have done its best for a stately and lovely effect. I even climbed to the top of one of their towers, which I had wondered at ever since my first sight of Lucca because of the little grove it bore upon its crest. I asked the custodian of the palace what it was, and he said it was a little garden, which I suspected already. But I had a consuming desire to know what it looked like, and what Lucca looked like from it; and I asked him how high the tower was. He answered that it was four hundred feet high, which I doubted at first, but came to believe when I had made the ascent. I hated very much to go up that tower; but when the custodian said that an English lady eighty years old had gone up the week before, I said to myself that I would not be outdone by any old lady of eighty, and I went up. The trees were really rooted in little beds of earth up there, and had been growing for ten years; the people of the house sometimes took tea under them in the summer evenings.

This tower was one of three hundred and seventy in which Lucca abounded before the Guanigi leveled them. They were for the convenience of private warfare; the custodian

showed me a little chamber near the top, where he pretended the garrison used to stay. I enjoyed his statement as much as if it were a fact, and I enjoyed still more the magnificent prospect of the city and country from the tower; the fertile plain with the hills all round, and distant mountains snow-crowned, except to the south where the valley widened toward Florence; the multitudinous roofs and bell-towers of the city, which filled its walls full of human habitations, with no breadths of orchard and field as at Pisa and Siena.

The present Count Guanigi, so the custodian pretended, lives in another palace, and lets this in apartments; you may have the finest for seventy-five dollars a year, with privilege of sky-garden. I did not think it dear, and I said so, though I did not visit any of the interiors, and do not know what state the finest of them may be in.

X.

It was on the last day of March, after our return from Siena, that I ran out to Pistoja with my friend the artist. There were now many signs of spring in the landscape, and the gray olives were a less prevalent tone, amid the tints of the peach and pear blossoms. Dandelions thickly strewn the railroad-sides; the grass was powdered with the little daisies,

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white with crimson-tipped petals; the garden-borders were full of yellow-flowering seed-turnips. The peasants were spading their fields; as we ran along, it came noon, and they began to troop over the white roads to dinner, past villas frescoed with false balconies and casements, and comfortable brownish-gray farmsteads. On our right the waves of distant purple hills swept all the way to Pistoja.

under the lowering sky, with a locked-up cathedral, a bare baptistery, and a mediæval public palace, and a history early merged in that of Florence; but to me it must always have the tender interest of the pleasure, pathetically intense, which that young couple took in it. They were very hungry, and they could get no breakfast in the drowsy town, not even a cup of coffee; but they did not mind that;



A STREET IN PISTOJA.

I made it part of my business there to look up a young married couple, Americans, journeying from Venice to Florence, who stopped at Pistoja twenty years before, and saw the gray town in the gray light of a spring morning between four and six o'clock. I remembered how strange and beautiful they thought it, and from time to time I started with recognition of different objects — as if I had been one of that pair; so young, so simple-heartedly, greedily glad of all that eld and story which Italy constantly lavished upon them. I could not find them, but I found phantom traces of their youth in the ancient town, and that endeared it to me, and made it lovely through every hour of the long rainy day I spent there. To other eyes it might have seemed merely a stony old town, dull and cold

they wandered about, famished but blest, and by one of the happy accidents that usually befriended them, they found their way up to the Piazza del Duomo and saw the Communal Palace so thoroughly, in all its Gothic fullness and mediæval richness of detail, that I seemed never to have risen from the stone benching around the interior of the court on which they sat to study the escutcheons carved and painted on the walls. I could swear that the bear on the arms of Pistoja was the same that they saw and noted with the amusement which a bear in a checkered tabard must inspire in ignorant minds; though I am now able to inform the reader that it was put there because Pistoja was anciently infested with bears, and this was the last bear left when they were exterminated.

We need not otherwise go deeply into the history of Pistoja. We know already how one of her family feuds introduced the factions of the Bianchi and Neri in Florence, and finally caused the exile of Dante; and we may inoffensively remember that Catiline met his defeat and death on her hills A. U.

in whose private warfare she suffered almost as much as from her foreign enemies. Between them the Cancellieri and the Pancia-tichi burned a thousand houses within her walls, not counting those without, and the latter had plotted to deliver over their country to the Visconti of Milan, when the Floren-



A COUNTRY VILLA.

691. She was ruled more or less tumultuously by princes, popes, and people till the time of her great siege by the Lucchese and Florentines and her own Guelph exiles in 1305. Famine began to madden the besieged, and men and women stole out of the city through the enemy's camp and scoured the country for food. When the Florentines found this out, they lay in wait for them, and such as they caught they mutilated, cutting off their noses, or arms, or legs, and then exposing them to the sight of those they had gone out to save from starvation. After the city fell, the Florentine and Lucchese leaders commanded such of the wounded Pistojeses as they found on the field to be gathered in heaps upon the demolished walls, that their fathers, brothers, and children might see them slowly die, and forbade any one, under pain of a like fate, to succor one of these miserable creatures.

Pistoja could not endure the yoke fastened upon her. A few years later her whole people rose literally in a frenzy of rebellion against the Lucchese governor, and men, women, children, priests, and monks joined in driving him out. After the heroic struggle they re-established their own republic, which presently fell a prey to the feud of two of her families,

times intervened and took final possession of Pistoja.

We had, therefore, not even to say that we were of the Cancellieri party in order to enter Pistoja, but drove up to the Hotel di Londra without challenge, and had dinner there, after which we repaired to the Piazza del Duomo; and while the artist got out a plate and began to etch in the rain, the author bestirred himself to find the sacristan and get into the cathedral. It was easy enough to find the sacristan, but when he had been made to put his head out of the fifth-story window he answered, with a want of enterprise and hospitality which I had never before met in Italy, that the cathedral was always open at three o'clock, and he would not come down to open it sooner. At that hour I revenged myself upon him by not finding it very interesting, though I think now the fault must have been in me. There is enough estimable detail of art, especially the fourteenth-century monument to the great lawyer and lover, Cino da Pistoja, who is represented lecturing to Petrarch among eight other of his pupils. The lady in the group is the Selvaggia whom he immortalized in his subtle and metaphysical verses; she was the daughter of

Filippo Vergolesi, the leader of the Ghibelines in Pistoja, and she died of hopeless love for Cino, when the calamities of their country drove him into exile at the time of the terrible siege. He remains the most tangible, if not the greatest name of Pistoja; he was the first of those who polished and simplified the Tuscan speech, and he was a wonder of jurisprudence in his time, restoring the Roman law and commenting nine books of the Code; so that the wayfarer, whether grammarian, attorney, littérateur, or young lady, may well look upon his monument with sympathy.

But I brought away no impression of pleasure or surprise from the cathedral generally, and, in fact, the works of art for which one may chiefly, if not solely, desire to see Pistoja again, are the Della Robbias, which immortally beautify the Ospedale del Ceppo. They represent, with the simplest reality and in the proportions of life, the seven works of mercy of St. Andrea Franchi, bishop of Pistoja in 1399. They form a frieze or band round the edifice, and are of the glazed terra cotta in which the Della Robbias commonly wrought. The saint is seen visiting "The Naked," "The Pilgrims," "The Sick," "The Imprisoned," "The Dead," "The an Hungered," "The Athirst"; and between the tableaux are the figures of "Faith," "Charity," "Hope," "Prudence," and "Justice." There are also, "An Annunciation," "A Visitation," "An Assumption"; and in three circular reliefs, adorned with fruits and flowers after the Della Robbia manner, the arms of the hospital, the city, and the Medici. But what takes the eye and the heart are the good bishop's works of mercy. In these color is used, as it must be in that material, and in the broad, unmingled blues, reds, yellows, and greens, primary, sincere, you have satisfying actuality of effect. I believe the critics are not decided that these are the best works of the masters, but they gave me more pleasure than any others, and I remember them with a vivid joy still. It is hardly less than startling to see them first, and then for every succeeding moment it is delightful. Giovanni della Robbia, and his brother, the monk Frate Ambrogio, and Andrea and his two sons, Luca and Girolomo, are all supposed to have shared in this work, which has therefore a peculiar interest, though it is not even mentioned by Vasari, and seems to have suffered neglect by all the earlier connoisseurs. It was skillfully restored in 1826 by a Pistoiese architect, who removed the layer of dust that had hardened upon the glaze and hid the colors; and in 1839 the French Government asked leave to reproduce it in plaster for the Beaux-Arts; from which copy another was made for the Crystal Palace

at Sydenham. It is, by all odds, the chiefest thing in Pistoja, where the reader, when he goes to look at it, may like to recall the pretty legend of the dry tree-stump (*ceppo*) breaking into bud and leaf, to indicate to the two good Pistoiese of six hundred years ago where to found the hospital which this lovely frieze adorns.

Apparently, however, Pistoja does not expect to be visited for this or any other reason. I have already held up to obloquy the want of public spirit in the sacristan of the cathedral, and I have now to report an equal indifference on the part of the owner of a beautiful show-villa, which a cabman persuaded me to drive some miles out of the town through the rain to see. When we reached its gate, we were told that the villa was closed; simply that—closed. But I was not wholly a loser, for, in celebration of my supposed disappointment, my driver dramatized a grief which was as fine a theatrical spectacle as I have seen. Besides, I was able to stop on the way back at the ancient church of Sant' Andrea, where I found myself as little expected, indeed, as elsewhere, but very prettily welcomed by the daughter of the sacristan, whose father was absent, and who made me free of the church. I thought that I wished to see the famous pulpit of Giovanni da Pisa, son of Niccolò, and the little maid had to light me a candle to look at it with. She was not of much help otherwise; she did not at all understand the subjects, neither the Nativity, nor the Adoration of the Magi ("Who were the three Magi Kings?" she asked, and was so glad when I explained), nor the Slaughter of the Innocents, nor the Crucifixion, nor the Judgment. These facts were as strange to her as the marvelous richness and delicacy of the whole work, which, for opulence of invention and perfect expression of intention, is surely one of the most wonderful things in all that wonderland of Italy. She stood by and freshly admired, while I lectured her upon it as if I had been the sacristan and she a simple maid from America, and got the hot wax of the candle all over my fingers. She affected to refuse my fee. "*Le pare!*" she said, with the sweetest pretense of astonishment (which, being interpreted, is something like "The idea!"); and when I forced the coin into her unwilling hand, she asked me to come again when her father was at home. Would I could! There is no such pulpit in America, that I know of; and even Pistoja, in the rain and mud, nonchalant, unenterprising, is no bad place.

I had actually business there, besides that of a scribbling dilettante, and it took me, on behalf of a sculptor who had some medallions casting, to the most ancient of the several

bronze foundries in Pistoja. This foundry, an irregular group of low roofs, was inclosed in a hedge of myrtle, and I descended through flowery garden-paths to the office, where the master met me with the air of a host, instead

all winter by the steam-tramway trains snuffling in and out of our Piazza Santa Maria Novella at Florence. I found it a flat, dull, commonplace-looking town at first blush, with one wild, huge, gaunt piazza, planted with



A COURTYARD, FIESOLE.

of that terrifying no-admittance-except-on-business address which I have encountered in my rare visits to foundries in my own country. Nothing could have been more fascinating than the interior of the workshop, in which the bronze figures, groups, reliefs, stood about in every variety of dimension and all stages of finish. When I confessed my ignorance, with a candor which I shall not expect from the reader, of how the sculptur-esque forms to their last fragile and delicate detail were reproduced in metal, he explained that an exact copy was first made in wax, which was painted with successive coats of liquid mud, one dried upon another, till a sufficient thickness was secured, when the wax was melted out, and the bronze poured in. I said how very simple it was when one knew, and he said, yes, very simple; and I came away sighing for the day when our foundries shall be inclosed in myrtle hedges, and reached through garden-paths. I suppose I shall hardly see it, for it had taken a thousand years for that foundry in Pistoja to attain its idyllic setting.

XI.

ON my way home from Lucca, I stopped at Prato, whither I had been tempted to go

straggling sycamores, and banged all round by coppersmiths, whose shops seemed to alternate with the stables occupying its arcades. Multitudinous hanks of new-dyed yarn blew in the wind under the trees, and through all the windows and open doors I saw girls and women plaiting straw. This forms the chief industry of Prato, where, as a kind little priest with a fine Roman profile, in the railway carriage, assured me, between the prayers he kept saying to himself, there was work for all and all were at work. Secular report was not so flattering to Prato. I was told that business was but dull there since the death of the English gentleman, one Mr. Askew, who has done so much for it, and who lies buried in the odor of sanctity in the old Carmelite convent. I saw his grave there when I went to look at the frescoes, under the tutelage of an old, sleek, fat monk, roundest of the round dozen of brothers remaining since the suppression. I cannot say now why I went to see these frescoes, but I must have been told by some local guide they were worthy to be seen, for I find no mention of them in the books. My old monk admired them without stint, and had a particular delight in the murder of St. Martin, who was stabbed in the back at the altar. He rubbed his hands gleefully and pointed

out the flying acolyte: "*Sempre scappa, ma è sempre là.*" (Always running, but always there!) And then he burst into a childish, simple laugh that was rather greswome, considering its inspiration and the place. Upon the whole it might have been as well to suppress that brother along with the convent; though I was glad to hear his praises of the Englishman who had befriended the little town so wisely; and I was not troubled to learn that this good man was a convert to the religion of his beneficiaries.

I said that Prato was dull and commonplace, but that only shows how pampered and spoiled one becomes by sojourn in Italy. Let me explain now that it was only dull and commonplace in comparison with other towns I had been seeing. If we had Prato in America, we might well visit it for inspiration from its wealth of picturesqueness, of history, and of art. We have, of course, nothing to compare with it; and one ought always to remember, in reading the notes of the supercilious American tourist in Italy, that he is sneering with a mental reservation to this effect. More memory, more art, more beauty cluster about the Duomo at Prato than about — I do not wish to be extravagant — the New Old South in Boston or Grace Church in New York. I am afraid we should not find in the interior even of these edifices such frescoes as those of Lippo Lippi and Ghirlandajo in the cathedral at Prato; and as for the Della Robbia over the door and the pulpit of Donatello on the corner without, where they show the Virgin's girdle on her holiday, what shall one say? We have not even a girdle of the Virgin! These are the facts that must still keep us modest and make us beg not to be taken too positively, when we say Prato is not interesting. In that pulpit, with its "marble brede" of dancing children, one sees, almost at his best, a sculptor whose work, after that of Mino da Fiesole, goes most to the heart of the beholder.

I hung about the piazza, delighting in it, till it was time to take the steam-tramway to Florence, and then I got the local postman to carry my bag to the cars for me. He was the gentlest of postmen, and the most grateful for my franc, and he explained, as we walked, how he was allowed by the Government to make what sums he could in this way, between his distributions of the mail. His salary was fifty francs a month, and he had a family. I dare say he is removed by this time, for a man with an income like that must seem an Offensive Partisan to many people of opposite politics in Prato.

The steam-tramway train consisted of two or three horse-cars coupled together, and

drawn by the pony-engine I was familiar with in our piazza. This is a common means of travel between all large Italian cities and outlying small towns, and I wonder why we have not adopted it in America. We rattled pleasantly along the level of the highway at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, and none of the horses seemed to be troubled by us. They had probably been educated up to the steam-tram, and I will never believe that American horses are less capable of intellectual development than the Italian.

XII.

WE postponed our visit to Fiesole, which we had been meaning to make all winter, until the last days of our Florentine sojourn, and it was the middle of April when we drove up to the Etruscan city. "Go by the new road and come back by the old," said a friend who heard we were going at last. "Then you will get the whole thing." We did so; but I am not going to make the reader a partner of all of our advantages; I am not sure that he would be grateful for them; and to tell the truth, I have forgotten which road Boccaccio's villa was on and which the villa of the Medici. Wherever they are, they are charming. The villa of Boccaccio is now the Villa Palmieri; I still see it fenced with cypresses, and its broad terrace peopled with weather-beaten statues, which at a distance I could not have sworn were not the gay ladies and gentlemen who met there and told their merry tales while the plague raged in Florence. It is not only famous as the supposed scene of the Decamerone, but it takes its name from a learned gentleman who wrote a poem there, in which he maintained that at the time of Satan's rebellion the angels who remained neutral became the souls now inhabiting our bodies. For this uncomfortable doctrine his poem, though never printed, was condemned by the Inquisition — and justly. The Villa Medici, once Villa Mozzi, and now called Villa Spence, after the English gentleman who inhabits it, was the favorite seat of Lorenzo, before he placed himself at Villa Carreggi; hither he resorted with his wits, his philosophers, his concubines, buffoons, and scholars; and here it was that the Pazzi hoped to have killed him and Giuliano at the time of their ill-starred conspiracy. You come suddenly upon it, deeply dropped amidst its gardens, at a turn of the winding slopes which make the ascent to Fiesole a constantly changing delight and wonder.

Fiesole was farther than she seemed in the fine, high air she breathes, and we had some long hours of sun and breeze in the exquisite

spring morning before the first Etruscan emissaries met us with the straw fans and parasols whose fabrication still employs their remote antiquity. They were pretty children and young girls, and they were preferable to the mediæval beggars who had swarmed upon us at the first town outside the Florentine limits, whither the Pia Casa di Ricovero could not reach them. From every point the world-old town, fast seated on its rock, looked like a fortress, inexpugnable and picturesque; but it kept neither promise, for it yielded to us without a struggle, and then was rather tame and commonplace,—commonplace and tame, of course, comparatively. It is not everywhere that you have an impressive Etruscan wall; a grass-grown Roman amphitheater, lovely, silent; a museum stocked with classic relics and a custodian with a private store of them for sale; not to speak of a cathedral begun by the Florentines just after they destroyed Fiesole in 1000. Fiesole certainly does not, however, invite one by its modern aspect to think of the Etruscan capital which Cicero attacked in the Roman Senate for the luxury of its banquets and the lavish display of its inhabitants. It was but a plain and simple repast that the Café Aurora afforded us, and the Fiesolans seemed a plain and simple folk; perhaps in

one of them who was tipsy an image of their classic corruptions survived. The only excitement of the place we seemed to have brought with us; there had, indeed, been an election some time before, and the dead walls—it seems odd that all the walls in Fiesole should not be dead by this time—were still placarded with appeals to the enlightened voters to cast their ballots for Peruzzi, candidate for the House of Deputies and a name almost as immemorial as their town's.

However luxurious, the Fiesolans were not proud; a throng of them followed us into the cathedral, where we went to see the beautiful monument of Bishop Salutati by Mino da Fiesole, and allowed me to pay the sacristan for them all. There may have been a sort of justice in this; they must have seen the monument so often before.

They were sociable, but not obtrusive, not even at the point called the Belvedere, where, having seen that we were already superabundantly supplied with straw fans and parasols, they stood sweetly aside and enjoyed our pleasure in the views of Florence. This ineffable prospect—

But let me rather stand aside with the Fiesolans, and leave it to the reader!

W. D. Howells.



MARCH IN JANIVEER.

"Janiveer in March I fear."

I WOULD not have you so kindly,
Thus early in friendship's year—
A little too gently, blindly,
You let me near.

So long as my voice is duly
Calm as a friend's should be,
In my eyes the hunger unruly
You will not see.

If so in the spring's full season
Your glance should soften and fall,
When, reckless with Love's unreason,
I tell you all.

The eyes that you lift so brightly,
Frankly to welcome mine—
You bend them again as lightly
And note no sign.

I had rather your pale cheek reddened
With the flush of an angry pride:
That a look with disliking deadened
My look defied;

H. C. Bunner.

RIVERSIDE PARK.

IN the current discussion of questions relating to public pleasure grounds "the city's breathing places" has come to be the phrase used oftentimes to designate urban parks as a class. From this it would seem that the primary purpose of a city park, according to the popular conception, is to furnish a free bath of fresh air for lungs doomed to inhale some fluid which is not always fresh nor over clean. Analysis proves that the air in densely peopled quarters of a great city is heavy with noxious exhalations and impoverished in the elements which promote the processes of life; while that which is sifted through masses of foliage and quickened by sunlight is at once disinfected by the subtle chemistry of nature and enriched with elements of tonic vigor. Among the people crowded together in every compactly built city, no doubt there are too many to whom a breath of pure and fragrant air, wafted across broad stretches of cool herbage or flowing water, and screened through the leaves of lusty trees, would prove a novel and surprising refreshment; and therefore in this one particular it would be difficult to overstate the sanitary importance of accessible and spacious city or suburban parks.

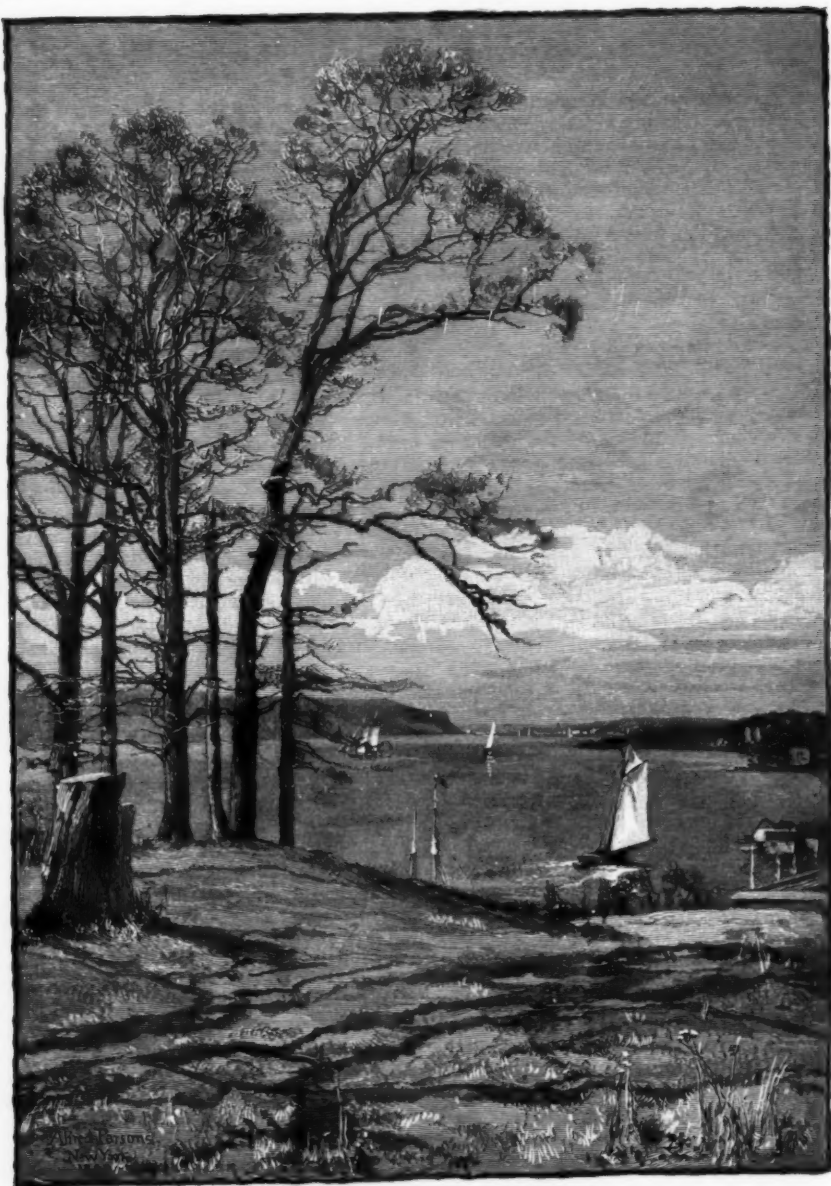
But after all, the ideal park is something more than a fresh-air preserve or a fresh-air factory. Its influence must reach the nobler part of man's nature. It must make a direct appeal to the imagination through the senses, and all its elements and accompaniments must helpfully unite to make that appeal distinct and impressive. Fortunately there is no select class whose minds alone respond sensitively to the sights and sounds and odors of the outdoor world, for what we vaguely term the love of nature is a deep-seated and universal instinct which is never stifled outright even under the most depressing conditions. One who has given a handful of flowers to a street child, and watched the sudden sunshine overspread the little face and chase away the prematurely hard and wary expression, will feel that it is a genuine heart-hunger which has been for the moment allayed. It is the same hunger which the driving man of business feels and promises himself that he will satisfy with a country home, where in the evening of life he can enjoy the brief leisure he has toiled so many years to earn. In fact the mind of man was never haunted by a day-dream of possible earthly felicity unclouded and secure without its vision of fair fields and shining skies. And this instinct is no less persistent than it is spontaneous and universal. It is constantly benumbed by the stupefying discipline of schools,

but it survives even the paralysis of a liberal education. It is one original impulse which is not quite choked to death by the cultured formalisms and insincerities of an artificial world. It is a profounder feeling than the mere relish for natural beauty. It means more than a sensuous delight in color or form or melody or fragrance; and this not only because in nature always, as in the noblest art, sensuous beauty is substantiated, transfigured, and vitalized by some indwelling truth, but because it includes an element of affection, a strange feeling of kinship with material things as if they were informed with conscious life. In the poetry of every language, and wherever else the elemental passions of the soul find spontaneous expression, this affection never lacks recognition. Any instinct which sends its roots so deeply into the constitution of the mind cannot safely be denied all gratification. In so far, then, as the conditions of a city life forbid its enjoyment, they deprive the mind of its natural food; and a city park serves no unworthy purpose if it does no more than offer to intellect and affections the nourishment they crave.

A discriminating interest in various kinds of natural scenery is the specific development of this general inclination to commune with nature which first demands recognition. Whether it is owing to association of ideas, or to some deeper reason in the constitution of things, like the law in accordance with which every phase of the mystery and passion of human life is visibly symbolized somewhere and at some time in the appearances and processes of nature, certain it is that particular kinds of scenery excite definite trains of thought and feeling, as, for example, in the direction of wistfulness, aspiration, or hope, just as the minor music of the autumn wind produces the sentiment of melancholy. Green pastures and still waters are to-day and to every one the essential elements of the typical picture of peace, just as they were in the sacred poetry of Palestine. A reach of gently rolling meadow,

"Whereon the nibbling flocks do stray,"

sloping to the cool border of a brook which loiters here and there to catch the sunlight as it falls through openings in the overhanging foliage, its mantle of closely cropped verdure fitting it so smoothly as to reveal every undulation, and offering a surface texture upon which the very shadows of the trees delight to rest, is always a revelation of innocent contentment. It always brings a sense of restfulness and peace. It is a picture which not only excludes



LOOKING UP THE HUDSON FROM CLAREMONT.

every suggestion of the want and wretchedness, the cruelty, oppression, and strife which society acknowledges as its shame, but its motive is in refreshing contrast to the devouring ambition, the strenuous energy, the eagerness, the adventure, the spirit of progress which the same civilization boasts of as its distinguish-

ing glory. To the imagination it suggests the simplicity, the dignity, the innocence, the conservatism, the freedom, the quietness, the contemplative leisure of the ideal pastoral life; and while it possesses the mind it is a signal relief from the wear and weariness, the strain and pressure, the turbulence and discontent,

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VIEW OF CLAREMONT FROM THE SOUTH.

"The fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities."

The restful charm of Central Park has a deeper reason than the marked antithesis to physical conditions of rigid confinement between walls of stone and upon streets of stone, which is offered by its broad rural views, its openness and airiness and spacious skies. In spite of the salient scenery about it, its narrow limits and originally rugged surface, it embodies with rare success the tranquilizing pastoral idea. Its scant meadow-land is not fenced off by well-defined boundaries to advertise its meagerness, but is allowed to flow around wooded knolls and lose itself in grassy alcoves which wind among the trees and lead the fancy onward with fair promise of broader fields beyond. Even the bolder features of the park and its passages of sylvan picturesqueness are all subordinate to its central purpose, which they emphasize by shading and contrast. The rising tide of population will soon sweep quite around it, but there will remain one spot in the heart of the city which may not be bounded by a sky-line of roofs and chimneys, for the city is forever walled out of sight by woodside banks of foliage. The time is coming when Central Park will be as unfashionable as the Battery is to-day; but so long as men delight in seclusion and sigh for repose, its tranquil graces will not cease to allure, for its fair prospects, tuneful woods, and scented air, which soothe every sense, bring with them an inward rest and peace which are no less real because their presence is not consciously recognized by those who enjoy them. Indeed, the rest will be more refreshing and the peace more profound because they flow in upon the spirit so quietly and never challenge observation.

But all the possibilities in the way of recreation grounds on Manhattan Island were

not exhausted by a single success in one direction. Besides the placid prospects whose interest lies wholly in the foreground or in the range immediately beyond, there are grand and inspiring landscapes which embrace the blue distance in their sweep. New York, too, from her peerless position as the maritime capital of a continent, looks out upon bright waters on every hand, and from all her breezy shores the sparkling surface of river, bay, or sound can be seen stretching away in endless diversity of cheerful prospect. And questions of scenery apart, there are certain wants which Central Park was never designed to meet and to which it never can be adapted. It is a difficult matter to reconcile the ideas of seclusion and festivity. Pastoral simplicity vanishes as the equipage and bravery of fashion become obtrusive. Even now, with the city half grown, there are times when the roadways of the park are thronged with carriages to the limit of their capacity. The ratio between the grass and gravel of the park is such that any sacrifice of its verdurous elements to the extent which a widening of its wheelways would necessitate is not to be thought of, even if such a change would not be a flagrant violation of the spirit of the work. The roads were laid to command the same quieting scenery which is enjoyed from the walks, and they will suffice for all who drive to find these reposeful landscapes. The carriages driven in gay procession for social pleasure must soon go somewhere else.

To think of Riverside Park simply as a relief from the thronged wheelways of Central

Park is to form a most inadequate and incomplete conception of that work, and yet it is essentially the aggrandizement of a road. The road itself—a cluster of ample ways for pleasure riding, driving, and walking, separated by strips of turf from which stately trees are to rise, and extending for three miles—would have a dignity of its own wherever it might lead through the city. But its position overlooking the broad Hudson gives it an added importance and an individual character which are not repeated nor paralleled in any of the famous avenues of the world. From Seventy-second street to the hollow known in the old maps as "Marritje David's Vly," at what is now One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, the river banks are bold, rising steeply at one point to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. Down at the river level lies Twelfth

ing and completing the dignified structure. The outer walk follows this bold terrace, although at one point it drops below the level of the drive, allowing carriages to wheel out upon a spacious balcony. Occasionally too, where the grade demands it, the drive breaks from the walk and side road which skirts the property line on the eastern boundary of the park, leaving wide slopes of turf between the ways. Notwithstanding these devices to give variety to the plan of the road proper, one can hardly comprehend how so long a terrace can escape being unpleasantly formal; but in this instance the constant change of level and direction excludes any impression of sameness, and at times the upward sweeping of the parapet curve produces a pleasant effect by its harmony with the skyline of tree-tops beyond. Even now, before

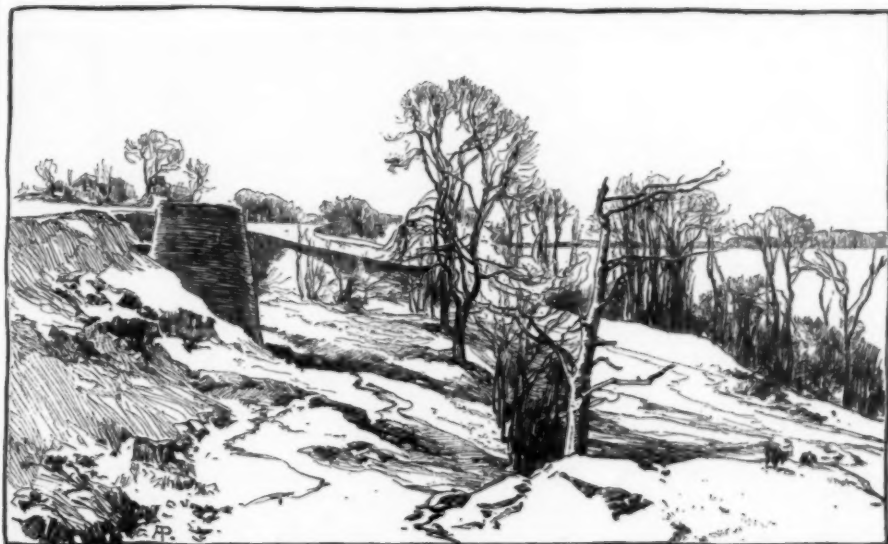


RIVERSIDE DRIVE AT NINETY-SIXTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH.

Avenue, while upon the high ground, eight hundred feet inland and parallel with the pier-line, Eleventh Avenue cuts its way square across the long series of side streets in accordance with the orthodox rectangular block system. Between these two avenues, now approaching one and now the other, winds Riverside Drive, following mainly the brow of the bluff, but rising and falling at easy grades, curving about the bolder projections, and everywhere adapting its course so graciously to the contour of the land, that it does not look to have been laboriously "laid out," but to have developed rather as a part of the natural order of things. The broad shelf against the sloping bank formed by the associated ways is supported on the lower side by a massive retaining wall, at some points nearly forty feet in height, and this rises above the drive in a low, heavy parapet which extends throughout its entire length, fitly crown-

ing its trees are grown or its retaining wall mantled with vines, the road itself, as its gray stretches disappear behind some hill and beckon the visitor onward, delights the eye and kindles the imagination.

West of the wall is a strip of land varying in width as the avenue approaches or recedes from the river. It is generally lower than the drive, and falls away to the water with a rapid inclination. In one of its wider portions, however, near Eighty-second street, the granite basement of the island rises in a pair of abrupt hillocks above the road level, bursting through its thin covering of turf here and there, and nursing in its crevices two or three stunted and picturesque honey-locusts. Glimpses of the river and the Jersey shore beyond, caught between these hills, furnish pictures worth remembering even among the many glorious prospects from the drive. This strip of land is too narrow to afford any park-



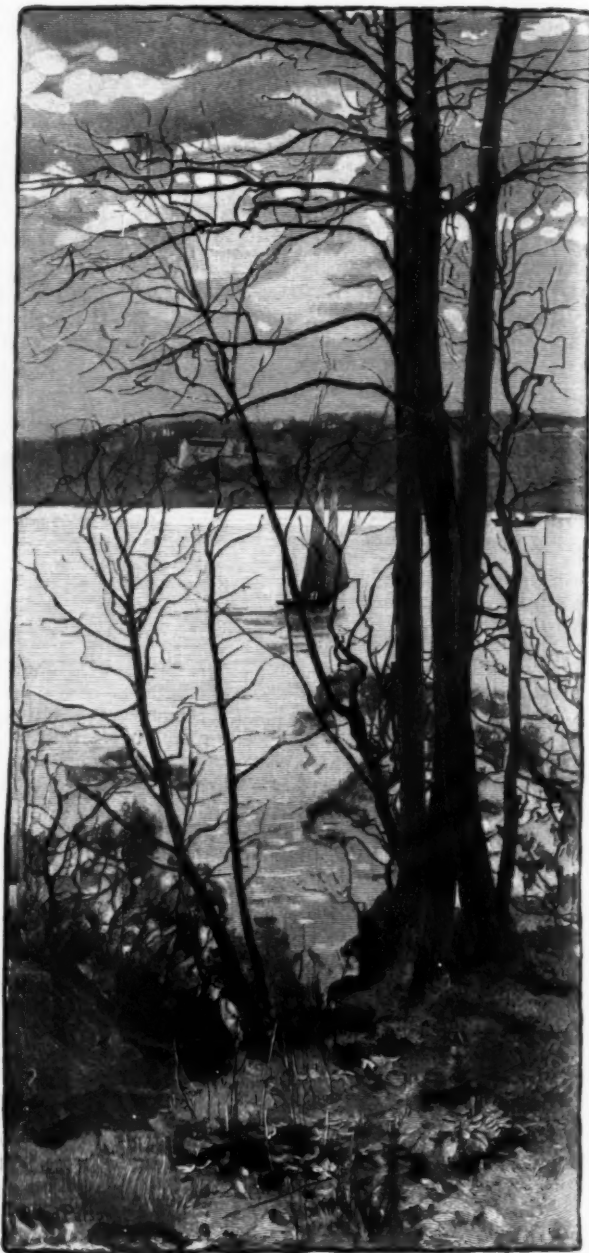
RIVERSIDE DRIVE NEAR CLAREMONT, LOOKING SOUTH.

like range; and while nothing has been done to adapt it to the purposes of a pleasure-ground, it has unfortunately been hideously scarified to furnish "filling" for the railroad and other improvements. Descending from the drive by stone steps to some points where it is accessible, as at One Hundred and Sixth street, we find an open wood of fine trees with grassy intervals extending for a long distance as a sort of intermediate terrace, which drops suddenly to the river level in a steep bank covered with a wild tangle of trees, shrubs, and vines. Some of the trees have a size and dignity of expression which invest them with an individual interest. The white pines at the northern end of the park, the chestnut oaks in some of the upper groves, the tulip-trees and sycamores at Ninety-sixth street, all wear that venerable look which trees rarely attain in the first century of their history. It is a matter of record, however, that General Robertson stripped the island of all its trees in the cold winter of 1779-80, to furnish fuel for his freezing redcoats. This was the winter when New York was reported by the British officer to be no longer on an island, so solid was the ice which bound it to the land beyond both rivers. Across the bay even, from the Battery to Staten Island, heavy pieces of artillery were driven. The trees were not cut, however, until old houses and the hulks of unseaworthy vessels had been broken up for firewood. No doubt the British axes found trees in plenty remaining, although one hun-

dred and fifty years of felling had gone on since Hendrik Hudson, looking on the island from the deck of his galiot, pronounced it "a pleasant land as one need to tread upon, and abundant in all kinds of timber." It was one of his landing parties who reported here "an abundance of magnificent oaks of a height and thickness one seldom beholds, together with poplars and linden-trees and various other kinds of wood." A remarkable variety of arborescent growth is yet seen wherever the land is left to cover its nakedness. There is hardly a half-mile on the bank at Riverside where one cannot look over from the walk and count forty tree-species. The record of General Robertson's exploit may be put in evidence against any claim for reverence as primeval settlers which our oaks and pines may set up; but they are trees of stately stature, none the less.

The real value of this belt of land below the drive is not, however, to be estimated by any attractions of its own, but is derived from the fact that it secures the water-view and furnishes it with a foreground. It is the impressive presence of the strong and silent river which invests this parkway with its unique interest. No treatment of its shores, however insolent or feeble, can make the Hudson tame or trivial or commonplace. So long as the broad current bears its burden of stately ships so lightly between mountain barriers worthy to contain it and direct its flow, the river and its banks will never fail to

fill the mind and eye with pictures of majesty and might. From the drive the views of the river and the wood-crowned heights beyond are most characteristic. The full expanse of water is not at all times visible. Now it is quite obscured by some headland or cluster of trees, and again barely enough of it is revealed through leafy vistas to provoke the fancy. Here again its full light gleams over the flattened top of some pepperidge, or is softened and sobered as it filters through the spray of birches and willows; while from occasional high levels the eye has free range to the north or south along the bright waterway, and over prospects of great extent and the most varied interest. The crowning view of the whole series is that from Claremont looking up the river. This is at the northern end of the park, where the grounds are widest and where they reach their greatest elevation. As the high ground here abruptly falls away, the road naturally ends, sweeping around in a loop on the brow of the bluff where the interest in the scenery culminates in this commanding prospect. Here, half hidden in a grove, stood the historic mansion once occupied by Lord Churchill, but the oaks and tulip-trees which surrounded it are dead or dying one by one, as destructive "improvements" have gashed the hill-side with deep cuts and drained away the water which fed their roots. But a few months ago a giant pine which had survived the cruelties of the city engineer and at least one lightning stroke was chopped down when the old house which it sheltered was "restored" for victualing purposes beyond all hope of recognition. Other trees were swept away



ACROSS THE HUDSON FROM CLAREMONT, FORT LEE IN THE DISTANCE.

at the same period, when there was much digging out and heaping up of earth hereabout in accordance with some unrevealed plan. But in spite of the desolation of the foreground, the distant prospect remains. Below the bluff the Hudson still broadens out to hold the light of all the sky. The Palisades frown along the left, and seem to end in a bold promontory, around which the river flows from the mysterious distances beyond, while on the island side a rocky arm is thrust out from Washington Heights, to protect the deep and quiet bay.

Of course it is to be understood that the Riverside Park of to-day is little better than a promise, or rather, it is but the foundation and frame of what it is to be. The road-bed is laid, and this establishes the plan beyond any possible abandonment. Of the hundred miles of frontage upon navigable water, possessed by the cities which cluster about this harbor, three miles are thus rescued from commerce and dedicated to recreation. At only two points, and these near its southern extremity, do cross streets extend through the park to the river, so that traffic is forbidden here, and the character of the territory which fronts the drive as a residence quarter is fixed. This land as yet is largely vacant, but its advantages will be plainly squandered if it is not occupied by a line of villas whose deep lawns, while giving them more perfect domestic seclusion, will add to the amplitude and dignity of the parkway. A short space in the life of a city can work this transformation, for a city grows, alas! more swiftly than a tree, and the villas could be built and rebuilt before the lindens, elms, and maples will cover the drive with cooling shadows.

Not until the expanding city has brought a large population within easy reach of the work can it completely fulfil its purpose as a grand promenade, where people in great numbers come together for that stimulating recreation which forms so important a feature in the social life of Old World cities. It is a heart-hardening and mind-depressing process to come into daily contact with throngs of people with whom we have no sympathy. This is an irritating influence to which the city business man is constantly subjected, and it is one cause of wear and exhaustion from which he needs relief. If the same persons, with the hardening struggles of the business day behind them, can meet for the common purpose of recreation, the pervading holiday sympathy contrasts as refreshingly with the jostle and scramble of the exchange and market-place as does the quieting charm which lingers about the secluded borders of a tree-flecked meadow. No one who has ob-

served a multitude of happy people on the Champs Élysées in pleasant weather, or similar gatherings which on occasions assemble in our own parks, can doubt that this inclination to associated recreation is a natural and healthful one, which deserves to be provided for. At such times the joyous light which beams from every face helps to illumine all the rest. There is a manifest contagion of light-heartedness. The source of this peculiar pleasure is plainly in the social instinct. It is abounding human life in its most cheerful aspect which gives so keen a relish to the general enjoyment.

It is plain that the charm of scenery, and especially of quieting scenery, is not essential to a stimulating recreation, whose controlling element is congregated human life. The freedom and exhilaration of fresh open air; rows of full-foliaged trees, greensward and birds; wheelways ample, smooth, clean, a springy bridle-track adjoining the road, so that occupants of carriages can readily turn to converse with friends on horseback; shaded footpaths and cozy resting-places,—these are the essential physical features of a grand promenade. To them can be added the most elaborate decoration, for it will not be out of harmony with the formal colonnades of trees, and the artificial character of the whole structure. Monuments, statues, fountains, tropical plants, and floral embroidery so barbarously misplaced amid quiet rural surroundings, will here help to heighten the brilliant effect, where

“With stately progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow,”

and numbers of spirited horses and well-dressed people meet and mingle in a spirit of animated gayety. As a field for such festal assemblages the Riverside Terrace offers a unique opportunity; for besides all the best features of an extended and spacious Spanish Alameda the river flows by to cool and freshen every breeze, even if we count for naught its glorious scenery among the exhilarating sights and sounds of the promenade. But festivity will be at flood-tide for only a fraction of each day, while the river never fails. And even when the scene upon the terrace is in full glitter, there may be one who will turn for refreshment to the sun-glints on the water or to a bit of hazy distance as his friend grows tiresome. A noble horizon may not be essential to social enjoyment, but a more delightful incident to such enjoyment can hardly be imagined, and at times it might prove a wholesome corrective of the inanities of fashionable walk and conversation. Fortunately an elaborately decorative treatment of the terrace will not dissipate attention from the spacious prospect beyond, for the

parapet furnishes such a marked and decisive line of foreground limitation that well-chosen, decorative objects held within it will rather emphasize by contrast the grand effect of the distant scenery. We may lament that the planting of the trees was so long delayed and that such inadequate preparation was made in the original construction for giving them deep root-hold and rich feeding-ground, especially since so much depends upon their vigor and amplitude of shade; but if the place which the work is designed to fill in the social economy of the city comes to be appreciated civic pride will hardly tolerate any further mistakes. No single park centrally situated in a great city can be large enough to furnish space at once for stimulating social recreation and the quieting charm of secluded scenery. Indeed any attempt to mingle the two forms of recreation will be to the disadvantage of both. If New York had prepared twenty-five years ago for a grand promenade from Madison Square to Central Park the trees would now have attained some maturity of stature and expression, and this parkway would already be famous as one of the striking features of the city and the object of its noblest pride. Twenty-five years hence as dense a population will have sprung up on the heights which overlook the river as that now found along the line of Fifth Avenue. One opportunity lost should be a warning. Riverside, as the true complement of Central Park, should be made ready to welcome the expanding city as it sweeps by to the north.

SINCE the foregoing description of Riverside and its possibilities was written an element of the most serious significance has been introduced by the selection of Claremont Heights for the Grant mausoleum. A structure fitly commemorative of the high achievement and patriotic devotion of the nation's foremost soldier might well consist with the spirit and purpose of the park; but the actual sepulture of the hero at this key-point necessitates some

compromise with the prevalent idea of festal assemblage. A certain isolation must be granted to the tomb in deference to the sentiment of reverence, and yet in view of the limitations of the ground at this point of focal and culminating interest it is not desirable that the surrounding space should be considerably encroached upon. The adjustment of conflicting claims of this sort is one phase of the complex problem presented, and obviously a satisfactory result can only be reached after the closest study and the most judicious treatment. On the other hand it should be remembered that Riverside would possess no monument to Grant if his dust were not laid to rest beneath it, and that this presence will add an impressiveness to the monument which belongs to none of the memorial works reared elsewhere. The spot will henceforth be invested with a national and historic interest which will lend new consequence and dignity to the park. [This increased importance will encourage such maintenance as the work merits and help to preserve it from being turned over to traffic or perverted to alien use.] Riverside, until yesterday unheard of, is already a familiar word the world over. It was the solemnities at Claremont that first introduced thousands of people who live within the city limits to a public ground of whose existence they had been hardly aware. But a few months ago one might traverse the drive from end to end without encountering more people than would be met in the same distance on a lonely country road. The memorial grounds have even now proved helpful to the park, and the interest kindled will not fail. The Heights of Claremont offer many artistic advantages as the site of an imposing structure, and these advantages will remain. The idea of mortality suggested by the tomb is not congenial with the motive of the recreation ground, but this idea will gradually fade out as years roll on, and the man of heroic stature assumes his rightful place in history among the world's leaders who live for evermore.

William A. Stiles.



THE LAST DAYS OF GENERAL GRANT.

ON Christmas Eve, 1883, General Grant seemed to himself and to the world a healthy and prosperous man. He was sixty-one years of age, full of mental vigor, and physically as strong, if not as active, as he had ever been. He was engaged in business that brought him in an ample income, and he told his intimate friends that he was worth a million of dollars. He passed that evening at the house of an acquaintance and went home in a cab about midnight. As he alighted he turned to hand the driver a fare, and in doing this his foot slipped on the ice, for the weather was cold and wet, and the rain froze on the pavement. He fell to the ground and was unable to rise. The driver got down from the box to assist him, but the General was suffering acutely, and the man was obliged to call for help from within doors. A servant came out, and General Grant was carried up the steps into his house, which he was never to leave again a well man.

The family at the time consisted only of Mrs. Grant and a young niece, with the servants. Mrs. Grant was naturally very much alarmed, but the General declared that the injury was not serious, and although he was almost senseless from pain he refused to allow a medical man to be summoned. In the morning his son Ulysses, who lived near, was brought, and he at once sent for Dr. Fordyce Barker, the family physician, who pronounced the case one that required surgical treatment, and called in Dr. Lewis A. Stimson. The injury was thought to be the rupture of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh, and although after the first few days the suffering was less, any quick or sudden movement of the limb was so painful that the General was unable to move in his bed without assistance; he did not leave it for weeks. A few days after the fall he suffered an attack of pleurisy, which also at first occasioned excruciating pain, but was not absolutely dangerous.

The effects of this accident detained General Grant in the house many weeks, but after a while he was able to hobble about on crutches, and in March he went, by the advice of his physicians, to Washington and Fortress Monroe. By this time his general health was greatly improved, but the weakness in his leg and hip continued, and the unusual confinement somewhat affected his spirits, though not his temper or his intellect. He was the most patient of sufferers, the most equable of

prisoners. Hosts of friends among the most distinguished people of the country gathered around him wherever he went, and their society, always one of his greatest delights, now cheered the tedium and allayed the suffering of the invalid. In April he returned to New York and was able to drive his own horse and to attend army reunions. He went, however, to no private entertainments. His affairs seemed still very prosperous, and he hoped soon to recover entirely from the effects of his fall.

I had been absent from the country during the winter, but returned late in April, and at once saw much of my old chief. I found him cheerful and uncomplaining, going to his office daily on business, interested in politics and affairs. The Presidential election was approaching, and although he never spoke of such a possibility, many of his political friends thought the prospect of his nomination very bright. Every day revealed apparently irreconcilable differences among the adherents of other candidates, and the party and the country, not a few believed, were turning again to him who had twice been the head of the State. He, however, responded to no such intimations, and never said even to his family that he desired or expected a return to public station. Any expression that ever fell from him on the subject was to repress or repel the suggestion. He was resting from national cares, and in the unwonted enjoyment of a private competence. He told me that in December for the first time in his life he had a bank account from which he could draw as freely as he desired. He was generous in gifts to his children, but never luxurious in his personal habits. He had only two expenses of his own,—his horses and his cigars.

When General Grant returned from Europe in 1879 his entire fortune amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, and the income of this sum just paid his expenses at the hotel where he and Mrs. Grant occupied two rooms. He kept no carriage. Finding that he could not live in New York suitably to his position, he began to consider what other residence he should select or what means of support. His son Ulysses was engaged in the banking business with Ferdinand Ward and James D. Fish, and supposed he had accumulated four hundred thousand dollars. He offered to receive his father as a partner in his profits. General Grant would not consent to this, but

proposed to invest his hundred thousand dollars in the business and become an actual partner. Ward and Fish concurred, and in 1880 General Grant was admitted as a special partner in the firm of "Grant and Ward."

He was never, however, actively engaged in its affairs. His name was used and he gave his money, but others did the business. Ward in reality acted for the firm, made the investments, drew the cheques, received the deposits, and disposed of them. General Grant was assured that the investments were proper, and, utterly unaccustomed as he was to business, he inquired little further. Once or twice he thought he had reason to say that the firm must have no dealings in Government contracts, and he said so promptly. He declared that his position as ex-President made it improper and impossible for a firm of which he was a member to have such dealings; and Ward assured him that there were none. The apparent returns from the business were enormous, but General Grant knew that scores of bankers and brokers around him had made as rapid fortunes as he, and was not surprised. He put all his available capital into the bank, and many of his friends and relatives invested or deposited with it. One of his sons was a partner, another had become an agent of the firm, and their father had all confidence in their integrity and capacity.

But suddenly out of the clear sky came the thunderbolt. On Tuesday morning, the 6th of May, 1884, General Grant went from his house in Sixty-sixth street, supposing himself a millionaire. When he arrived at his place of business in Wall street he found he was ruined. As he entered his office he was met by his son Ulysses, who said at once: "Father, you had better go home. The bank has failed"; but the General went in and waited awhile. I happened to visit him that day about noon, and found him alone. After a moment he said to me gravely enough, but calmly: "We are all ruined here." I was astounded at the news, and he continued: "The bank has failed. Mr. Ward cannot be found. The securities are locked up in the safe, and he has the key. No one knows where he is."

He could not at that time have known the event more than half an hour. In a few moments he got into a carriage and was driven home. He never returned to Wall street.

The world knows that he gave up all that was his. The story of the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt into which he was inveigled is pitiful. Ferdinand Ward had come to him on Sunday the 4th of May and represented that the

Marine Bank, where Grant and Ward had large deposits, was in danger, but that speedy assistance would enable it to overcome the difficulty. The assistance, however, must be immediate if they would save themselves. He urged General Grant to obtain at once a loan of \$150,000 for this purpose; and Sunday though it was, the old warrior sallied out at the instance of the partner, who knew at that moment that all the fortunes of General Grant had been lost through his means. He went first to Mr. Victor Newcomb, who was not at home, and then to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who at once agreed to let General Grant have his cheque for \$150,000 without security. He said that he had never done such a thing before, but he would do it for General Grant. The General expected to return the money immediately; he wanted it only to enable the Marine Bank to find time to collect its loans. Ward had assured him, and he repeated to Mr. Vanderbilt, that there were securities for more than a million of dollars in the vaults of Grant and Ward.

The first thing General Grant did when the failure was known was to make over all his individual property to Mr. Vanderbilt. In this act Mrs. Grant afterwards joined, waiving her right of dower. The house in which they lived belonged to Mrs. Grant. Three years before a hundred thousand dollars had been subscribed to purchase her a home, and the building in Sixty-sixth street was selected; but there was a mortgage on the property which the holders refused to cancel. It was a good investment, and they preferred to retain it. The price of the house was \$98,000, and the mortgage was for \$50,000; so \$48,000 only was paid, and the remainder of the sum subscribed was deposited with Grant and Ward, to be applied to the purchase of bonds. Ward, as the active member of the firm, was commissioned to make the purchase. He reported having done so, received the money, and the interest was regularly paid. But after the failure it was discovered that the purchase had never been made. There was therefore a mortgage on the property which could not be redeemed. The library and the rare contents of the house were, however, made over to Mr. Vanderbilt.

But this was not all. The Trust Fund of \$250,000 raised for General Grant, the interest of which was devoted to his benefit, had been invested in the bonds of a company which at this juncture suspended payment. The fund was guaranteed by the E. D. Morgan estate, but from some technicality of the law the guarantors could not pay the deficient interest until the company had been six months in default; this

resource therefore failed entirely for the time. The last payment had been deposited with Grant and Ward, and of course was lost.

General Grant was as brave, however, as under all circumstances, and though regretting the loss of fortune for himself and his sons, as well as for those who had suffered through their means, he was as yet free from any acute humiliation. He himself was ruined; one son was a partner in the wreck and the liabilities; another, the agent of the firm, was bankrupt for half a million; his youngest son on the 3d of May had deposited all his means, about \$80,000, in the bank of his father and brother, and the bank suspended payment on the 6th; his daughter had made a little investment of \$12,000 with the firm; one sister had put in \$5,000, another \$25,000; a nephew had invested a few thousands, the savings of a clerkship; and other personal friends invested more largely. It was painful and mortifying that all these should lose in this way, but still there was no thought of personal disgrace.

But after a day or two came out the shameful story of craft and guile in all its horrible proportions, and it was seen that his honored name had been used to entice and decoy hosts of friends and acquaintances, to their own injury and General Grant's discredit. Imputations were even cast on the fame that belonged to the country; and this blow was the most terrible that General Grant ever endured. The shock of battle was less tremendous, the mortal agony was less acute.

There seemed, too, under the circumstances, to be nothing to do, nothing to say. He was indeed through life always able to remain silent, but the task was harder now than amid the abuse directed against him during the war, or the detraction and calumnies of political campaigns. His own fair fame, his honor as a man, the honor of his children,—all were assailed; all discussed, doubted, defiled by the tongues of a careless and censorious world. The glory which had been likened to that of Washington was obscured. He never spoke of this even to those closest and dearest, but none the less they knew that the wound was eating into his soul. This sorrow was a cancer indeed.

After a time the clouds were lifted a little, and the world seemed satisfied, at least in part, that his honor was untarnished. He breathed freer now; but still the accusations were hurled against his children; and for him, for whom the family relations were absolutely the profoundest and most intimate of his nature, this was anguish intolerable.

His bodily health was soon affected, though not yet conspicuously. He did not grow openly

worse, but he ceased to grow better. His lameness did not mend. His strength did not increase. He was not morose, but hardly so cheerful as was his wont, although too brave to be willing to seem cast down. But he was indignant to the core at those who had injured him and his fame and his sons.

At first he was distressed even for money for household expenses. Eighty dollars in his pocket-book and one hundred and thirty dollars in cash belonging to Mrs. Grant were all he had to live on. If two friends, one a man he had never seen and the other a foreigner, had not come to his relief, General Grant must have suffered actual want for a while. The very cheques paid out to tradesmen a few days before the failure were dishonored. He was penniless in the house that was crowded with his trophies.

But, four days after the 6th of May an unknown countryman, Mr. Charles Wood, of Lansingburg, New York, wrote to General Grant and offered to lend him \$1000 on his note for twelve months, without interest, with the option of renewal at the same rate. He inclosed a cheque for \$500, "on account," he said, "of my share for services ending April, 1865," and General Grant gratefully accepted the offer.

About the same time Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, who had been a valued friend from the period when the French were driven from Mexico, came on from Washington, and insisted on lending him \$1000. At first the General declined the offer, but Mr. Romero suddenly quitted the room, leaving his cheque for \$1000 on the table. But for these succors the man who had dined with half the kings of the earth would have wanted money to buy bread for himself and his children.

For it was not only himself and Mrs. Grant who were to be supported, but two of his sons and their families. Ulysses went to live with his father-in-law, the Hon. J. B. Chaffee, who was a man of means; but General Grant must maintain the others, for, until released by their creditors, they could not even go into business. Mrs. Grant, however, owned two little houses in Washington, and she wrote at once to Mr. W. McLean, of Cincinnati, who she knew was buying property at the capital. Mr. McLean was a staunch personal friend of General Grant, although a political opponent, and Mrs. Grant asked him at this crisis to purchase her houses, telling him that she needed money for the absolute living expenses of the family. Mr. McLean at once directed his agent to purchase the houses, whether they were needed or not, and to pay the market price. This timely act relieved the

family from their immediate anxieties. The generous loan of Mr. Romero was repaid; the dishonored cheques for household expenses were redeemed, and enough was left to live on during the summer.

As early as December, 1883, the editors of *THE CENTURY* magazine had inquired of me whether General Grant could not be induced to write about one or two of his battles for their series of papers on the war, mentioning Shiloh and the Wilderness. I laid the matter before him, but he was disinclined to attempt the unfamiliar task. The editors, however, renewed their solicitations. After the failure of Grant and Ward they addressed me a letter, saying: "The country looks with so much regret and sympathy upon General Grant's misfortune that it would gladly welcome the announcement and especially the publication of material relating to him or by him, concerning a part of his honored career in which every one takes pride. It would be glad," they said, "to have its attention diverted from his present troubles, and no doubt such diversion of his own mind would be welcome to him."

He was touched by the tone of the communication, but shrank at first from presenting himself to the public at this juncture, preferring absolute withdrawal and retirement. When I conveyed his reply, I spoke of the complete financial ruin that had overtaken him. The editors at once inquired whether a pecuniary inducement might not have weight, and made an offer to him for two articles on any of his battles which he might select. His necessities decided him. The modern Belisarius did not mean to beg.

In June he went to Long Branch for the summer, and soon afterwards sent for me and showed me a few pages he had written, and called an article. The fragment was terse and clear, of course, like almost everything he wrote, but too laconic and compact, I knew, to suit the editorial purpose; it would not have filled three pages of the magazine. I urged him to expand it.

"But why write more?" he asked. "I have told the story. What more is there to say?"

I begged him to go into detail, to explain his purposes and movements, to describe the commanders, to give pictures of the country; and he seized the idea, and developed the sketch into a more protracted effort. It was copied by his eldest son, who carried it to the editors, one of whom at once came to see him, and asked him to still further extend his article by including topics covered by him in the interview. He consented again, and the paper became the elaborate one—elaborate for its author—which appeared in *THE CENTURY*

for February, 1885. This was General Grant's first attempt at anything like literary or historical composition.

He at once became interested in the work. The occupation had, indeed, distracted him from the contemplation of his misfortunes, and the thoughts of his old companions and campaigns brought back pleasanter recollections. He agreed to prepare still another article. His first theme had been the battle of Shiloh; the second was the Vicksburg Campaign and Siege. If he had been too concise at the start, he was now inclined to be more than full, and covered two hundred pages of manuscript in a few weeks. As soon as it became known that he had begun to write, the story spread that he was preparing his memoirs, and half the prominent publishers in the country made him offers. Again he sent for me, and said he felt inclined to write a book; but that as my own history of his campaigns had been composed with his concurrence, and with the expectation that it would take the place of all he would have to say on the subject, he thought it right to consult me. He wanted also to employ the material I had collected and arranged in it, and to use the work as authority for figures and for such facts as his own memory would not supply. Besides this, he wanted my assistance in various ways; all of which was arranged. In October I went to live at his house.

At this time he seemed in very fair health. He was crippled and unable to move without crutches, but he walked out alone, and he had driven me once or twice at Long Branch behind his own horse. He gave up driving, however, after his return to town. But he was cheerful; his children and grandchildren were a great solace to him; many friends came in to see him and to testify their undiminished respect. His evenings were spent in their society at his own house, for he never visited again; and his days were devoted to his literary labor. He worked often five and six, and sometimes even seven hours a day, and he was a man not inclined to sedentary occupation. The four papers which he had promised to *THE CENTURY*, he intended to incorporate afterwards, with some modifications, into his memoirs. To this the editors agreed. Thus General Grant's book grew out of his articles for *THE CENTURY*.

In October he complained constantly of pains in his throat. He had suffered during the summer from the same cause, but paid no attention to the symptoms until towards the end of his stay at Long Branch, when Dr. De Costa, of Philadelphia, who was paying him a call, examined his throat. That gentle-

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man urged General Grant to consult the most eminent physicians immediately on his return to New York. But General Grant never nursed himself, and it was nearly a month before he acted on this advice. His pains finally became so frequent and so acute that Mrs. Grant persuaded him to see Dr. Fordyce Barker, who instantly said if the case were his own or that of one of his family, he should consult Dr. J. H. Douglas; and General Grant went the same day to Dr. Douglas. This was on the 22d of October.

When he returned he said the physician had told him that his throat was affected by a complaint with a cancerous tendency. He seemed serious but not alarmed, though it was afterwards learned that he had pressed Dr. Douglas for close information, and had detected a greater apprehension on the part of the physician than the family at first discovered. Still there was disquietude and even alarm,—the terrible word cancer was itself almost a knell.

It was now November, and all through this month he went regularly to the physician's house, about two miles from his own, taking the street-car. At first he went alone, but after a while he was persuaded to take a man-servant with him. One or two of the family called on Dr. Douglas to make further inquiry, and the response awakened further solicitude. The pains did not decrease, and the extraction of four teeth greatly aggravated the nervous condition. He went to a dentist to have one tooth taken out, but his fortitude was such that the operator was doubtless deceived, and proposed the extraction of three others, and the shock to the General's system was one from which he did not recover for weeks.

As the weather became colder the disease was further aggravated by the exposure to which he was subjected in the street-car; yet for a long time he refused to go by the carriage. It required much urging to induce him to take this precaution, but he was finally persuaded. In December his pains became still more excruciating; he could not swallow without torture, and his sufferings at table were intense. He was obliged to use liquid food and to avoid acids altogether. I shall always recall his figure as he sat at the head of the table, his head bowed over his plate, his mouth set grimly, his features clinched in the endeavor to conceal the expression of pain, especially from Mrs. Grant, who sat at the other end. He no longer carved or helped the family, and at last was often obliged to leave before the meal was over, pacing the hall or the adjoining library in his agony.

At this time he said to me that he had no

desire to live if he was not to recover. He preferred death at once to lingering, hopeless disease. He made the same remark to several of his family. For a while he seemed to lose, not courage, yet a little of his hope, almost of his grip on life. He did not care to write, nor even to talk; he made little physical effort, and often sat for hours propped up in his chair, with his hands clasped, looking at the blank wall before him, silent, contemplating the future; not alarmed, but solemn, at the prospect of pain and disease, and only death at the end. It was like a man gazing into his open grave. He was in no way dismayed, but the sight was to me the most appalling I have ever witnessed: the conqueror looking at his inevitable conqueror; the stern soldier, to whom armies had surrendered, watching the approach of that enemy to whom even he must yield.

But the apathy was not long-lived; the indifference to his book was soon over. Before long he went to work with renewed vigor. He enjoyed his labors now, and quite got the literary fever for a while. He liked to have his pages read aloud to the family in the evening, so that he might hear how they sounded and receive their comments. He worked, however, for the most part from ten or eleven o'clock in the morning until two or three in the afternoon, and sometimes again later in the day. Once in a while General Tower, a comrade in the Mexican War, came in and discussed the chapters describing the capture of Vera Cruz or the march on Mexico. Sometimes Mr. Chaffee listened to the political passages, and begged the General not to emasculate them, but to say all he thought without fear or favor.

Daily about one o'clock he was interrupted by his grandchildren, who stopped as they passed to their lunch, and looked in at the open door, not entering till he saw them and summoned them. Their prattle and kisses were always welcome, and made me think that the very misfortune which brought them to his house had its compensations. He took a positive pleasure in their society, and when at one time it was thought that they disturbed his labors, and they were told not to visit him, he was distressed at the omission and revoked the order. They came, indeed, like a burst of light into the sick man's study, three of them, dancing, gamboling, laughing—as pretty a brood of merry, graceful grandchildren as ever a conqueror claimed for descendants, or looked upon to perpetuate his name. Those were happy months, at times, despite the anxiety, until the anxiety became despair. For although the doctors had warned the family, there was yet hope of arresting, if not of curing, the disease, and a possibility of arresting it for years. His constitution was good; he

came of a long-lived stock; his nerve and will were what all the world knows. So there was hope; not with so much foundation as could have been desired, but still there was hope.

I shall never forget the frolic with the little ones on Christmas Day. They all came to dinner, and the two youngest sat one on each side of him. He was comparatively free from pain at that time; indeed, for a month or more the excruciating tortures came only at intervals; and on this day he took his own place at the head of the table. The babies were allowed to talk as much as they pleased, and they pleased a great deal. They monopolized the conversation, and when their mammas endeavored to check them, the General interposed and declared that this was their day. So they prattled across their grandpapa, and made preposterous attempts at jokes in their broken English, at which everybody laughed, and no one more heartily than the great warrior, their progenitor. It was a delicious morsel of sweet in the midst of so much bitter care, a gleam of satisfaction in the gloom of that sad winter, with its fears, and certainties and sorrows.

No one, indeed, can understand the character of General Grant who does not know the strength of his regard for his children. It was like the passion of a wild beast for its cubs, or the love of a mother for her sucking child,—instinctive, unreasoning, overweening; yet, what everyone can comprehend and appreciate, natural, and in this grim veteran touching in the extreme. He not only thought his sons able, wise, and pure; he had a trust in them that was absolute and child-like; his affection even clouded his judgment and turned appreciation into admiration. For them he would have sacrificed fortune, or ease, or even *his* fame; for them he did endure criticism and censure, and underwent physical fatigue and pain. He rose from his death-bed to work for them, and when he thought he was dying his utterances were about his "boys." This feeling, lavished on his own children, reached over to theirs. No parent ever enveloped his entire progeny in a more comprehensive or closer regard; none ever felt them more absolutely a part of himself, his own offspring, the issue of his reins.

By the last of the year the editors of *THE CENTURY* had received three of his papers for their magazine and announced all four articles for publication. The announcement of the series had been followed by a large increase in their sales. The editors, thinking at least a part of this due to his name, sent him in December a cheque for one thousand dollars more than they had stipulated. General Grant at first intended to divide this sum

between his two daughters-in-law living in the house with him, as a Christmas present. The amount would have been very acceptable to those ladies, but almost immediately he remembered his debt to Mr. Wood, his benefactor of the 10th of May, and inclosed his cheque for the thousand dollars to that gentleman, stating that the money was the result of his first earnings in literature. Still later General Grant received from the *CENTURY* another thousand dollars in addition to the sum stipulated for the fourth article. This cheque was the last he ever indorsed, and the payment, beyond his expectations, gave him in the last week of his life the satisfaction of knowing that his literary efforts had a high market value.

About Christmas the pecuniary troubles became more complicated. There was a possibility of some small creditors of Grant and Ward attempting to levy on the famous swords and presents he had received from Congress and the States and foreign potentates and cities. In order to save them Mr. Vanderbilt proposed to enforce his prior claim. Talk of this got abroad and was misunderstood.

At this juncture General Sherman was in New York, and of course visited his old chief and comrade. I went to call on him the next day, and he asked me about the possibility of any annoyance to General Grant on this score. He was extremely anxious, and declared: "Grant must not be allowed to suffer this new disgrace." He would share his own income rather. I did not feel at liberty to say what I knew, even to him, and General Sherman's talk in New York, Philadelphia and Washington excited a great and general sympathy. The result was that a number of General Grant's friends, with Mr. Cyrus W. Field at their head, began to raise a fund to save the hero from this last indignity. A hundred thousand dollars were to be subscribed to pay off the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, who it was supposed would compromise his claim for that amount.

But General Grant was weary of the repeated efforts to aid him. Congress had failed to place him on the retired list. A bill for this purpose had indeed passed the Senate at the preceding session, but President Arthur, it was known, would veto it, in order to preserve his consistency, having vetoed another intended to restore General Fitz John Porter to the army. He forgot, apparently, that the cases were different. General Grant himself said, "I have not been court-martialed." Mr. Arthur proposed, it is true, a pension, but this General Grant indignantly declined to receive. He disliked to appear to apply for public or private charity, and wrote now to Mr. Vanderbilt, informing him of the well-meant efforts

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in his behalf, but declaring that he preferred not to avail himself of them. He requested Mr. Vanderbilt to exercise his legal rights and offer for sale the whole of General Grant's property in his hands, including the presents and trophies of peace and war. He did not feel at liberty to thwart the intentions of his other friends without the sanction of Mr. Vanderbilt, as their efforts would enable him to cancel his debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, but he pre-

guile of a monster in craft, who selected the people's hero as his victim and his decoy; the abandonment of the property, and the surrender—harder still—of those monuments to his fame which his deeds had won; surrendered, it is true, to the nation, which will guard them sacredly, as it will the fame of which they are the symbol and the seal.

All this wore on the frame torn by disease and the spirit racked by imputations, thrown



GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO. (1885.) THE HOUSE LOOKS UPON THE OHIO RIVER.

ferred that the debt should be paid by the sale of the property, not by a new subscription.

Then came the correspondence which has been given to the world: first the munificent offer of Mr. Vanderbilt to make over all the property to Mrs. Grant, only providing that the presents should be held in trust during her life and that of the General, to be afterwards transferred to the Government, as souvenirs of the glory which is national; then the letter from General Grant, accepting the offer so far as it concerned the disposition of the presents, but declining to receive the return of the property; the persistent pressure of the great millionaire; the acceptance of General Grant under this pressure; Mrs. Grant's letter of an hour afterwards recalling the acceptance, written, of course, with General Grant's sanction, but signed by Mrs. Grant to save the General from the appearance of discourtesy; and the final abandonment of every particle of property he had in the world to satisfy a debt incurred at the instance and through the outrageous falsity and

off, it is true, but some of which still rankled, like poisoned arrows, that wound though they are extracted; all this told on that body which had endured so many sleepless nights and prolonged marches, which had suffered fatigue and hunger and watchings, and that soul which had withstood cares and responsibilities and torturing anxieties such as have fallen to the lot of no other man in our time; for no other bore on his single shoulders the weight of the destiny of a great nation at the very crisis of its history; no other stood before the enemy and the country and the world as the incarnation of the hopes and fears and efforts of a people waiting to be saved. These labors, endured long before, told now, and made him less able to withstand the shocks of fortune and of nature, and he gradually succumbed.

When the extent of General Grant's humiliation became a common story, when it was disclosed to the world that the house in which he lived was no longer his own, that his books and furniture were held on sufferance, that he was stripped even of the insignia of his



LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD DAGUERRETYPE.)

fame, while he seemed neglected and forgotten in his adversity by the nation he had done so much to save, then even his stout heart gave way. All his symptoms were aggravated; his pains increased, the appalling depression of spirit returned, and more than all, the exhaustion of his strength—far greater than the disease alone could at that stage have produced—occasioned the physicians as well as the family the most painful solicitude. Dr. Barker and Dr. Douglas had as yet retained the case exclusively in their own hands. They had never deceived the family, but said from the beginning that the disease was epithelial cancer; that it might be arrested, but they had never known it cured. Neither Mrs. Grant nor the General had been told so much, although both of course knew that the case was critical, and both were undoubtedly anxious. What General Grant in his heart feared or expected he said to no human being; not his wife nor his children penetrated to the inner sanctuary where his soul contemplated its fate and balanced the

chances of life and death alone. But the gravity of his manner and the dejection of his nevertheless intrepid spirit indicated too plainly that he felt how great was his danger.

In January he ceased to visit his physician. Dr. Douglas now came to the patient daily, and after a while twice in the twenty-four hours. The visits of Dr. Barker were twice a week. The physicians had always agreed perfectly as to the nature of the malady and its treatment, and now were agreed in their alarm at its progress. In fact the earlier stages were past. The phases followed each other with ominous rapidity. The pains in the throat had become lancinating and sharp, the infiltration extended further and further, the cancer was eating into the delicate and vital tissues, and the end seemed in sight. This relapse could be traced directly to its cause,—it was the fresh revelation of his misfortunes, the loss of his honors, the publicity of his humiliation that kindled anew the fatal fires of the disease.

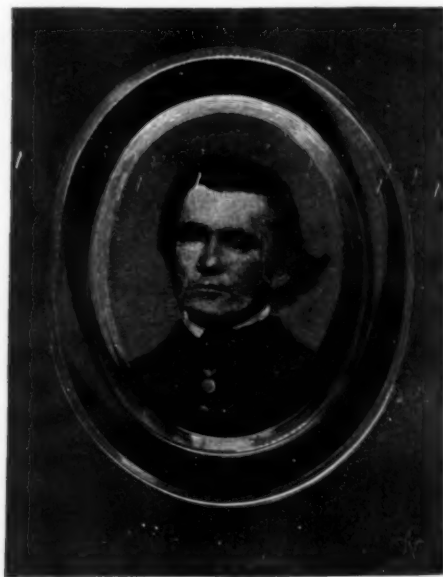
At this juncture the physicians determined to call in other eminent men in their profession. Dr. H. B. Sands and Dr. T. M. Markoe were requested to make a minute examination with the others, after which a general consultation was held. The conclusion was not immediately

communicated to the family, but enough was said to confirm their gravest apprehensions, and no announcement whatever was made either to the General or to Mrs. Grant. At the same time a piece of the affected tissue was submitted to Dr. G. R. Elliott, an expert with the microscope, who, after careful preparation and examination, not knowing the name of the patient on whose case he was to pronounce, declared, as all the others had done, that the indications of the fatal disease were unmistakable. The verdict of science was that a malignant cancer had seized on the system and was hopelessly ravaging the strength and vitality of the sufferer. General Grant was doomed. All that could be done was, not to stay the progress of the destroyer, but to alleviate the tortures that were imminent. This apprehension of approaching and inevitable agony was keener with the physicians than they were willing to betray; but their gloomy manner and guarded words told in spite of them what they were anxious to conceal.

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CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE (ONE-FOURTH OF THE ABOVE SIZE) GIVEN BY HIM TO MRS. GRANT, AND WORN BY HER ON A WRISTLET.

ment was made in a medical journal, apparently by authority, that General Grant was improving, that the disease was not unquestionably cancer, and that care and good fortune might even yet bring about recovery. Mrs. Grant first saw this statement, and naturally supposed it to be the official report of the consultation. She read it to the General, who, like herself, was greatly relieved. The effect upon his spirits was immediate and evident. He spoke of the report to the family as if it was decisive, and even mentioned it to the physicians. But this publication was a version of what had been said long before, at a time when a peculiar phase of the complaint gave ground for favorable vaticinations, and when it was thought wise not to alarm the public mind for fear of the reaction upon the patient. The delusion was cruel, for it was destined to be dissipated. No utterances of the press, even appearing to emanate from his immediate medical attendants, could conceal from General Grant for more than a day or two the fact that he was rapidly failing. His own sufferings, his extreme prostration, the redoubled care and attention of his physicians,—all combined to disclose to him the reality.

Immediately after this publication a second announcement was made in the newspapers, this one divulging the exact truth, which the family had not yet communicated in its fullness to their most intimate friends, or hardly

admitted in words to themselves. How this statement became public was not discovered, but it mattered little now, for the bitter verity could no longer be withheld. When friends and reporters came instantly to inquire, the sons admitted the danger of their father, as well as the anxieties and distress of the family. These utterances were at once published, and were read by General Grant. He doubtless then for the first time became convinced of his condition, and of the extent of the solicitude of his children. Mrs. Grant also at this time first realized what were the fears of the family. Her disappointment was sharp, coming after the elation of the last few hours, and General Grant himself, it was evident, felt the shock profoundly. No one spoke to him on the subject, nor did he mention it to any one, but he acted like a condemned man. He had no thought before, I believe, that he might not live years, although ill, and with a terrible shadow hanging over him. That his days were numbered was an intimation for which he was not prepared.

He was, I am sure, unwilling to die covered with the cloud of misfortune. On this subject also he was silent to every human being, but the thought added bitterness to his agony. I know it, as well as if he had told me. It could not indeed but be hard for him who had led the armies of his country to repeated victory, who had received more surrenders than any

other conqueror in history, who for eight years had sat in the chair of Washington, and whose greatness had been sealed by the verdict of the world, to leave his children bankrupt, their faith questioned, their name, which was

dred letters and telegrams arrived each day, with pity and affection in every line. The soldiers all over the country were conspicuous in their manifestations of sympathy — Southerners as well as Northerners. Army clubs



GENERAL GRANT'S CABIN, FORMERLY HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT; REMOVED IN 1865 TO EAST PARK, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE IT NOW STANDS.

his, tarnished — that name which must live forever. The blur on his reputation, even with the taint of dishonor entirely removed, the wreck of his fortune, the neglect of the Government, the humiliations of his poverty, — these stern images hovered around his couch by night and day, and goaded and galled him till the moment when physical torture crowded out even mental pain.

The country received the news of his condition with grief and consternation. Whatever had been said or thought injurious to him was instantly ignored, revoked, stamped out of mind; under the black shadow of Death the memory of his great services became vivid once more, like writing in sympathetic ink before a fire. All the admiration and love of the days immediately after the war returned. The house was thronged with visitors, old friends, army comrades, former cabinet ministers, senators, generals, diplomatists, on errands of inquiry or commiseration. A hun-

and loyal leagues sent messages incessantly. Meetings of former Confederates were held to signify their sorrow. The sons of Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston were among the first to proffer good wishes to him whom their fathers had fought. Political opponents were as outspoken as partisan friends, and the bitterest enemies of General Grant in the daily press were generous and constant in the expression of their interest. Rivals in the army like Buell and Rosecrans made known that the calamity which impended over the nation was a sorrow for them, because they were Americans. Mr. Jefferson Davis more than once uttered kind words which were conveyed to the sufferer. The new Secretary of War of the Democratic administration called in person; the new Secretary of State sent remedies and good wishes. The new President dispatched the Marshal of the District of Columbia from Washington to make inquiries. Ex-President Hayes and

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GENERAL GRANT, MRS. GRANT, AND MASTER JESSE AT HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY E. AND H. T. ANTHONY.)

ex-Secretary Lincoln had called long before. State legislatures voted their commiseration; the Queen of England telegraphed her condolences, and little children from all parts of the country sent constant messages of affection and tributes of flowers.

But no sympathy could check the progress of the pale rider who bears his summons with impartial footsteps to the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the great. The

malady made incessant advance. The terrible darting pains increased in intensity. Another medical attendant, Dr. G. F. Shrady, was called in to assist and relieve Dr. Douglas. The great fear of the physicians now was of the horrible cancerous pains. They said repeatedly that a speedy termination of the disease was to be desired. If pneumonia or some other quick-ending complaint could carry off the patient in a week, it would be

cause for gratitude. This sickening apprehension of coming physical torment aggravated the expectation of bereavement and left nothing lacking to the intensity of the calamity.

Yet it seemed to me after the first shock that General Grant still had not given up. His unconquerable nature rebounded. He looked at the physicians with an anxiety that could not have been so acute unless the possibility of hope had been mingled. He submitted to every operation, he carefully attended to every injunction, and sustained the long siege of disease with the same determination and tenacity he had displayed in other sieges and campaigns with other enemies. But now he was on the defensive,—it was the first time.

Meanwhile his article on Shiloh had appeared in *THE CENTURY* Magazine, and the influx of letters and criticisms from friends and opponents excited his interest for a while. The greeting offered to his first contribution to written history showed that the world stood ready to receive his story from himself, but even this thought could not arrest the rapid concentration of his attention on bodily ailing and failing powers. The strifes of battle and the contests of history sounded distant and dull to ears that were deadened with the ever present sense of pain, and even the imposing fabric of his fame looked shadowy and unsubstantial to eyes about to close forever on the glories and honors of this world.

As soon as General Grant's condition became known an attempt was made in Congress to revive the measure for restoring him to the army. Since the bill which had already passed the Senate and was actually before the House of Representatives would be vetoed, Senator Edmunds introduced another, with the view of obviating Mr. Arthur's objections. This was rapidly passed by the Senate and sent to the other House. There it was taken up by Mr. Randall, the Democratic leader, who in conjunction with General Grant's personal and political friends, and many Democrats and Southern soldiers, made every effort to secure its success. Most of the Democrats, however, opposed it. They were anxious to pass the earlier bill, and thus force the President either to reverse his previous action in the Porter case or to veto the bill in favor of General Grant. The President allowed it to be known that he would not recede from his position; Congress must pass the bill that he wished, for he would veto the other.

On Sunday morning, the 15th of February, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who had been incessant in his efforts in the press and in private to secure the passage of the bill, came to General Grant's house and asked for me. He said if a determined effort were made by General

Grant's friends, he thought the bill might be passed the next day; and asked me to go to see whoever I thought would have influence. I told the General of the visit. He was gratified at the interest of his friends, but would give me no advice, and I sallied out and spent the day in his service. I found Mr. Hamilton Fish, General Grant's old Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, who had just been elected Senator, and General Horace Porter, my former comrade on General Grant's staff. All were willing and earnest; all wrote letters at once to reach members of Congress the next day, and General Porter went with me to visit others who we thought might help us. But Monday came and the bill was called up and lost.

General Grant felt the rebuff acutely. Though he had made no demonstration of anxiety in advance, those who saw most of him and had learned to interpret the few and faint indications he ever gave of his personal preferences and desires, knew how eagerly he had hoped, how cruelly he was disappointed. He had indeed looked to this bill as in some sort a reparation of the injury his reputation had sustained; as an official vindication, an intimation that the country still believed in him and regarded his fame, had not forgotten his services. When the reparation was withheld he suffered proportionally.

But he refused to reveal his emotion. A day or two before the decision he declared that he did not expect the passage of the bill; and when the defeat was announced he made no remark. That evening he played cards with his family and displayed unusual spirit and gaiety; but all saw through the mask. All joined, however, in the deception that deceived no one. None spoke of the disappointment; and a grim interest in whist apparently absorbed the party that was heart-broken for him who permitted neither wife nor child to come beneath the cloak that concealed his wound. All he said was that the bill had failed on the 16th of February, the anniversary of the fall of Fort Donelson.

The next day he was worse, and in a week the gravest fears seemed near realization. He himself appeared conscious of the approach of the end. He had all winter been considering and discussing the choice of a publisher for his book, but had made no decision. Now he came to a conclusion, and in the first week in March the agreement was signed with his present publishers, Messrs. C. L. Webster & Co.

At the same time the family thought they could no longer withhold from his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, the knowledge of her father's condition. She was in England, and they had, of course, notified her of his illness, but, in the hope of amelioration or respite, had deferred

the announcement of its critical character. But at last they wrote and urged her to hasten to him. After his second relapse they telegraphed, and she started for his bedside. They were still unwilling to inform General Grant that she had been summoned, lest he should be depressed by the certainty that they believed the end to be near; they only told him she had written to say that she was coming; but the amiable concealment hardly deceived him. Though his spirit was broken, his exhaustion extreme, his mind depressed, and certainly at this time weakened, he knew too well why she was coming; but he asked nothing and said nothing.

The decay of his energy was to me more distressing than any other symptom. For the inroads extended beyond physical strength; they reached at last mental power, and even that nerve and force which made the great character that the world has recognized. To one who had studied him for half a lifetime, it was acute pain to watch his strength give way, the light of his intellect flicker and fade, the great qualities all apparently crumble. To see General Grant listless, incapable of effort, indifferent to work, absorbed in physical needs and pains,—a sick man in soul as well as in body,—was hardest of all.

The interest of the country still followed him, and, as the disease proceeded, became still more intense. The physicians now sent out daily bulletins, and crowds of people watched the boards where these were published. His friends determined that still another effort should be made in Congress to pass some bill for his retirement; but he felt little interest in the measure now,—the languor had reached his heart.

For many weeks he had been unable to go downstairs to his meals, or to receive a friend, and had spent his days in the room which, before his illness became so acute, he had used as a study. Here his papers still remained, and once in a great while he even yet attempted to write a page; but alas! it was not like what he had once been able to write. Sometimes I tried to catch an idea and took it down from his lips, reading it afterwards to him to verify it. But these opportunities became rarer and rarer; he had no longer strength for the effort, no longer interest in his work, and at last abandoned all idea of being able to finish it.

Then his sleeping-room was changed. Mrs. Grant gave up hers at the front of the house to him, and took that which he had occupied at the rear, so that his bedchamber might be next to his sitting-room. At first he objected to the change, but soon his strength was so

far gone that he recognized the need. The two great chairs in which for months he had sat, leaning back in one with his feet in the other, were taken into that room, in which all now thought he would die. Still, he walked almost daily into the apartment where he had spent so many hours during the winter.

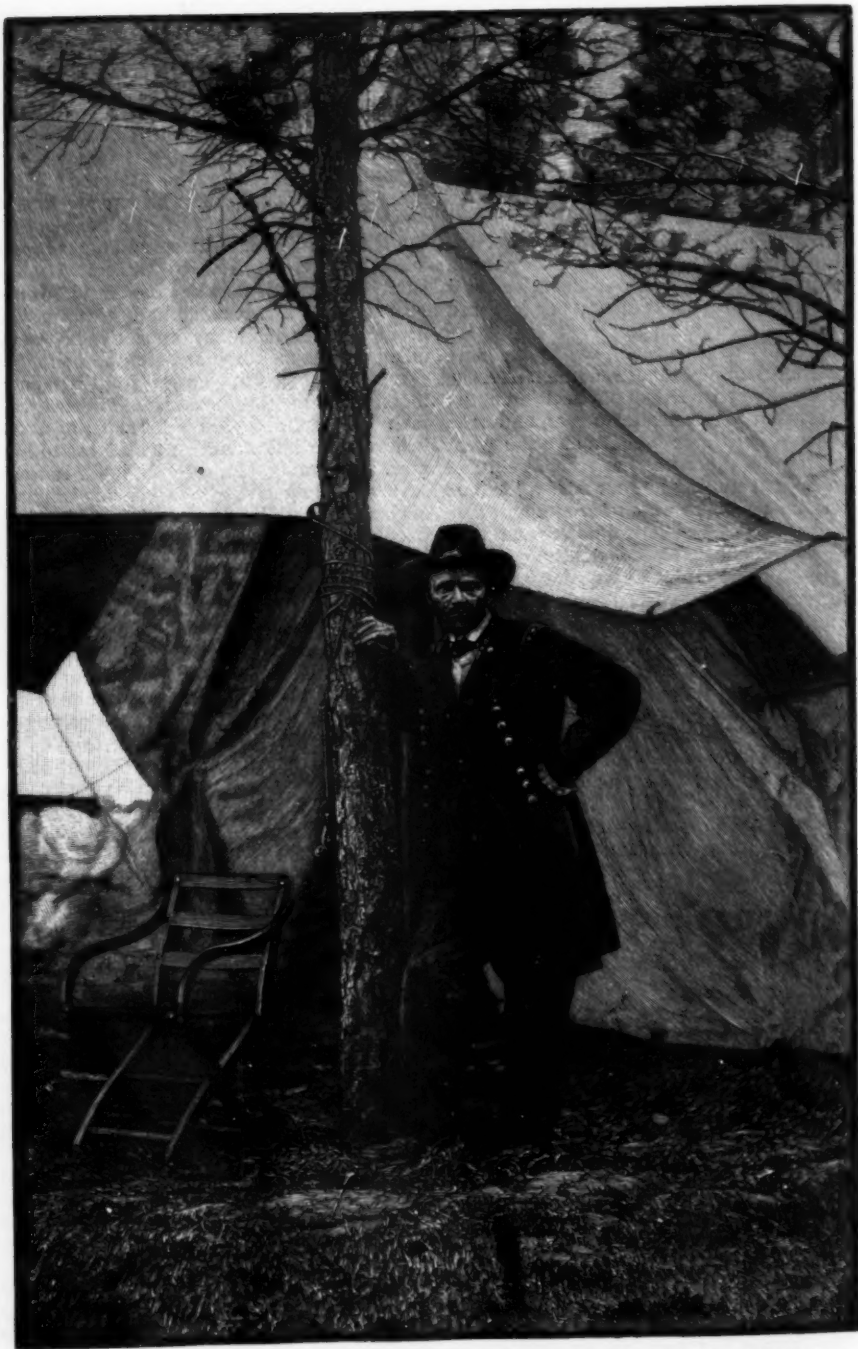
Meanwhile the efforts to pass the bill for his retirement continued. This one Mr. Arthur would sign. It had passed the Senate, and Mr. Randall, General Slocum, and other prominent Democrats wrote to General Grant's family and friends that the final result would be favorable. Mr. Randall had greater power in the matter than any one else, his party being in the majority, and no one was more earnest than he. But General Grant remained indifferent, and this time his indifference was real. He was absorbed in his sufferings, and believed the bill would be of no use to him now. His family, too, cared little for success, save as it might soothe or possibly brighten his last hours. The doctors thought it might possibly revive his spirits and prolong his days; but why, some thought, prolong his sufferings?

Finally, on the morning of the 4th of March, almost in the last moments of the expiring Congress, the bill was taken up by unanimous consent in the House of Representatives, and passed at once amid great cheering. The President, as usual at the close of the session, was in a chamber at the Capitol, waiting to sign such bills as had been left to the last moment, and must fail unless they instantly received his signature. He signed the bill. A nomination had been made out in advance and was sent at once to the Senate. There lacked but a few moments of the hour when Congress would cease to exist; but Senator Edmunds, the presiding officer, announced a message from the President; all other business was suspended, and the nomination was confirmed amid tumultuous applause from the galleries.

President Cleveland signed the commission; it was the second act of his administration.* The news was telegraphed to General Grant by numerous friends, and the same day the adjutant-general of the army notified him officially of his appointment. General Grant wrote the telegram of acceptance in his own hand. He was again in the army which he had so often led to victory. It did seem preposterous that any difficulty should have been made about admitting him to that army of which he had been the most illustrious member.

But the recognition came too late. He was gratified and cheered, but the hand of fate had fallen, and could not be removed. There was no revival of his strength, no reaction

* The nomination of the Cabinet was the first.—EDITOR.



GENERAL GRANT AT HEADQUARTERS DURING THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

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from his depression, no cessation of his pain. The exhaustion went on.

Nevertheless his restoration to the army, though it could neither bring back his health nor prolong his days, made a deeper impression on him than he was willing to betray. When the end of the month came this was apparent. All officers of the army are required to make a monthly report of their post-office address to the adjutant-general. I do not remember that this report was ever made by him as general-in-chief, after his headquarters were removed from the field; but now he was extremely anxious to make it, and filled out the form himself, though with extreme difficulty. It was a question at the time whether he would live through the day, and it was strange to read the language required by the regulations: "My post-office address for the ensuing month will be"—3 East Sixty-sixth street, New York.

He was still more eager to draw his pay. It seemed as if he looked upon these two circumstances as the seal of his return to the army. No young lieutenant expecting his stipend for the first time could have been more anxious. He sent for his pay-accounts before the time, and when signed they were forwarded to the paymaster, so that on the day when the first month's pay was due the cheque was handed him. At first he insisted that one of his sons should go at once to the bank to have the cheque cashed; he wanted to handle the money. But at this juncture his sons were unwilling to leave the house even for an hour, and he finally consented that Mr. Chaffee should draw the money. When it was handed him he divided it among Mrs. Grant and his children; saying it was all he had to leave them. This was on the 31st of March, when he was expecting to die within forty-eight hours.

During the month of March his daughter arrived, and although, of course, her coming was a solace, yet he knew too well by this time that she had come to see him die. The gathering of other friends also had significance. He ceased now to leave his room, except at rarest intervals. One physician always slept in the house.

His suffering at last grew so acute that anodynes, the use of which had long been postponed, became indispensable. The pain was not of that violent character which had been so sorely dreaded, and which the progress of the disease did not even yet induce; it was rather an intolerable nervousness, as unlike as possible the ordinary phlegmatic calm of General Grant,—a physical excitement and an excessive sleeplessness, combined with a weakness that was spasmodic.

These sensations were the cause of a consuming wretchedness, but they were not cancerous pains. The physicians constantly declared that although the cancer was making irresistible advance, it was not the cancer that produced the exhaustion and the nervousness, which, unless arrested, would bring about death very soon. It was only too plain that the mental, moral disease was killing General Grant,—it was the blow which had struck him to the dust and humiliated him before the world from which he could not recover. He who was thought so stolid, so strong, so undemonstrative, was dying for a sentiment—because of the injury to his fame, the aspersions on his honor.

This, now, every one recognized. Every one now admitted his purity, contended for his honor, which it was said was the country's. If the universal affection and regard which were showered on him could have salved his wounds he might have been cured, but the recognition and reparation were in vain. He who had passed unscathed through Shiloh and the Wilderness was stricken by a weapon more fatal than the rebels ever wielded; he who had recovered from the attacks of political assailants and resisted the calumnies of partisan campaigns was succumbing under the result of the machinations of one man.

Still, the sympathy soothed his mortal anguish and cast a gleam of consolation into his dying chamber. It seemed to change and soften his spirit. His indignation at former enemies was mollified by their protestations of pity; the bitterness he had once felt for them was converted into gratitude for their compassionate utterings. The very fire of his nature seemed quenched by the cold shadows of impending dissolution. Now, also, an unfamiliar tenderness appeared, which had been long concealed. The depths of his affection were disclosed; he was willing to express more of his intimate feeling than ever before. It was a new man, a new Grant in these matters that was revealed, as if the husks were torn aside and the sweet kernel given to those from whom it had been so long withheld. All who approached him intimately at this time recognized this uncloaking of certain parts of his nature which hitherto had been so carefully veiled.

But one more struggle, one more fierce battle remained. He had yet to justify himself, to say in person what he had never yet said to the world, of his relations with "Grant and Ward," to tell himself the story of the deceit which had brought him low. James D. Fish, one of the partners in the firm, was on trial, and General Grant's testimony was desirable. He was now so feeble that it was almost dangerous

to subject him to the ordeal of an examination; but yet to vindicate his fame, to allow him in his dying moments to utter his own defense, it was worth while incurring whatever danger. His sons, especially, were anxious that he should say what no one else could ever say for him, and for them; and although in his weak condition he did not appear to share their anxiety, he consented for their sake to make the effort.

The examination was held in his bedchamber. The lawyers and the stenographer and one or two others were present. The ceremony of an oath was waived, with the consent of the opposing counsel, and the dying man answered all questions and told how he had been betrayed. As the inquiry went on the old spirit of battle revived; he felt all the importance of the occasion, roused himself for the effort, and made a definite declaration, damning in its evidence of the guilt of one man's action, absolute in the assertion of the purity of his own.

In his testimony he spared neither Fish nor Ward; he felt that this was his last blow, and he dealt it hard. If he had died then, as it was almost feared he might, it would have been, not only like the old warrior of story, standing, but fighting to the last. He never relented in his bitterness to these two men. The harshest words I ever heard him speak were his frequent utterances, after he knew that he was doomed, in regard to them who had been the cause of his ruin, and, as he doubtless felt, of his end.

The examination lasted nearly an hour. When it was over he did not at first appear more than usually exhausted. He never showed immediately the effects of any intense physical or mental strain. Not after his great disappointment in February did his strength or spirit at once give way; so now for a day or two he seemed no weaker than before.

But in forty-eight hours he began to fail. He recognized himself the decrease of vital force, and believed it was the beginning of the end. The physicians shared the belief. Two now remained constantly in the house. Anodynes were doubled, to control the excessive nervousness and to prevent the occurrence of the anticipated agonies. One of his sons was in his room continuously and the family were summoned more than once when he seemed in mortal peril.

At this time General Grant had not lain in his bed for more than a few moments at a time in months; a sensation of choking invariably attacked him in that position, and although the physicians assured him that there was no danger of suffocation, the symptoms were so distressing that he could not be persuaded to

take to his bed. He sat in one great chair, with his feet in another, propped up by pillows, usually wearing a dressing-gown, and his legs swathed in blankets.

Very early in April I was obliged to give up my room; after Mrs. Sartoris arrived, there was no other where the faithful medical attendants could rest in the intervals of their watchings. I still spent my days at the house, and often remained for the night, lying where I could, or snatching sleep in a chair, with Mr. Chaffee or other intimate friends.

One morning General Grant himself thought he was dying. The family were all summoned. He kissed each of them in turn, and when Mrs. Grant asked him to bless her he replied: "I bless you. I bless you all!" After this he went lower and nearer death than ever before. The pulse was flickering like a candle, and the physicians said: "He is going." But there had been an injection of brandy prepared some days before, for just such emergencies, and one physician whispered to the other: "Now! the brandy." "Where is it?" "On the table." "Shall we use it? Is it worth while to bring him back to pain?" "Yes." And Dr. Shraday administered the brandy, which Dr. Douglas had prepared. It stimulated the nerves, it produced another pulsation. The throbbings went on, and General Grant returned to the world he had almost quitted forever.

Another morning I was at my hotel, having left the house after midnight. At about four o'clock I was awakened, and a note was handed me from Colonel Grant. It contained only the word, "Come." I knew too well what this must mean, and hurried to the house. A hemorrhage had occurred. This was one of the contingencies that had always been foreseen, and it was supposed certainly would be fatal. Every one had been summoned. "What shall I say?" asked Colonel Grant, as he wrote the notes. "It makes no difference," said the doctor; "all will be over before they get here." But General Grant walked to the basin and helped to wash his throat, and the hemorrhage proved favorable instead of fatal. It was caused by the loosening of a slough that had formed over a part of the throat, and the slough in a day or two came entirely away, after which the cancer itself was eased, and indeed for a while arrested. The weakness, for some cause or by some means which I have never been able to understand, was to a certain extent overcome. The anodynes were lessened in quantity, and their injurious effects passed away. For several days General Grant seemed to hover between life and death, and then came a marvelous change. To the amazement of all, his strength returned and

his spirits revived. At first he disbelieved in the amelioration. He had perhaps for one moment a glimmer of hope, but then the conviction overwhelmed him that recovery was impossible.

At this crisis he did not wish to live. "The doctors are responsible three times," he said, "for my being alive, and—unless they can cure me—I don't thank them." He had no desire to go through the agony again. For, he had suffered death; he had parted with his family; he had undergone every physical pang that could have come had he died before the brandy was administered.

It seemed to me then cruel to bring him back only to renew his torture; for I had no idea, nor had any one else, that he would live more than a week, if so long. He had said more than once: "I have no regrets, except for leaving my family." But he was recalled, and from that time the apparent improvement went on.

He still, however, for a few days remained unwilling to live—in pain; though always eager to be cured. He was never afraid to die. Having disposed of his book and his affairs, these matters he considered settled; just as in battle, after giving an order, he never doubted, or wished to recall it. But the fighting spirit, the unconquerable nature, made him struggle still. The dejection which marks the disease, and which had been so appalling in January and February, did not return. In its stead a new phase came on. He was battling again, and this time harder than before, for the enemy was closer. He fairly grappled and wrestled now with Death. The terrible calm of the fight was exactly like the determination in the Wilderness or before Richmond, where I once heard him say: "I feel as sure of taking Richmond as I do of dying." There was no excitement, no hysterical grief or fear, but a steady effort of vital power, an impossibility for his spirit to be subdued. He was not resigned; neither was he hopeful. He simply, because he could not help himself, made every effort to conquer. After every paroxysm of mortal faintness the indomitable soul revived, and aroused the physical part.

I may not be thought to lift too far the veil from a dying chamber if I mention one circumstance which had for me a peculiar interest. During all of General Grant's illness, down to the hour when his partial recovery began, Mrs. Grant never could bring herself to believe that she was about to lose him. A woman with many of those singular premonitions and presentiments that amount almost to superstition, but which yet affect some of the strongest minds, and from which General

Grant himself was certainly not entirely free, she declared always, even at the moment which every one else thought would prove the last, that she could not realize the imminence of the end. Her behavior was a mystery and a wonder to those who knew the depth of the tenderness and the abundance of the affection that she lavished on her great husband. Her calmness and self-control almost seemed coldness, only we knew that this was impossible. I did not presume, of course, to comment on this apparent stoicism, but once or twice she told me she could not despair; that there was a feeling constantly that this was not to be the last; and even when she wept at the gifts and the words that were thought to be farewells, she was putting up prayers that were full of confidence, and after which the wonderful and unexpected recuperation occurred.

All this while, the public interest was painful. So much of it penetrated into that house under the shadow of Death, that it seemed to us within as if the whole world were partaking of our sorrow. All day through the half-closed shutters we could see the crowds waiting silently and solemnly for news of the beloved sufferer. Every one who left the house was instantly accosted, not only by professional reporters, but by earnest and often weeping men and women, who had never known General Grant personally, but shared the feeling of the country in his behalf.

To me there chanced to come peculiar indications of this feeling. Known to be an inmate of the house, and yet not so near as the nearest relatives, I could be approached by others on subjects which they shrank from broaching to the sons. General Grant belonged to the country as well as to his family, and the country would insist on doing him every honor when the final occasion came. Many public men endeavored to ascertain through me what would be the wishes of the family in regard to the disposition of the great dead; and letters were sent to me to present at the fitting time, offering worthy sepulture. The people of the District of Columbia, through their representatives, declared their desire that the revered ashes should rest at the Capitol of the country, and the general-in-chief of the army, the friend and follower of General Grant, sent proffers of a place for him at the Soldiers' Home,—a fitting name for the last habitation of a soldier. The President of the United States sent a messenger from Washington to say that he would attend in person the august obsequies, and I was to communicate in time the probabilities and arrangements. All these sad secrets were to me especial signs of the universal grief that

kept pace with the still more sacred sorrow which I saw; but I was requested not to intrude prematurely upon the family the preparations for what seemed then inevitably at hand, and I bore about with me for weeks the knowledge, undisclosed, that armies and Presidents were waiting to pay General Grant those honors which to himself would be forever unknown.

On Easter Sunday he seemed a little easier, though there was still no hope. I went into his room and found him able to listen and even to utter a few words without too much effort. I had been greatly struck by the universal watching of a nation, almost of a world, at his bedside, and especially by the sympathy from former rivals and political and even personal adversaries; and I recounted to him instances of this magnanimous forgetfulness of old-time enmities. When I told him of the utterances of General Rosecrans and Jefferson Davis he replied: "I am very glad to hear this. I would much rather have their good-will than their ill-will. I would rather have the good-will of any man than his ill-will."

On the 3d of April several newspapers which had followed General Grant with a persistent animosity down to the very beginning of his illness, recalled in touching and even eloquent words that twenty years before he had captured Richmond on that day. I told this to my chief, for I had been with him on that other 3d of April. I said the nation was looking on now, watching his battle as it did then, and that his fight with disease was as good a one as that he had made with the rebels twenty years before. "Ah," he answered, "twenty years ago I had more to say. I was in command then." "But even then," I replied, "it took a year to win; perhaps you may win still." He brightened up at this and told the physicians the story of General Ingalls's dog. Ingalls was the chief quartermaster of the armies operating against Richmond, and had been a classmate with General Grant at West Point; they were always on intimate terms. He had a peculiar dog that often came about the camp-fire at headquarters. One day during the long siege General Grant said, "Ingalls, do you mean to take that dog into Richmond?" "I think I shall," said Ingalls; "he belongs to a long-lived breed."

After this Dr. Shrady sat down to write the bulletin for the morning.

"What shall I say, General?" he asked. "How shall I tell them you are this morning?"

"More comfortable," replied the General.

And the doctor wrote a line about the physical condition of his patient, and read it

to General Grant, who approved. I was still greatly impressed by the public emotion, and I interrupted:

"General, why not say something about the sympathy of all the world, something to thank the people?"

"Yes," he exclaimed willingly, and dictated these words: "I am very much touched and grateful for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends, and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Towards the last he stammered and hesitated, evidently unwilling at this moment to call any one an enemy; and finally made use of the circumlocution, "Those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Dr. Shrady wrote out the bulletin, and read it aloud, when the General added: "I desire the good-will of all, whether heretofore friends or not."

I urged the Doctor to stop just there, to say nothing about physical details, but give this Easter message from General Grant to the world in his own language. Mrs. Grant, however, wished the word "prayerful" to be used before sympathy, and General Grant consented to the change.

Another morning, only a day or two after his improvement began, he said to me, evidently with a purpose, that it was strange how undisturbed a man could be when so near death. He supposed he had been as near the other world as one could be and survive. His feeling had been at the time that every moment might be his last; but he had not suffered one particle of apprehension, or fear, or even discomposure. He evidently wished me to know this, for we had once or twice in the winter talked of religious beliefs. "Yet," he said, "at such a time it hurt no one to have lived a good life." He had been undisturbed,—he repeated this emphatically,—but he believed any one would be more comfortable at such a moment with a conscience that could not reproach him. A good life would certainly contribute to composure at the end.

The 9th of April came, the anniversary of Appomattox, and recovery was still not assured. One of the sons had a presentiment that his father would not survive that day, but it would have been hard to have General Grant surrender on the anniversary of his greatest victory. Then came another jubilee. His birthday was the 27th of April, and by this time he was so far restored as to be able to join the family for a while at dinner. There were sixty-three lighted candles on the table to celebrate the sixty-three years, which a month before no one had hoped would ever

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be completed, and the house was crowded with flowers, the gifts of thankful friends. By the 1st of May he was so well that he sent for a stenographer and began to dictate matter for his book.

His strength, however, was intermittent, and the cancer soon began to make progress again. Nevertheless, one crisis was past. A new chapter in the disease was begun. He was able now to drive out, and dictated, and sometimes wrote, at intervals during the month of May and the earlier days of June. His interest in his work seemed keener than ever. It doubtless gave him strength to make a new fight—a hopeless one, he felt before long, so far as recovery was concerned. Still there was a respite, and this period, with his usual determination, he employed in the effort to complete his memoirs.

The secret of this partial recovery is not far to find. It was after the great expression of public sympathy that General Grant began to improve, after his place in the affections of the people was restored or resumed that his whole nature, moral and physical, became inspired and renovated. For this it was almost worth while to have suffered—to have the world recognize his sensitiveness, and to receive himself its appreciation in return. Few men indeed have known in advance so nearly the verdict of posthumous fame. No death-bed was ever so illumined by the light of universal affection and admiration. Garfield had not the same claims on his countrymen, and the feeling for him was pity and indignant grief rather than gratitude or lofty enthusiasm; Lincoln knew nothing of the shock that went round the world at his assassination; Washington lived before the telegraph; and no European monarch or patriot was ever so universally recognized in his last moments as a savior and hero as Grant. All this was borne in to him as he sat struggling with Death, and like the giant of old he received new strength from his contact with earth. The consciousness of a world for spectators might indeed nerve any combatant, and when he found that the attacks on his fame were parried, the reproaches forgotten, his very mistakes lost sight of in the halo that enveloped him, he gathered himself up for a further contest. The physicians, doubtless, did their part, and nothing that science or devotion could suggest was withheld; but neither science nor devotion expected or produced the resurrection and return of him whose very tomb had been prepared. It was the sense of humiliation that had stricken him, and had more to do with his prostration than disease; and when this was removed, he rose from the embrace of the

King of Terrors, and flung himself for a while into new toils and battles, and though wounded and bleeding, refused to die.

On the 9th of June he was removed to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where a cottage had been offered him by its owner, Mr. Joseph W. Drexel. His strength had so far lapsed that the physicians afterwards declared he could not have lived a week longer in the heats and sultriness of New York. When the fatigues of the journey were over, however, and there was time for the fresh and reviving air of his new situation to affect him, his spirits rallied, and he resumed his literary labor with extraordinary energy for a man in his condition.

I was not with him at Mount McGregor, but I know that his effort there must have been prodigious. He dictated or composed more matter in the eight weeks after the 1st of May than in any other eight weeks of his life; while in the eight weeks immediately preceding that date he did not compose as many pages. But the dying General seemed to summon back his receding powers; and expression, memory, will, all revived and returned at his command. His voice failed him, however, after a while, and he was obliged to desist from dictation and to use a pencil, not only in composition, but even in communicating with his family and friends. This was doubtless a hardship at the moment, but was fortunate in the end for his fame; for the sentences jotted down from time to time were preserved exactly as they were written, and many of them are significant. They especially indicate his recognition of the magnanimous sympathy offered him by Southerners. This recognition was manifest in a score of instances. He had determined in the winter to dedicate his book to the American Volunteers,—in both armies,—and now he repeated and emphasized the declaration. He was visited at Mount McGregor by General Buckner, the Confederate commander who had surrendered to him at Fort Donelson, and he declared to his former foe: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections." To Dr. Douglas he expressed the same sentiment in nearly the same words: "I am thankful for the providential extension of my time, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprang up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict." These utterances were not left to a fading or faulty memory to gather up, but remain legible in the handwriting of their author. They form a fitting sequel to the acts of Donelson and Vicksburg and Appomattox. Certainly it never hap-

pened to a conqueror before to reap such a harvest of appreciation and even affection from the men that he subdued; to accomplish in his death more of the aim of his life than even the victories of his life had achieved.

He saw few friends at this time, and did little besides write, and obey the directions of his physicians, or submit to the attentions of his family and nurses. His suffering, fortunately, was not greater than that of a patient in any ordinary lingering illness; it proceeded principally from weakness, for the opiates always controlled the excruciating pains. These he was spared to the last. He perhaps once or twice had a glimmer of hope, but the rays were faint, and quickly faded back into the obscurity of despair. He felt that he was working only to finish his self-appointed task.

For he had an intense desire to complete his memoirs. It was upon the sale of his book that he counted for the future fortune of his family. It was indeed for his family, not for his fame, that he was laboring now; his fame he felt was secure. But at his death his army pay would cease. There would remain to Mrs. Grant and his children, it is true, the Trust Fund, the income of which he had authority to dispose of by will; but besides this and the mortgaged house in Sixty-sixth street, and one or two inconsiderable properties elsewhere, there was nothing; and three families depended on him. His "Personal Memoirs," it was hoped, would bring in half a million of dollars; but when he had ceased work in the winter, this was little more than half completed, and the monetary value of the book would be greatly depreciated, if it must be concluded by any hand but his own. This was the consideration that strengthened the sinking soldier, that gave him courage to contend with fate and despair, and, stricken as he was by one of the most terrible of maladies, to check the advance of Death himself, while he made his preparations under the very shadow of the wing and the glare of the scythe of the Destroyer, to secure a competence for his family after he himself should have left this world. The spectacle of the hero who had earned and worn the highest earthly honors, working amid the miseries of a sick-chamber to glean the gains that he knew he could never enjoy,—the fainting warrior propped up on that mountain-top to stammer out utterances to sell for the benefit of his children,—is a picture to which history in all her annals can find no parallel.

Indeed, this simple, plain, and undramatic man, who never strove for effect, and disliked the demonstration of feeling as much as the parade of circumstance and power, was performing the most dramatic part before the

world. His whole life had been a drama, in spite of him, full of surprises and startling results and violent contrasts, but nothing in it all was more unexpected than this last scene, this eager haste, not in business nor in battle, but in literary labor: this race with Death, this effort to finish a book in order to secure a fortune for his family.

But there was a key to the mystery, a solution of the riddle, and it is the explanation of every apparent mystery in the character of General Grant. His character at bottom was like that of other men. He loved and hated; he suffered and enjoyed; he appreciated what was done for and against him; he relished his fame and his elevation, he felt his disappointments and his downfall; his susceptibilities were keen, his passions strong; but he had the great faculty of concealing them so that those closest and acutest could seldom detect their existence. I sometimes wondered whether he was conscious of his own emotions, they were so completely under control; but they were all there, all alive, all active, only enveloped in a cloak of obstinate reserve and majestic silence which only at the rarest intervals was torn aside by misfortune or lifted for a moment to a friend.

And now he may himself have been but half aware of the sentiment that inspired him; but since he had discovered that his personal honor was as clean, and his military fame as brilliant in the eyes of men as they had ever been, he determined that his reputation for worldly sense and shrewdness should also be redeemed. He would not die without regaining a fortune equal to that which had been wrung from him by fraud. No man should say that after all General Grant left his children penniless. Away down in the depths of his nature where neither affection nor friendship ever penetrated, except by the intuitions of a life-long intimacy,—this was the incentive that poured oil on the flames which the disease was quenching, this was the fuel that kept the worn-out machine still in motion, to the amazement of a world.

When the work was over, the energy expired; when the motive was withdrawn, the effort ceased; when the influence that was the impetus of the machine was exhausted, will and strength alike failed. Immediately after the end of the book was reached, the other end was seen to be at hand. One or two spasmodic bursts of life flared up, like gusts of an expiring fire, but they probably deceived not even himself, and certainly no one besides. His former indifference to life returned as soon as his task was accomplished.

The country too had no wish that he should linger on in agony. If he could have been re-

stored to health and strength, nothing that the nation could have done to secure that end would have been lacking, or been thought too costly; but now that he could never be more than a sufferer, prostrate and hopeless, there was no desire to retain him. Reverent sorrow and sympathy had long ascended from every quarter of the land towards the cottage on that mountain-top, but there were no prayers uttered for protracted days.

The final crisis was neither long nor painful. On the 21st of July the country was informed that he was failing again. For two days his symptoms indicated increasing depression and exhaustion, and on the 23d came

the end. There was no renewed struggle, no distinct consciousness on his part that his feet were wet with the waters of that river which we all must cross; he made no formal parting again with his family; he endured no pangs of dissolution, but passed away quietly without a groan or a shudder, with no one but his wife and children and his medical attendants by his side. He had done most of the great things of his life with calmness and composure, and in the same way he entered the long procession in which Alexander and Cæsar and Wellington and Napoleon had preceded him.

Adam Badeau.

U. S. Grant
Georgetown
Ohio

AUTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT WRITTEN WHILE AT WEST POINT, IN THE ALBUM OF A CLASSMATE.

[General Grant was christened Hiram Ulysses, and is said to have reversed the initials to avoid the humorous conjunction of them. In his commission as cadet the name was by mistake written Ulysses S., and as it could not be changed officially, he afterward adopted it, taking Simpson, a family name, for the second initial.—EDITOR.]

LINCOLN AND GRANT.

THE names of Lincoln and Grant will always be inseparably associated in connection with the events of the War of the Rebellion. At first thought they present two characters in American history entirely dissimilar. Their careers seem in striking contrast. One led the life of a civilian, and made his reputation as a statesman; the other was essentially a soldier, and is naturally classed amongst the great military captains of history. But upon a closer study of their lives, it will be found that the two men had many traits in common, and that there were many points of resemblance in their remarkable careers. Each was of humble origin, and had been compelled to struggle with adverse fortune, and learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. Each had risen from the people, possessed an abiding confidence in them, and always retained a deep hold upon their affection. Each remembered that though clothed in the robes of a master he was still the servant of the people. Both entered the public service from the same State, rose in life without the help of wealthy or influential friends, and owed every success to individual merit. Each might have said, to any who were inclined to sneer at his plain origin, what a marshal of France, who had risen from the ranks to a dukedom, said to the hereditary nobles who snubbed him in Vienna: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants." Each was conspicuous for the possession of that most uncommon of all the virtues—common sense.

Both despised the arts of the demagogue, shrank from attitudinizing in public or posing before the world for effect, and looked upon the exercise of mawkish sentimentality and the indulgence in mock heroics with a righteous contempt. With them there was none of the puppyism which is bred by power, and none of that dogmatism which has been well described as puppyism grown to maturity. Each was endowed with talents especially bestowed upon him by Providence to meet the trying emergencies in which he was placed; each bore a patriot's part in securing the integrity of the Union; and each received from the people a second election to the highest office in their gift. Each had qualities which commanded the respect and admiration of the other, and where their characteristics were unlike, they only served to supplement each other, and to add to the strength which their combined powers exercised in the great cause in which they labored.

The acquaintance between the two men began by official correspondence, which afterwards became more personal in its tone, and when they finally met an intimacy sprang up between them which soon ripened into a genuine friendship. The writer of this article witnessed much of their intercourse; was often a listener to the estimates which each placed upon the other, and could not help being profoundly impressed with the extent to which these two historic characters became attached to each other.

They did not meet till March, 1864, and previous to that time had had but little personal correspondence. Most of the communications which the General received from the President had been in the form of executive orders sent through the War Department. Lincoln had early formed a high opinion of the Western general, in consequence of his victories at Donelson and Shiloh, and because he did not spend his time in calling for troops, but made the best use of those that were sent him. In other words, he was a man who asked for nothing, and gave the executive no trouble.

Grant's successes brought with them the usual number of jealousies and rivalries. Political generals had their advocates in Washington to plead their cause, while Grant stood without friends at court. His detractors gathered at times a great deal of strength in their efforts to supplant him with a general of their own choosing, and Lincoln was beset by many a delegation who insisted that nothing would harmonize matters in the West but Grant's removal. This nagging continued even after his great triumph at Vicksburg.

Lincoln always enjoyed telling the General, after the two had become personally intimate, how the cross-roads wiseacres had criticised his campaigns. One day, after dwelling for some time on this subject, he said to Grant: "After Vicksburg I thought it was about time to shut down on this sort of thing. So one day, when a delegation came to see me and had spent half an hour in trying to show me the fatal mistake you had made in paroling Pemberton's army, and insisting that the rebels would violate their paroles and in less than a month confront you again in the ranks, and have to be whipped all over again, I thought I should get rid of them best by telling them a story about Sykes's dog. 'Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. 'Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a

fence a good distance off with the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a small clap of thunder. Sykes came bouncing out of the house, and yelled:

"'What's up! Anything busted?'"

"'There was no reply except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking it all over he said, 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again—as a dog.'" And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again—as an army."

"The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

About nine days after Vicksburg had fallen the President sent the following letter to General Grant, who was deeply touched by its frank and manly character, and the sincerity of its tone:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

A. LINCOLN.

The first time the two men saw each other was about one o'clock on the 9th of March, 1864, when General Grant called upon the President at the White House to receive the commission constituting him lieutenant-general of the armies. The General had arrived in Washington from the West the day before, and was on his way to establish his headquarters in Virginia. The interview took place in the Cabinet room. There were present, besides the members of the Cabinet, General Halleck, a member of Congress, two of General Grant's staff-officers, his eldest son,

Frederick D. Grant, and the President's private secretary. Lincoln, in handing the General his commission, read with much feeling a few words which he had written for the occasion, ending with the remark, "As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence." The General took the commission very much as a graduate steps up and takes his diploma from the president of his college. He had written a brief reply on a sheet of paper, which he drew from his pocket and read. It closed as follows: "I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

In a subsequent conference the President talked very freely to General Grant about the conduct of the armies in the field. He said he did not pretend to know anything about the art of war, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders, but he did know that celerity was absolutely necessary, that while armies were sitting down, waiting for opportunities which might perhaps be more favorable from a military point of view, the Government was spending millions of dollars every day, that there was a limit to the sinews of war, and there would come a time when the spirits and the resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations must be taken into account, as well as the purely military questions, and he adopted the plan of issuing his executive orders, principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals. He said nothing pleased him more than the fact that the grade of lieutenant-general had been revived by Congress, and that a general-in-chief of the armies had been put at their head, who he felt would appreciate the value of minutes. He told the General he was not going to interfere in any way with his movements, and all he had to do was to call on him for whatever he required, and it would be supplied if the resources of the nation could furnish it.

General Grant soon after entered upon the Wilderness campaign. Cheering messages were frequently sent him by the President, and a number of suggestions were made, but no orders were given for the movement of troops. Many characteristic telegrams were received from the President while the armies were in front of Richmond and Petersburg. One of them afforded Grant great amusement. It closed with the words, "Hold on with a

bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible. A. LINCOLN."

Each tried to anticipate the desires of the other even in matters somewhat out of his particular sphere of action. At the first meeting they had in the field after actual operations had commenced in Virginia, Lincoln said to the General that there was a man who had got a permit at Washington to visit the armies and had abused his privilege by going around using seditious language and trying to stir up trouble among the loyal Virginians in that section of country. He asked the General whether he had heard of the fellow, saying he would have arrested him if he had known just where to catch him. The General replied that he had not heard of him; that if he had he should have arrested him and sent him to Fort Monroe without troubling the President with the matter or letting him know anything about it.

"I see," said the President, "you would have served me like the Irishman wanted the doctor to serve him. The doctor told him he would have to take a quinine tonic. The Irishman asked whether he would let him put some whisky in it, and the doctor said, not a drop; if he expected to be cured he must give up the use of whisky entirely. The Irishman thought a minute, and then remarked to the doctor in a sort of confidential way, 'I say, dochtor, when ye git yer medicine all ready couldn't ye jist put in a little whesky unbekownce to me?' So when you got your man all ready I suppose you would have put him into Fort Monroe 'unbekownce' to me."

The nearest Mr. Lincoln ever came to giving General Grant an order for the movement of troops was during Early's raid upon Washington. On July 10, 1864, the President telegraphed a long dispatch from Washington, which contained the following language: "What I think is that you should provide to retain your hold where you are certainly, and make a vigorous effort to defeat the enemy's force in this vicinity. I think there is really a fair chance to do this, if the movement is prompt. This is what I think—upon your suggestion, and is not an order." Grant replied that on reflection he thought it would have a bad effect for him to leave City Point, then his headquarters, in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and the President was satisfied with the dispositions which the General made for the repulse of Early without taking command against him in person.

It will be seen that the President did not call for assistance to protect Washington, but for troops and a competent leader to go after Early and defeat him. The President was

undoubtedly possessed of more courage than any of his advisers. There is not an instance in which he seemed to take counsel of his fears. He was always more anxious to have the troops around Washington sent to the field than kept in the fortifications about the capital. He sent a remarkable dispatch to the General on August 4, 1862, which shows his eagerness to have the troops in his vicinity placed "south of the enemy" instead of being kept between the enemy and Washington. It referred to an order which General Grant had sent to General Halleck, chief of staff at Washington, and was as follows:

"I have seen your dispatch in which you say, 'I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death; wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also.' This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the dispatches you may have received from here since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of 'putting our army south of the enemy,' or of 'following him to the death' in any direction. I repeat to you it will neither be done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour and force it."

"A. LINCOLN."

This is the language of a man of courage, who felt a consciousness that he was bolder than those who counseled him at Washington, and wanted a man of Grant's aggressiveness to force the fighting, and send the troops about the capital after Early to get south of him, and follow him to the death, even if the capital had to go without defense.

On the 23d of November, when matters looked a little quiet along the lines, Grant visited the President in Washington, and spent most of the day with him and the Secretary of War conferring upon the military situation and the carrying out of some recommendations which the General had made regarding the armies in the field. His principal demand was to have eight useless major-generals and thirty brigadiers mustered out of the service to make room for the promotion of men who had won their spurs in the field. The President pointed to a number of names on the list and remarked that they were the General's own personal friends; but Grant urged the matter still more strenuously, saying that the emergency was too great to stop to consider personal feelings, and that those whose services could not be made available must give way to the rising men at the front. He succeeded in securing many vacancies in the list of generals, and the promotions which followed for meritorious services in the field did much for the morale of the armies.

On March 20, 1864, the General invited the President to visit him at City Point. The

invitation was accepted the next day, and the President arrived at the headquarters of the armies on the 22d, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son "Tad." They had come down the Potomac and the Chesapeake Bay and up the James River on the *River Queen*, a comfortable little side-wheel steam-boat, which was conveyed by the United States gun-boat *Bat*, acting as an escort. This vessel had been a blockade-runner and had been captured by the navy and fitted up as a gun-boat. It was commanded by Captain J. S. Barnes, U. S. N. Upon the arrival of the steam-boat at the wharf at City Point General Grant and several members of his staff went aboard to welcome the presidential party. The President gave each one a hearty greeting, and in his frank and cordial way said many complimentary things about the hard work that had been done during the long winter's siege, and how fully the country appreciated it. When asked how he was he said,

"I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it yet."

"Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff-officer; "that is the best remedy I know of for seasickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the President, "I've seen many a man in my time sea-sick ashore from drinking that very article."

That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

The party had gathered in the after-cabin of the steam-boat, and in the course of the conversation the President said: "This cabin is the one in which I met the peace commissioners from Richmond,—Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter,—when they came down to Hampton Roads." The meeting referred to had occurred the month before. Alexander H. Stephens was the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. He will be remembered as being a mite of a man in stature and having a complexion as yellow as an ear of ripe corn. Mr. Lincoln went on to say: "Stephens sat where I am sitting now, Hunter sat over there, and Campbell lolled on the sofa to the right. Stephens had on an overcoat about three sizes too big for him, with an old-fashioned high collar. The cabin soon began to get pretty warm and after a while he stood up and pulled off his big coat. He slipped it off just about as you would husk an ear of corn. I couldn't help thinking as I looked first at the overcoat and then at the man, 'Well, that's the biggest shuck and the smallest nubbin I ever laid eyes on.'"

During his stay the President spent much of his time riding about with Grant among the

troops during the day, and sitting around the camp-fire at headquarters in the evening. The fire always had a fresh pile of dry rails thrown upon it, in his honor, and as he sat in a camp-chair with his long legs doubled up in grotesque attitudes, and the smoke of the fire curling around him, he looked the picture of comfort and good-nature. He always seemed to feel how much happier were the men who had only to meet Lee's troops in Virginia, and were never compelled to encounter that more formidable army of office-seekers in Washington. The stories he told on these occasions will never be forgotten, and the kindly face of the Chief Magistrate, with its varying expressions of mirth and sadness, will never be effaced from the memory of the men who watched it in those trying times. In the way of story-telling, those City Point nights gave promise of becoming as famous as the Arabian Nights.

Lincoln's stories were not mere anecdotes, they were illustrations. No one ever heard him relate anything simply for the amusement afforded by the story; it was always to illustrate the subject under discussion, or to give point to his statement. Whether he had treasured up in his memory an inexhaustible supply of stories to draw from, or whether he invented them as he went along, to illustrate his views, no one could tell. Perhaps both methods were employed. However this may be, there was hardly a remark made or an object shown to him which did not call to mind some story so pertinent to the subject that the dullest never failed to see the point of it. Nothing appeared to escape his recollection. A soldier once struck the idea when he said of him: "He's got a mighty fine memory, but an awful poor forgettery."

One evening the writer showed him a specimen of the new powder made for the fifteen-inch gun. The piece was about the size of an English walnut.

"What is this?" he asked.

"A grain of mammoth powder, the kind they are using in the fifteen-inch gun at Fort Monroe," was the reply.

"Well," said he, turning it over in his hand, "it is rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. This reminds me of what once occurred in a country meeting-house in Sangamon County. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country store-keepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer-meeting of an evening, the shop-keepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying

them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods.

"One evening a man rose up in the meeting and said:

"'Brethren, let me take occasion to say while we're-a-waitin' that I have just received a new inv'ice of sportin' powder. The grains are so small you kin sca'cely see 'em with the nakid eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer ha'r in front of one o' them grains jes like it was a lookin'-glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the cross-roads, and examine that powder for yourselves.'

"When he had got about this far a rival powder merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, rose up and said:

"'Brethren, I hope you'll not believe a single word brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I've been down thar and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word, brethren, that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal-pile, and any one of you, brethren, in your future state could put a bar'l o' that powder on your shoulder and march squar' through the sulphurous flames of the world below without the least danger of an explosion.'"

We thought that grain of powder had served a better purpose in drawing out this story than it could ever serve in being fired from a fifteen-inch gun.

On the 27th Sherman arrived at City Point, fresh from his triumphant march to the sea. Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet, and had contributed so largely to the success of the operations by his brilliant services at Fort Fisher, was sent for, and he, with Grant and Sherman, went to pay their respects to the President on board his steamer. The meeting presented a historical scene which is one of the most memorable of the whole war. It was not a council of war, or even a formal military conference. It was an interchange of views between the four great representative men who at that moment seemed to hold the destinies of the republic in their hands. All were eager to hear more details of his march from the man who had cut so broad a swath through the heart of the Confederacy. Sherman's recital of the event was told with all his vividness of style and crispness of expression. The subject was a grand one and the narrative was a whole epic in itself. The President made no particular suggestions as to the campaign, but at the breaking up of the conference said good-bye to the distinguished company, with buoyant hopes of the future and renewed confidence in his commanders. He was always

willing that they should reap all the glory of the victories in the field. He was like the workmen employed upon the Gobelin tapestries who stand behind the cloth, and are content to work there, knowing they are contributing their full share to the beauties of the front.

General Grant now confided to the President his determination to move against Lee as soon as the roads were dry enough, and to make what he intended should be the final campaign. The President resolved to remain at headquarters until the army moved, and seemed glad of the opportunity of continuing some days longer the pleasant intercourse with the General-in-chief. Sitting by the camp-fire one evening he spoke very feelingly of the hopes and fears he had experienced at different times during the rebellion. The patriotism of the people, the devotion of the loyal North, the courage and superb fighting qualities of the troops on the one hand; on the other, the financial difficulties, the terrible losses in men, the disloyal element in the rear, and the threatening attitude of England and France. When asked if he ever doubted the final success of the cause, he said, "Never for a moment." Mr. Seward, he told us, had often said that there was always just enough virtue in this republic to save it; sometimes none to spare, but still enough to meet the emergency, and he agreed with Mr. Seward in this view. He said the capture of Mason and Slidell on board the English vessel, and the complications with Great Britain, which resulted at so critical a period of the war, had given him great uneasiness. When asked whether it was not a great trial to surrender them he said:

"Yes, that was a pretty bitter pill to swallow, but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after ending our war successfully we should be so powerful that we could call England to account for all the embarrassments she had inflicted upon us. I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois who was told he probably hadn't many days longer to live and he ought to make peace with any enemies he might have. He said the man he hated worst of all was a fellow named Brown, in the next village, and he guessed he had better commence on him first. So Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say, in a voice as meek as Moses', that he wanted to die at peace with all his fellow-creatures, and hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity. The scene was becoming altogether too pathetic for Brown, who had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. It wasn't long before he melted

and gave his hand to his neighbor, and they had a regular love-feast. After a parting that would have softened the heart of a grindstone, Brown had about reached the room door, when the sick man rose up on his elbow and said, 'But see here, Brown, if I *should* happen to get well, mind that old grudge stands!' So I thought that if this nation should happen to get well we might want that old grudge against England to stand."

As Mr. Lincoln abstained from interfering in purely military matters, so General Grant refrained from taking any action in political affairs. On the 2d of March, 1865, Lee wrote a very significant letter to Grant. From some remarks made in an interview which had occurred between General Longstreet and General Ord under a flag of truce, Lee conceived the idea that a military convention might be made the means of a satisfactory adjustment of the existing difficulties. He wrote General Grant a note in which the following language occurs:

"Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of views it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned."

General Grant looked upon this as referring to a subject entirely outside of his province, and forwarded it to the President. After some correspondence with him regarding it the General replied to Lee as follows:

"In regard to meeting you on the 6th inst. I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which, of course, would be such as is purely of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges, which has been intrusted to me."

So the interview never took place. General Grant's spirit of subordination was such that nothing ever led him into an act which might be construed as transcending his powers as a purely military officer. If the General had not had implicit confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the President he might not have restrained himself so easily from endeavoring to impress his views upon the Government in questions of general policy, but he had an abiding faith in the prudence and sagacity of the executive.

General Grant used to say of Lincoln, "I regard him as one of the greatest of men. He is unquestionably the greatest man I have ever encountered. The more I see of him

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and exchange views with him, the more he impresses me. I admire his courage, and respect the firmness he always displays. Many think from the gentleness of his character that he has a yielding nature; but while he has the courage to change his mind when convinced that he is wrong, he has all the tenacity of purpose which could be desired in a great statesman. His quickness of perception often astonishes me. Long before the statement of a complicated question is finished his mind will grasp the main points, and he will seem to comprehend the whole subject better than the person who is stating it. He will take rank in history alongside of Washington."

Lincoln made many visits with Grant to the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. On such occasions he usually rode one of the General's fine bay horses, called "Cincinnati." He was a good horseman, and made his way through swamps and over corduroy roads as well as the best trooper in the command. The soldiers invariably recognized him and greeted him, wherever he appeared amongst them, with cheers that were no lip service, but came from the depth of their hearts. He always had a pleasant salute or a friendly word for the men in the ranks. His son, Robert T. Lincoln, had joined the General's staff some time before, with the rank of captain and aide-de-camp, and was doing good service at headquarters, where he made an excellent record. The practical experience acquired at that time in the field was of important service to him in after years in administering the affairs of the War Department.

One evening, upon return to camp after a ride among the soldiers, Mr. Lincoln said:

"General, you don't seem to have your horse decked out in as gay trappings as some of our generals, or to give yourself any particular trouble about the elegance of your uniform."

"No," said the General; "I once learned a lesson on that subject when I was serving under General Taylor in Mexico. He used to wear about the same kind of clothes and shoes as those issued to the privates, and generally rode a horse that looked as if it had just come off a farm. On the march he often rested himself by sitting woman-fashion on his saddle with both feet on the same side, and no one in the army gave less thought to his style of dress. One day, while in camp near Corpus Christi, he received a very formal note from the commodore in command of the naval squadron in the Gulf, saying he would go ashore the next day for the purpose of paying his respects in person to the commander of the army. General Taylor had a conviction that naval officers were great sticklers for etiquette, and on occasions of ceremony always looked as fine

as if they had just come out of a band-box; and not willing to be outdone by his web-footed visitor, the general set his servant at work to overhaul his wardrobe and burnish up his full-dress uniform, which had probably not been out of his chest since the war began.

"The commodore, it appeared, was a man who had as great a contempt for fine dressing as Taylor, but he had an idea that the commanding general of the army would expect a commodore of the navy to display no end of style in paying a visit of ceremony, and he was determined to exhibit a proper degree of respect in this regard, no matter what it cost in the way of inconvenience; so he ransacked the bottom of his locker for his best toggery, and the next day appeared on shore resplendent in white gloves, blue cloth, and gold lace. There was a broiling Southern sun pouring down, and by the time the commodore had walked from the landing to the general's quarters he was reeking with perspiration and looking as red as a boiled lobster. He found the general sitting in his tent, buttoned up to the chin in a well-wrinkled uniform coat, mopping his head with a handkerchief and swinging a big palm-leaf fan to help catch a breath of air. After these distinguished representatives of the sister services had indulged in profound bows, shaken hands, and exchanged compliments in a very formal and dignified manner, they sat down on opposite sides of a table, looked at each other for some minutes, and then a smile began to steal over their faces, which soon widened into a broad grin, and showed that they were both beginning to take in the absurdity of the situation.

"Oh! this is all nonsense!" said Taylor, pulling off his coat and throwing it to the other side of the tent.

"Infernal nonsense!" cried the commodore, jerking off everything but his shirt and trousers. Then they lighted a couple of pipes and had a good sensible talk over the military situation."

Mr. Lincoln was as good at listening as he was at story-telling; and as he gradually took in the absurdity of the scene described he became so convulsed with laughter that his sides fairly shook.

The President remained at headquarters till the armies moved out on the Appomattox campaign. General Grant and staff started about nine o'clock on the morning of March 29, 1865. They went by the military railroad as far as its terminus south of Petersburg and there took their horses. As the party mounted the car the President went through a cordial hand-shaking with each one, speaking many words of cheer and good wishes. As the train was about to move the party collected on the rear platform of the car and respectfully raised

their hats. The President waved a farewell with his long right arm and said, in a voice broken with emotion, "Good-bye, gentlemen. God bless you all. Remember your success is my success."

A few days after, when the lines around Petersburg had been carried and we were closing in about the city, the General telegraphed to City Point:

"... The whole captures since the army started out gunning will not amount to less than twelve thousand men and probably fifty pieces of artillery. . . All seems well with us and everything quiet just now. I think the President might come out and pay us a visit to-morrow."

Mr. Lincoln sent the following reply:

"Allow me to tender to you and all with you the nation's grateful thanks for the additional and magnificent success. At your kind suggestion I think I will meet you to-morrow."

The next day Petersburg had fallen, and about noon the President, accompanied by his son "Tad," joined General Grant in the city. They sat together for nearly two hours upon the porch of a comfortable little house with a small yard in front, and crowds of citizens soon gathered at the fence to gaze upon these remarkable men of whom they had heard so much. The President's heart was filled with joy, for he felt that this was "the beginning of the end." He revealed to the General many of his plans for the rehabilitation of the South, and it could easily be seen that a spirit of magnanimity was uppermost in his heart. They were anxiously awaiting dispatches from General Weitzel, in the hopes that he had already captured Richmond, but General Grant had to take up his march with the columns that had started in pursuit of Lee, before getting the much-coveted news. He had ridden only a short distance when he received a dispatch from Weitzel saying that Richmond had been taken several hours before.

Immediately after the surrender at Appomattox Court House General Grant hurried to Washington, not even stopping to visit Richmond. His first thought was to take prompt measures for disbanding the armies and saving expenses. He arrived at the capital on the morning of the 13th of April. During that day he spent much of his time with the President, and took a drive through the city with Mrs. Lincoln. The people were wild with enthusiasm, and wherever the General appeared he was greeted with cheers, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and every possible demonstration of delight. The next day Lincoln invited the General to accompany him to Ford's Theater in the evening, and take a seat in his box to see the play of "Our American Cousin." The General

begged to be excused, saying Mrs. Grant was anxious to have him go to Burlington, New Jersey, where their children were at school, and he wanted to start as soon as possible. The President was somewhat urgent, and said the people would expect to see the General at the theater, and would be so much delighted to get a sight of him. While they were talking a note came from Mrs. Grant giving reasons for wanting to start that afternoon, and this afforded the General an excuse for declining the invitation to the play. When he bade the President good-bye, he little thought it would be the last time that he would ever see him alive. At lunch at Willard's Hotel, the General noticed a man who sat near him at table, and was apparently trying to overhear his conversation. As he drove to the railway station in the afternoon a man on horseback followed the carriage, and seemed to be the same person who had attracted his attention at lunch. This man was unquestionably John Wilkes Booth. Some time afterwards the General received an anonymous letter from a person who said he had been selected to kill him, and had boarded the train and ridden as far as the Delaware River with the intention of carrying out his purpose, but the car-door was locked, so he could not get in. He expressed himself as very thankful he had failed. The General had a special car, and it is a fact that the conductor locked it, so that there was this much to corroborate the man's story. Besides, it was shown upon the trial of the assassins that General Grant was one of the men marked for assassination. At the Walnut street wharf in Philadelphia, just as he was about to go on board the ferry-boat, he was handed a telegram conveying the appalling announcement that the chief he so much honored, the friend for whom he had conceived so warm an affection, had fallen, the victim of an assassin's bullet. The General returned at once to Washington. He often said that this was the saddest day of his whole life.

Twenty years later when he too had reached the full measure of his greatness his own death plunged the country again into a profound grief, the nation was called upon to put on the mourning it had worn for Lincoln, and the people suffered another loss which was felt by every one in the land with a sense of personal bereavement. The ashes of these two great central figures of the war now lie entombed in the soil their efforts saved; their names have passed into history.

Their devoted loyalty, steadfast courage, pure patriotism, and manly personal virtues will forever command the admiration of all who make a study of their lives. Between them the jealousy which springs from narrow minds

was absent; the rivalry which is born of selfishness had no place in their souls. They taught the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk abreast. With them the safety of the nation was above all personal aims; and like the men in the Roman phalanx of old they stood shoulder to shoulder, and

linked their shields against a common foe. It was a priceless blessing to the Republic that the era of the Rebellion did not breed a Marius and a Sulla, a Cæsar and a Pompey, or a Charles the First and a Cromwell, but that the power to which its destinies were intrusted was wielded by a Lincoln and a Grant.

Horace Porter.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.

I WAS with General Sherman the night before he began his march to the sea, in camp near Gaylesville, in the north-eastern corner of Alabama, to which point he had followed Hood from Atlanta in his counter movement towards Tennessee. I had recently arrived from the Valley of Virginia, whence I had been sent by General Grant to reorganize and command the Western cavalry. After disposing of the business of the day we spent the evening, indeed most of the night, in front of a comfortable camp-fire, chatting about the incidents of the recent campaigns and considering the details of those yet to come. One by one the staff-officers had withdrawn to their tents, for Sherman was "an owl" always ready to make a night of it, and they saw that he was well under way towards it upon that occasion. A dark and solemn forest surrounded us, and a dead silence had fallen upon the sleeping army; not a sound except that of the measured tread of the sentinel in front of the general's tent disturbed the quiet of the night. Twelve o'clock had come and gone, and one o'clock was at hand, when there came a pause in the conversation; then a moment of reflection on the part of Sherman, whose deeply lined face and brilliant, sleepless eyes I see now as plainly as I did then, turned towards and lighted up by the red glare of the blazing logs, and bright with intelligent and energetic life. Then came a quick, nervous upward glance at me, and then the following remark: "Wilson, I am a great deal smarter man than Grant; I see things more quickly than he does. I know more about law, and history, and war, and nearly everything else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me and where he beats the world. He don't care a d— for what he can't see the enemy doing, and it scares me like h—!" And this vigorous and graphic speech is the best description of the fundamental characteristics and differences of the two men I have ever heard. It shows not only a profound self-knowledge on the part of Sherman, but a profound, comprehensive, and discriminating esti-

mate of the personal peculiarities of General Grant; for it is true that the latter was never scared by what the enemy might be doing beyond his sight. He gave his best attention to learning the position, strength, and probable plans of his adversary, and then made his own plans as best he might to foil or overthrow him, modifying or changing them only after it became clearly necessary to do so, but never lying awake of nights trying to make plans for the enemy as well as for himself; never countermanding his orders, never countermarching his troops, and never annoying or harassing his subordinate commanders by orders evolved from his imagination. He never worried over what he could not help, but was always cool, level-headed, and reasonable, never in the least excitable or imaginative. He always had the nerve to play his game through calmly and without any external exhibition of uneasiness or anxiety; and this was constitutional with him, not the result of training nor altogether of reflection. It was his nature, and he could not help it. The sanguine and nervous elements were so happily modified, blended, and held in check by the lymphatic element of his temperament that he could do nothing in a hurry or a heat, and, above all, it was impossible for him to borrow trouble from what he did not know to be certain, or could not change. While this equable temper guided him smoothly through many dangers, it also kept him out of many difficulties of a personal as well as of an official nature. It made it easy for him to command an army of discordant elements, filled with jealousies, and led by generals mostly from civil life, quite ready to quarrel with each other, or with any one else, for that matter, excepting himself, while another commander less happily organized would have been constantly in hot water. The value of such a temperament in war can scarcely be estimated by one not acquainted with the troubles which come from a vivid and excitable imagination. It was this temperament, together with a modest reasonableness and capability, an openness to

good counsels, and a freedom from offensive obstinacy of opinion, in reference to what should be done in a campaign, which caused so many experienced and judicious officers to say, as they frequently did, that they would rather take their chances in a great war or in a desperate campaign with Grant, even in his old age, than with any of his great subordinates.

But Grant had another noticeable characteristic, in a measure flowing from his temperament, which was of immense value, and ultimately gave the greatest confidence to the armies commanded by him. I refer, of course, to his constancy or steadfastness,—that quality which was blood of his blood and bone of his bone, which came to him perhaps from generations of wild and warlike ancestry, and which caused him to fight all his campaigns and battles through to the end, whether it took three days, three weeks, "all summer," or a whole year. It was that quality which made it natural and easy for him to say at Belmont, when his little army was surrounded, "We must fight our way out as we fought our way in"; which made him exclaim, on seeing the well-filled haversack of a dead rebel at Donelson, "They are trying to escape; if we attack first and vigorously we shall win"; which made him try every possible way of reaching a solid footing for his army in the Vicksburg campaign, and finally run the batteries with his transports, ferry his army across the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, cut loose from his line of communications, swing out into the Confederacy, beat and disperse the army confronting him, break up the railroads and sit down calmly and resolutely behind the fortifications of Vicksburg, resolved to take it by siege or starvation if not by assault. It was that quality which carried him through the perils and difficulties of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, and which finally brought him the rank of lieutenant-general, and gave him command of all the loyal armies. And finally it was that quality which caused him to fight his way, inch by inch, through the Wilderness and to continue the fighting day after day, from the morning of May 5th till the evening of the 12th, holding on to all the ground he gained, never halting, never yielding, but inexorably pressing forward, no matter what the discouragements nor what the difficulties to be overcome. Such persistency was never before shown by an American general. The Army of the Potomac had never before been compelled to fight more than two days consecutively. Its commanders had always hesitated even in the full tide of victory, as at Antietam or Gettysburg, or had fallen back as at Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, after the second day's fighting, and before any de-

cisive advantage had been gained by either side. It had never been compelled to fight its battles through before, but now all this was changed. And there is no sort of doubt that this change marked the final epoch of the war, inasmuch as it convinced both the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac, and indeed of all the Union armies, that there would be no more yielding, no more retreating, no more rest from fighting and marching till the national cause had everywhere triumphed over its enemies! Neither is there any sort of doubt that Lee and his valiant army also recognized the advent of Grant as the beginning of the end. They were from the first amazed at the unshakable steadiness and persistency with which he held his army to its work, and they saw at once the doom of the Confederacy and the end of all their hopes. This is plainly shown by the defensive attitude which they maintained thenceforth to the end of the war. The only *riposte* Lee ever made against Grant was on the evening of the second day's fighting in the Wilderness, when the rebels by a happy stroke turned the right flank of the Sixth Corps and threw it into great confusion. There is reason for supposing, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, that Grant's nerves were severely shaken by this unexpected and untoward reverse. He was in a strange army, surrounded almost entirely by strangers, and naturally enough for a short time amidst the darkness and confusion felt uncertain as to the purposes of the enemy, the extent of the disaster, and the capacity of his own army to recover from it. In all that host there were only three general officers who had served with him in the West,—Rawlins, his able and courageous chief-of-staff, Sheridan, and myself. Meade, whose headquarters were near by, and all the infantry corps and division commanders, were comparatively unknown to him, and what is worse, precedent, so far as there was any precedent, in that army, seemed to require them under such circumstances to retire, and not advance. I was with Sheridan and Forsyth, his chief-of-staff, that night, near Old Chancellorsville. Forsyth and I lay till dawn listening to what seemed to us to be the roar of distant musketry; orders had been received during the night by the cavalry "to cover the trains," and from our position, and what we knew of the precedents, as well as of the temper of the army, we feared that the next day would find us on the way to the north side of the Rappahannock, instead of on the road to Richmond. Sheridan shared this apprehension. Before dawn he gave me orders to move as soon as I could see with my division towards Germanna Ford, and ascertain if the enemy, after

turning the right flank of the Sixth Corps, had interposed between the army and the river or penetrated towards the rear. By sunrise I had covered the whole region in the direction indicated, and having ascertained that the noise of the night before was the rumbling of the trains on the Fredericksburg turnpike, and that the enemy had withdrawn without discovering the magnitude of his advantage, I rode rapidly to General Grant's headquarters, for the twofold purpose of reporting the result of my reconnoissance and of ascertaining how the General had stood the alarm and trials of the night and day before. I felt that the Army of the Potomac had not been beaten and that it would be fatal for it to withdraw at that stage of the campaign, and yet I feared that the pressure upon General Grant might be so great as to induce him to yield to it. I found him at his camp on a knoll covered with scrub pine, where he had spent the day and night, just ready to mount and move out. I dismounted at the foot of the knoll, and throwing my bridle to my orderly, started rapidly towards the General, who not only saw me coming, but saw also the look of anxious inquiry in my face, and, without waiting to receive my report or to question or be questioned, called out in cheerful and reassuring tones: "It's all right, Wilson; the army is already on the move for Richmond! It is not going back, but forward, until we beat Lee or he beats us." I saw at a glance that, however severely tried, Grant had recovered his equilibrium, and that his courage was steadfast and unshaken. My anxieties were relieved, and after expressing my gratification at the orders he had given, and saying what I could in support of the policy announced, I remounted my horse and galloped back to my division. I imparted the result of my reconnoissance and of my interview with General Grant promptly to Forsyth and Sheridan, both of whom received it with unmistakable delight and satisfaction. It is not too much to say that a great load was lifted from our minds. We saw that the gravest crisis of Grant's life was safely past, and we felt that our success was now solely a question of pluck and persistency on the part of the army. We knew that the commanding general would do his duty to the bitter end, and we could not doubt what the end would be.

Grant has been severely criticised for the rude and disjointed battles fought by the Army of the Potomac during this memorable campaign, and much of this criticism is well founded, though not so well directed. If Grant had been a great tactician, which he was not, or had more closely supervised the car-

rying out of his own orders, instead of depending upon Meade and his corps and division commanders for all the details and their execution, it is probable that many valuable lives would have been spared; but it must not be forgotten, after all, that whenever everything else fails and the resources of strategy and tactics are exhausted, the fundamental fact remains that that army or that nation generally prevails, or has the greatest capacity for war, which stands killing best. In the words of the rebel General Forrest, "War means fight, and fight means kill." Lee and his army of veterans had to be taught that there was nothing left for them but to fight it out; that no matter how many Union soldiers they killed, their places would be promptly filled; that no matter how many assaults they might repulse, new assaults would follow, until finally there would be no safety left for their steadily decreasing numbers except in flight or surrender. And this was the result which followed! Even the unsuccessful and unnecessary assaults at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg contributed to this result, for they taught the rebels to beware of meeting in the open field soldiers who could make such assaults and withstand such bloody repulses without being disgraced or seriously discouraged thereby.

But General Grant's temperament gave him other good qualities besides the one so graphically described by Sherman. It made him modest, patient and slow to anger, and these virtues contributed to his earlier successes almost as much as the rapid and sturdy blows which he dealt the enemy confronting him. They kept him from putting on airs, assuming superiority, or otherwise offending the sensibilities and self-respect of either the officers or men who constituted the rank and file of the army, and while these were negative virtues, they were unfortunately not possessed by all the regular army officers who found themselves in command of volunteers at the outbreak of the rebellion. Notwithstanding Grant's extraordinary success at Donelson and his excellent behavior at Shiloh, there was a great outcry against him not only in the army, but throughout the North-west. He was charged with leaving his command without authority, neglect of duty, and incompetence, and there is no doubt that the Administration not only lent ear to these charges, but authorized Halleck to supersede Grant in the field, and assured General McClelland that he should have command of an expedition for the purpose of opening the Mississippi River.

I joined the staff of General Grant as an officer of engineers, in October, 1862, and found him just starting on the Tallahatchee or Gren-

ada (Mississippi) campaign. Before leaving Washington I became satisfied that the chief honors of his command would be given to McClelland, if the President and Secretary of War could manage it without a public scandal; and I lost no time, after returning from a short tour of duty with McPherson, then commanding the left wing of Grant's army, in making known to Major Rawlins the information upon which I had reached my conclusion. Grant had gone to Memphis, but Rawlins and I followed him shortly, and when fitting opportunity presented itself the former laid my information before the General, and considered it with him. At that time Vicksburg had come to be regarded as the great strategic point in the Western theater of war, and consequently its capture was looked upon as of the first importance to the Union cause. It also became abundantly evident that McClelland had not only been promised the command of the expedition for that purpose, but there was reason for believing that he and his friends were using all the means in their power to foster and spread the discontent with Grant, and if possible to relegate him to a subordinate position. Grant's conduct at this juncture was cautious and prudent. Rawlins and others urged him to make short work of it, and relieve McClelland, or at least to assert his own authority, and rebuke the pretensions of his lieutenant in a manner which could not be misunderstood, but he declined, contenting himself with modestly asking General Halleck if there was any reason why he should not himself go in chief command of that part of the army to be employed in the movement against Vicksburg. Later on, when McClelland showed his resentment and bad temper, and indirectly claimed independence of Grant's control, Rawlins again urged a decided rebuke of his insubordination, but Grant still declined, saying, quietly but firmly: "I can't afford to quarrel with a man whom I have to command." McClelland, it will be remembered, was a politician of influence and distinction, had been a leading and influential member of Congress, was a townsman of Mr. Lincoln, a war Democrat of pronounced and ardent loyalty to the Government, and above all he had shown himself to be a brave, energetic, and fairly skillful division commander, and, notwithstanding his extraordinary vanity and captiousness, was of entirely too much consideration to admit of being relieved for any light or trivial or uncertain cause; and so Grant bore with him modestly and patiently till, in his estimation, forbearance was no longer possible. In this I encouraged him whenever occasion offered, and appreciating my motives, it was his custom to intrust me

with nearly all of the orders and instructions for McClelland's corps. At the battle near Port Gibson, where the enemy was first met after our passage of the Mississippi, McClelland behaved with his accustomed gallantry and sound judgment, and as I had been near him throughout the action, I thought I saw an opportunity in it for bringing about a better understanding between him and General Grant. Accordingly, when the latter arrived upon the field I explained the situation to him, and suggested that he should congratulate and thank McClelland in person for his good management and success. But much to my surprise he declined to do this, merely remarking that McClelland had done no more than his duty, and that it would be time enough to thank and congratulate him when the action was over and good conduct and subordination had become habitual with him. From that day forward the breach between them widened, notwithstanding the bravery of McClelland's corps at the battle of Champion's Hill, and of Lawler's brigade of the same corps at Big Black. McClelland's temper seemed to grow worse and worse. He alienated the only friends he had at headquarters by violent language and threatened insubordination. Finally, "for falsely reporting the capture of the enemy's works in his front," for the publication of a bombastic order of congratulation to his corps, and for failing to send a copy of the same to army headquarters, Grant relieved him from command, while in the trenches before Vicksburg, and ordered him to proceed to such point in Illinois as he might select, reporting thence to the War Department for orders. I mention this circumstance with no intention of passing censure upon McClelland, nor even of judging between him and his commanding general, but merely for the purpose of illustrating Grant's patience and forbearance, and calling attention to the fact that when he was ready to act, his action was vigorous and effective; and that notwithstanding his patience he was inexorable and unrelenting towards one who he thought had intended to do him official and personal injury. In this he was not unlike the most of mankind so far as the feeling of resentment was concerned, but it will be observed that he acted even in this case with caution and prudence, inasmuch as he took no action and raised no questions to be settled by the President or Secretary of War till substantial success had so strengthened him in the popular mind that his position was unassailable. And so it was throughout his military career. He never quarreled with those he had to command, but bore with their shortcomings long and patiently. Such as

proved themselves incompetent or inefficient from any cause were quietly but surely eliminated, while those who were so imprudent as to criticise him or his generalship in such a way as to attract his notice were more summarily and promptly disposed of as his power increased and as his own supremacy became assured. In reference to all official matters he was a man of but few words, either in speech or writing, hence whatever he did in this direction was done decently and in order, and apparently upon the theory that "He who offends by silence offends wisely; by speech rashly." While it is certainly true, as a general rule, that Grant was impatient of even friendly criticism from subordinates, and did not like unfriendly criticism from any quarter, it would give an entirely erroneous impression of him and his peculiarities, if the foregoing statement were not qualified by a brief explanation of his relations with Rawlins, Sherman, and McPherson.

When I reported at his headquarters at Grand Junction, I found Major (afterwards Major-General) John A. Rawlins in charge as assistant adjutant-general. He received me warmly and cordially, explained frankly but impressively the character of General Grant, including its defects as well as its strong array of virtues, described the staff by whom he was surrounded, and gave me a brief account of the army and its subordinate commanders, concluding the conversation by proposing that we should form an "alliance offensive and defensive" in the performance of our duties towards General Grant and the cause in which we were all engaged. We soon became fast friends, with no reserve or concealments of any kind between us. Shortly afterwards the forces serving in that region were organized into "the Army of the Tennessee," and divided into corps; whereupon Rawlins was designated as adjutant-general and I as inspector-general of the army, each with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The duties of these positions brought us still more closely together, and if possible established our relations on a still firmer footing with each other and with General Grant. I mention this fact merely to show that I was in a position to know all that took place at headquarters, and especially to learn the characteristics and influence of the men by whom Grant was surrounded and with whom I was thrown in daily contact.

Rawlins was a man of extraordinary ability and force of character, entirely self-made and self-educated. When he was twenty-three years of age he was burning charcoal for a living. By the meager gains from this humble calling he had paid his way through the Academy, where he had acquired most of his edu-

cation. He had studied and practiced law, rising rapidly in his profession and acquiring a solid reputation for ability as a pleader and as a public speaker. He had come to be a leader of the Douglas wing of the Democratic party, and was a candidate for the Electoral College on that ticket in 1860, before he had reached his thirtieth year. Immediately after the rebels fired upon Sumter, he made an impassioned and eloquent speech at Galena, in which he declared for the doctrine of coercion, and closed with the following stirring peroration: "I have been a Democrat all my life; but this is no longer a question of politics. It is simply union or disunion, country or no country. I have favored every honorable compromise, but the day for compromise is past. Only one course is left for us. We will stand by the flag of our country and appeal to the God of Battles!" Amongst the audience was Ulysses S. Grant, late captain Fourth United States Infantry, but then a clerk in his father's Galena leather store. He was not a politician, still less a partisan, but he had hitherto called himself a Democrat, and had cast his only presidential vote four years before for James Buchanan. He had listened attentively to Rawlins's speech, and had been deeply impressed by it and by the manly bearing of the orator, with whom he had already formed an acquaintance, and that night on his way home he declared himself in favor of the doctrine of coercion, telling a friend that he should at once offer his services to the Government through the adjutant-general of the army. The story of his fruitless efforts to secure recognition at first, and of his final success in getting into the volunteer army through Governor Yates, who appointed him colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, and also of his appointment to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers through the recommendation of the Hon. E. B. Washburne and his colleagues of the Illinois delegation in Congress, is well known, and needs no repetition here; but it is not so well known that the very first day after Grant's assignment by seniority to the command of a brigade, he wrote to Mr. Rawlins and offered him the place of aide-de-camp on his staff, or that with equal promptitude after receiving notice, only a few days later, of his appointment as brigadier-general, he wrote again to Rawlins, offering him the position of assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain. When it is remembered that Rawlins was at that time not only entirely ignorant of everything pertaining to military affairs, but had never even seen a company of artillery, cavalry, or infantry, it will be admitted at once that he must have had other very marked qualities to commend

him so strongly to a professional soldier, and this was indeed the case. Having been a politician himself, he knew many of the leading public men from Illinois and the north-west; being a lawyer, he had carefully studied the relations between the States and the General Government, and had arrived at clear and decided notions in reference to the duties of the citizen towards both. He was a man of the most ardent patriotism, with prodigious energy of both mind and body, of severe, upright conduct, rigid morals, and most correct principles. He was not long in learning either the duties of his own station or the general principles of army organizations; and what is still more important, he also learned, with the promptitude of one having a true genius for war, the essential rules of the military art, so that he became from the start an important factor in all matters concerning his chief, whether personal or official, and was recognized as such by Grant, as well as by all the leading officers in the army with which he was connected. He did not hesitate when occasion seemed to call for it to express his opinion upon all questions concerning Grant, the army he was commanding, or the public welfare; and this he did in language so forcible and with arguments so sound that he never failed to command attention and respect, and rarely ever failed in the end to see his views adopted. It cannot be said that Grant was accustomed to taking formal counsel with Rawlins, but owing to circumstances of a personal nature, and to the fearless and independent character of the latter, this made but little difference to him. Grant himself was a stickler neither for etiquette nor ceremony, while Rawlins never permitted either to stand between him and the performance of what he conceived to be a duty. Grant was always willing to listen, and even if he had not been he could not well have failed to hear the stentorian tones in which Rawlins occasionally thought it necessary to impart his views to a staff or general officer, so that all within ear-shot might profit thereby. I never knew Grant to resent the liberties taken by Rawlins, and they were many, but to the contrary their personal intimacy, although strained at times and perhaps finally in some degree irksome to Grant, remained unbroken to the end of the war, and indeed up to the date of Rawlins's death, in 1869. When the history of the Great Rebellion shall have been fully written, it will appear that this friendship was alike creditable to both and beneficial to the country, and that Rawlins was, as stated by Grant himself, "more nearly indispensable to him than any other man in the army." Indeed nothing is more

certain than that he was altogether indispensable; and that he was a constant and most important factor in all that concerned Grant, either personally or officially, and contributed more to his success at every stage of his military career than any or all other officers or influences combined.

Both Sherman and McPherson were very intimate with Grant, and were held in the highest estimation by him; both were fully trusted, and both acted towards him with the most perfect loyalty; and yet neither of them, although both were men of extraordinary brilliancy, ever exerted a tithe of the influence that was exerted by Rawlins. Sherman was especially open and outspoken in giving his views, whether asked for or not; but having once freed his mind, verbally, or by letter, as in the case of the Vicksburg campaign in opposition to the turning movement as it was finally made, he dropped his contention there, and loyally and cheerfully, without hesitation or delay, and equally without grumbling or criticism, set vigorously about performing the duty assigned to him. It is but fair to add that Sherman always had decided views. He was then, as now, a man of great abilities and great attainments, not only in the art of war, but in nearly everything else. In short, to use his own words, he was "a great deal smarter man than Grant," and knew it, and perhaps Grant knew it also, and yet there was never any rivalry or jealousy between them. In view of all this, and especially in view of the marked differences and idiosyncrasies of the two men, it must be admitted that there is nothing in the life of either which reflects more honor upon him than his friendship for and confidence in the other.

McPherson, who was also serving with Grant when I joined him, and enjoyed his confidence and affectionate regard, was also an officer of rare merit. Like Sherman, he was a graduate of the Military Academy, and was justly noted for the brilliancy of his intellect and his high standing and attainments in the military profession. He was much younger than Sherman, but, unlike him, had never been in civil life since his original entry into the service at West Point. He was cheerful, modest and unassuming, but vigorous and active in the performance of every duty, and while he was justly regarded by all as a general of excellent judgment and great promise, and while it is also certain that he enjoyed Grant's confidence and esteem to the highest degree, it is equally certain that Grant rarely if ever consulted him on questions of policy, or even as to the details of the movements or dispositions of the army. It is still more certain that McPherson

did not, during the Vicksburg campaign nor at any time subsequent, volunteer his opinions. He neither furnished brains nor plans, as was at one time so commonly supposed in army circles to be the case, but confined himself strictly to the duty of commanding his corps, and doing cheerfully and ably whatever he was ordered to do by those in authority over him. He made no protests, wrote no letters of advice, and indulged in no criticisms whatever. He was an ideal subordinate, with a commanding figure and a lofty and patriotic character, and endeared himself, by his frank and open nature and his chivalric bearing and behavior, to his superiors and equals as well as to his subordinates. Grant loved him as a brother, and lost no opportunity to secure his promotion or to advance his fortunes, but never leant upon him for either advice or plans. He sent orders as occasion required, never doubting that they would be understood, and loyally and intelligently carried out according to the requirements of the case and the best interests of the service.

As a rule these orders were general in their terms, and specially designed to leave McPherson free to regulate and arrange the details according to his own judgment. So perfectly in accord were Grant and McPherson, so well placed was Grant's confidence in his admirable lieutenant, that there was never a shade of disappointment or ill feeling on the part of either towards the other. It is almost needless to add that Grant and Rawlins were of one mind in reference to both Sherman and McPherson, and indeed in reference to nearly everybody else. They judged from the same standpoint and from the same facts, knowledge of which necessarily in many cases reached Rawlins first, producing a profound impression on his vigorous and alert mind, and with gathered force upon that of his chief. It is proper to add that I never knew an army which was so little affected by jealousies, ill feeling, and heart-burnings as was the Army of the Tennessee under Grant; and I cannot imagine an army headquarters or administration where prejudice had so little influence or where the public business was conducted on higher principles than at those of General Grant. Merit and success were the sole tests by which subordinate commanders were judged. I say merit and success, but I wish to emphasize the statement that merit even without success was sure to receive the recognition it deserved. In this respect Grant's conduct was a model which cannot be too highly commended. His patience and deliberation caused him to judge fairly of every action before meting out praise or blame. With the former he was lavish and generous; with the latter no one could be more

sparing. If the circumstances did not justify success, or if the orders given were misunderstood, or if contingencies were not properly provided for, he would always say: "It was my fault, not his; I ought to have known better," or "I should have foreseen the difficulty," or "I should have sent so and so," or "I should have given him a larger force." It is not to be wondered at that, with such consideration for his subordinate commanders, Grant should have become exceedingly popular with them, from the highest to the lowest. And yet it should not be forgotten that he was free from and above all clap-trap, and utterly despised the cheap arts of advertisement and popularity so easily mastered by the military charlatan. He was at that period of his life the embodiment of modesty and simplicity, and showed it not only in his relations with those above and below him, but in his retinue and equipage, whether in camp or on the march. This is well illustrated by the fact that he crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, without a horse, and with no baggage whatever except a toothbrush and a paper collar. He rode forward to the battle near Port Gibson on an orderly's horse, and knocked about the field and country like any private soldier till his own horse and camp equipage, which did not cross till after the main body of the army, had rejoined him. Throughout this wonderful campaign he shared every hardship and every peril, and what is more, never for a moment forgot the comfort or hardships of those about him.

Having been engaged the second night in rebuilding the bridges over the north fork of the Bayou Pierre, in order that the army might not be delayed in following up its advantages, after completing my task, and seeing the advanced division well started on the march, I went to the little log-cabin by the roadside where the General and staff had bivouacked. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and after reporting to the General, as he always desired should be done under such circumstances, that the bridge was completed and the column moving, I turned in for sleep and rest, and was soon unconscious of everything around me. Breakfast was ready and eaten before daylight, and Grant and the rest of the staff moved out as soon as they could see the road and the marching soldiers; but as it was my second night without sleep he would not permit me to be disturbed, but directed the cook to put up my breakfast, and left an orderly to keep it for me, and to show me the road he and the staff had taken. I rejoined him, after a rapid ride of fifteen miles, about noon that day, shortly after which, hearing that Grand Gulf had been abandoned and

was in Admiral Porter's possession, he started with Rawlins, myself, Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, and a few orderlies, to that place. Arriving after dark he went at once on board the admiral's flag-ship, where he kept us all busily engaged writing dispatches and orders till eleven o'clock. We then went ashore, remounted our horses, and rode rapidly through the dark by a strange and circuitous road to Hankinson's ferry, to which point the army had been directed. The distance covered that night was between twenty and twenty-five miles, and for the day between forty-five and fifty. We rejoined the army at a double log plantation house about a mile from the ferry, just as dawn began to appear. Hastily unsaddling our horses, we threw ourselves flat upon the porch, using our saddles for pillows and our horse-blankets for covering. General Grant did not even take time to select a soft plank, but lay down at the end of the porch so as to leave room for the rest of us as we came up. In an incredibly short space of time we were all asleep, and yet he and the rest were up and about their respective duties shortly after sunrise. The army was rapidly concentrated, provisions were brought forward, and in a few days operations were again renewed and the country was electrified by the series of brilliant victories which followed. Grant's conduct throughout the campaign was characterized by the same vigor, activity, and untiring and unsleeping energy that he displayed during the two days which I have just described. It is difficult, I should say impossible, to imagine wherein his personal or official conduct from the beginning of the turning movement by Bruinsburg, till the army had sat down behind Vicksburg, could have been more admirable or more worthy of praise. His combinations, movements, and battles were models which may well challenge comparison with those of Napoleon during his best days. Withal he was still modest, considerate, and approachable. Victory brought with it neither pride nor presumption. Fame, so dear to every honorable and patriotic soldier, had now come to him, and his praise resounded throughout the North. Cavil and complaint were silenced. His shortcomings ceased to be matters for public condemnation; and when Vicksburg and the army defending it also fell before his well-directed blows, no name in all the land brought so much pleasure to the minds of the loyal and patriotic people as did that of Ulysses S. Grant. President Lincoln hastened to write him a cordial and magnanimous letter, saying in regard to the forecast of the campaign, "I now wish to

make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I wrong." It is worthy of remark that whatever were Lincoln's opinions during the campaign he kept them to himself, and, so far as General Grant then knew, did not in any way try to influence him or his movements. It is also worthy of remark that notwithstanding the heartiness and magnanimity of the letter just referred to, a new source of anxiety had arisen in Lincoln's mind in regard to General Grant, and the nature and extent of this anxiety will best appear from the following anecdote.

Amongst the most sagacious and prudent of General Grant's friends was J. Russel Jones, Esq., formerly of Galena, at that time United States Marshal for the northern district of Illinois, and also a warm and trusted friend of the President. Mr. Jones, feeling a deep interest in General Grant, and having many friends and neighbors under his command, had joined the army at Vicksburg and was there on the day of its final triumph. Lincoln, hearing this, and knowing his intimacy with Grant, sent for him, shortly after his return to Chicago, to come to Washington. Mr. Jones started immediately and traveled night and day. On his arrival at the railway station at Washington he was met by the President's servants and carriage, taken directly to the White House, and at once shown into the President's room. After a hurried but cordial greeting the President led the way to the library, closed the doors, and when he was sure that they were entirely alone addressed him as follows:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Jones, to know if that man Grant wants to be President."

Mr. Jones, although somewhat astonished at the question and the circumstances under which it was asked, replied at once:

"No, Mr. President."

"Are you sure?" queried the latter.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "perfectly sure; I have just come from Vicksburg; I have seen General Grant frequently and talked fully and freely with him, about that and every other question, and I know he has no political aspirations whatever, and certainly none for the Presidency. His only desire is to see you reëlected, and to do what he can under your orders to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the country."

"Ah, Mr. Jones," said Lincoln, "you have lifted a great weight off my mind, and done me an immense amount of good, for I tell you, my friend, no man knows how deeply that presidential grub gnaws till he has had it himself."

James Harrison Wilson.

"TAPS."*

August 8, 1885.

BRAVE heart, good-night! the evening shadows fall;
Silenced the tramping feet, the wailing dirge,
The cannons' roar; faint dies the bugle call,
"Lights out!"—the sentry's tread scarce wakes the hush,
Good-night.

Swift flows the river, murmuring as it flows,—
Soft slumber-giving airs invite to rest;
Pain's hours of anguish fled—tired eyelids close—
Love wishes thee, as oft and oft before,
Good-night.

The stars look down upon thy calm repose
As once on tented field, on battle eve;
No clash of arms, sad herald of woes,
Now rudely breaks the sleep God's peace enfolds,—
Good-night.

Thy silence speaks, and tells of honor, truth,
Of faithful service,—generous victory,—
A nation saved. For thee a nation weeps,—
Clasps hands again, through tears! Our Leader sleeps!
Good-night.

F. M. Newton.

THE DEAD COMRADE.*

COME, soldiers, arouse ye!
Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,—
There is nought to regret.

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier;—
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bear him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with Thee.
What was wrong, O forgive it;
His spirit make free.
Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed,—
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day!

R. W. G.

* The burial service at the funeral of General Grant closed impressively with the sound of "Taps"
(Lights out).

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Contradicted "Famous Saying."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.
Sir: About two weeks after the battle of Shiloh there appeared in some newspaper that was shown to me a report of a conversation assumed to have taken place between General Grant and myself soon after the battle, in which I was represented as rallying him upon the narrowness of his escape, and saying that he had not transports enough to carry off ten thousand men; to which he was reported as replying, in substance, that when it came to retreating transportation would not have been required for more than ten thousand.

The story had been colored for popular effect, but was traceable to a conversation in a vein of pleasantry that occurred at my camp among a party of officers, in which I had taken but little part.

Some time afterward it took on a modification which suited the alleged conversation to my meeting with General Grant on my arrival at Pittsburg Landing during the battle. This changed materially the character of the report, but I continued to treat it with the indifference which I thought it deserved, though the story has been freely circulated. I never knew until within a few months past, through the publication of the "War Records," that in its modified form it had the indorsement of an official authorship.

From that publication it appears that a year after the battle General Grant called upon three of his staff-officers to make reports concerning the movements of General Lew Wallace's division on the day of the battle, in answer to a complaint of the latter officer that injustice had been done him in General Grant's reports. Two of the officers, namely, General McPherson and Captain Rowley, in their replies confined themselves to that subject. The third, Colonel Rawlins, on the other hand, made it the occasion of a specific defense, or explanation, or commendation, or whatever it may be called, of General Grant's relation to the battle. Among other things that have since been more or less disputed, he said:

"General Nelson's division of the Army of the Ohio reached Savannah on the afternoon of the 5th of April, but General Buell himself did not arrive. . . . You [General Grant] then rode back to the house near the river that had been designated for headquarters, to learn what word if any had been received from General Nelson, whose division you expected soon to arrive at the landing on the opposite side of the river; and you there met Maj.-Gen. D. C. Buell, who had arrived at Savannah and taken a steamer and come up to see you, and learn how the battle was progressing in advance of his force. Among his first inquiries was: 'What preparations have you made for retreating?' To which you replied, 'I have not yet despaired of whipping them, general'; and went on to state to him your momentary expectation of the arrival of General Wallace, to whom orders had been timely and repeatedly sent, and that General Nelson's division might soon be expected by the wagon-road from Savannah," etc.

This statement, ridiculous and absurd in its principal feature, is incorrect in every particular.

It is well known that I arrived at Savannah on the 5th of April; General Grant did not, as might be inferred, find me at the landing at Pittsburg—I found

him there; we did not meet at "the house near the river," but on his headquarters steamer.

I mention these points only to show the tendency of the statement to error, and I aver that no such conversation as is described ever occurred, and that the contingency of a retreat was not brought forward by General Grant or by me.

My attention has within a few days been called to the fact that an article, in a recent number of THE CENTURY, has given fresh circulation to the story, and has combined the official and the original phraseology of it. I have regarded it as a trivial question, of little moment to either General Grant or myself; but perhaps the value attached to it by others makes it proper for me to give it an attention which I have not heretofore chosen to bestow upon it.

AIRDRIE, July 10, 1883.

D. C. Buell.

General Heintzelman in the Peninsula Campaign.

IN THE CENTURY for May General McClellan has an article, "The Peninsular Campaign," in which there are one or two misstatements in regard to the Third Corps, commanded by General Heintzelman. Fortunately my father's papers, which are in my possession, contain replies to both allegations,—one in the handwriting of General Heintzelman's adjutant-general, and the other the rough draft of a letter addressed to General L. Thomas, then Adjutant-General of the Army.

On page 147 General McClellan states:

"All the corps commanders on the south side were on the 26th directed to be prepared to send as many troops as they could spare in support of Porter on the next day. All of them thought the enemy so strong in their respective fronts as to require all their force to hold their positions."

Upon the demand for troops General Heintzelman replied as follows:

HEADQUARTERS 3D CORPS, 4 P. M., June 26, 1862.

GENERAL MARCY, Chief of Staff: I think I can hold the intrenchments with four brigades for twenty-four hours; that would leave two (a) brigades available for service on the other side of the river, but the men are so tired and worn out that I fear they would not be in a condition to fight after making a march of any distance. . . .

S. P. HEINTZELMAN, Brigadier-General.

This is far from being a statement that all his forces were required to hold his own lines.

Then, on page 148, General McClellan says:

"Meanwhile, through a misunderstanding of his orders and being convinced that the troops of Sumner and Franklin at Savage's Station were ample for the purpose in view, Heintzelman withdrew his troops during the afternoon, crossed the swamp at Brackett's Ford, and reached the Charles City road with the rear of his column at 10 P. M."

When the same statement was first made in 1863, General Heintzelman wrote the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS DEFENCES OF WASHINGTON,

April 11, 1863.

GENERAL L. THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, U. S. A., WASHINGTON.

GENERAL: I find in the "New York Tribune" of the 8th of April a "Preliminary Report of the Operations

of the Army of the Potomac, since June 25, 1862," made by General G. B. McClellan.

In a paragraph commencing "On the 28th Porter's corps was also moved across the White Oak Swamp," etc., is the following:

"They were ordered to hold this position until dark, then to fall back across the swamp and rejoin the rest of the army. This order was not fully carried out, nor was the exact position I designated occupied by the different divisions concerned."

I was furnished with a map marked in red with the positions we should occupy.

As I had the fortified lines thrown up some time before by the troops in my command I had no difficulty in knowing where to go, and I did occupy these lines. General Sumner's were more indefinite and he occupied a position in advance of the one designated. This left a space of half a mile unoccupied, between his right and Franklin's left. In the morning I was informed that some rebels were already at or near Dr. Trent's house, where General McClellan's headquarters had been; I sent and found this to be the case. General Franklin had also called at my headquarters and told me that the enemy were repairing the bridges of the Chickahominy and would soon cross in force. About 1 P. M. I saw some of our troops filing into the fields between Dr. Trent's house and Savage's Station, and a few moments later Generals Franklin and W. F. Smith came to me and reported the enemy approaching and urged me to ride to General Sumner and get him to fall back and close this gap. I rode briskly to the front, and on the Williamsburg road, where it passed between my two divisions, met General Sumner's troops falling back. He wished me to turn back with him to arrange for ulterior operations, but as my right flank was entirely uncovered by these movements, I declined until after I had seen my division commanders and given them orders how to fall back. On my return there was some difficulty in finding General Sumner, and when found he informed me he had made his arrangements. I returned to my command, and on the way found the ground filled with troops, more than could be used to any advantage, and if the enemy planted a few batteries of artillery on the opposite side of the railroad, they would have been cut in pieces.

An aide to General McClellan having reported to me the day before to point out to me a road across the White Oak Swamp, opening from the left flank of my position of the fortified lines, I did not hesitate to retreat by that road, and left at 3 P. M. General Smith, of Franklin's corps, having sent to the rear all his batteries earlier in the day, I, at his request, let him have two of mine (Osborn's and Bramhall's), and they did good service that afternoon in checking and defeating the rebel attack.

My remaining would have been no aid to General Sumner, as he already had more troops than he could defile through the narrow road in his rear, and the road I took covered his left flank.

Before dark the advance of my corps was across the swamp, and by 10 P. M. the rear was over, with but little molestation from the enemy. I immediately sought General McClellan, and reported to him what I had done, and this is the first intimation I have had this my conduct was not entirely satisfactory.

To hold my position till dark, by which time I was to receive orders, would have been impossible. After Generals Franklin and Sumner had fallen back, my right flank and rear were uncovered, and by a road which passed entirely in my rear; and beyond my right flank my only line of retreat would have been cut off, and I would have lost my entire corps. I did not know where General McClellan was, and it was therefore impossible to report to him for orders.

When General Birney reached Fisher's Ford, the enemy were there, but not in force; they soon arrived in force, and he had to take another road more to our left. Had we been a little later they would have been in possession, and our retreat by this road cut off.

S. P. HEINTZELMAN.

I trust that you will be able to find space for these letters.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mary L. Heintzelman.

National Memorials of the Civil War.

VIEWS OF GENERAL GRANT AND SENATOR SUMNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In General Badeau's article on General Grant, published in your current (May, 1885) number, page 160, occurs the following passage:

"Soon after the close of the war I was present when a Committee of Congress, headed by Charles Sumner, waited on him [General Grant] to propose that a picture should be painted of the surrender of Lee, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. But he told them he should never consent, so far as he was concerned, to any picture being placed in the Capitol to commemorate a victory in which our own countrymen were the losers."

Will you allow me to submit the reasons why I think General Badeau is mistaken in affirming that Charles Sumner headed the committee which called on General Grant for the purpose specified? I thought it was generally known that Mr. Sumner stood almost alone in our Congressional annals, among statesmen identified with the Union side in the Civil War, as advocating the policy of not allowing victories of fellow-citizens over each other to be perpetuated by national memorials, but as the statement referred to seems to have passed unchallenged by the press, I think it now incumbent on me to give the evidence as to Mr. Sumner's position on this question, drawn entirely from the proceedings of the United States Senate.

As early as May, 1862, the question arose upon a dispatch of General McClellan, where, after announcing the capture of Williamsburg, he inquired whether he was authorized to follow the example of other generals and direct the names of battles to be placed on the colors of regiments. This being communicated to the Senate, Mr. Sumner, May 8, 1862, moved the following resolution: *Resolved*, That in the efforts now making for the restoration of the Union and the establishment of peace throughout the country, it is inexpedient that the names of victories obtained over our fellow-citizens should be placed on the regimental colors of the United States.

February 27, 1865, more than a month before the surrender of Lee, the Senate having under consideration an appropriation for a picture in the National Capitol, Mr. Sumner moved as an amendment, "That in the National Capitol, dedicated to the National Union, there shall be no picture of a victory in battle with our fellow-citizens."

On December 2, 1872, Mr. Sumner introduced in the Senate the following bill: *A Bill to regulate the Army Register and the Regimental Colors of the United States*.

WHEREAS, The National Unity and good-will among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war. Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate, etc., that the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the Army Register or placed on the regimental colors of the United States.

This bill was the cause of a hasty and ill-considered resolution of censure passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, which did much to embitter the last years of Mr. Sumner's life. Happily the resolution was rescinded the winter before his death. But it was neverthe-

less true that he *suffered* for this, as he had suffered for his advocacy of the cause of the slave.

I know that it is exceedingly difficult to prove a negative, but if the recorded acts and opinions of a man exceedingly tenacious of his views when once adopted *can* prove anything, it seems to me that I have shown that Charles Sumner could not have proposed to General Grant to have a picture of the Surrender of Lee placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol. I am inclined to think that General Badeau may, in this instance, have confounded the action of Senator Wilson with that of Senator Sumner. Senator Wilson was at that time Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and, as the Senate proceedings show, held opposite opinions from his colleague in regard to the policy of perpetuating the memorials of civil war. To find Mr. Sumner represented as acting in behalf of such a policy is as surprising to one familiar with his record as it would be to encounter a statement that Cobden had advocated the Corn Laws or Garrison the Slave Trade.

I will only add that on careful investigation it appears that neither Mr. Sumner's motions nor his bill was ever enacted into written law. The idea contained in them, however, has become part of the *unwritten law* of the Republic. No picture or other representation of a victory in battle with fellow-citizens has ever been placed in the National Capitol, and it is safe to say that none will be. The names of the battles of the Civil War were placed on the regimental colors, and in the Army Register, by an order of General McClellan in 1862. In 1878 the names of the battles were stricken from the Army Register by order of the Secretary of War, and when new sets of colors are furnished to the regiments of the regular army the names of the battles are no longer inscribed thereon.

Charles W. Eldridge.

General Grant's Premonition.

GENERAL GRANT'S reticence in talking about himself has always been one of his marked characteristics. The only occasion known to many well-informed persons when General Grant was ever heard to express an opinion of his own qualifications was at a dinner he gave at the White House in March, 1874. There were but few guests, among them Roscoe Conkling, Simon Cameron, and Senator J. M. Johnston of Virginia. The last-named gentleman sat next to General Grant at the table. The talk turned on the war, and

while the others were discussing it Senator Johnston turned to General Grant and said to him:

"Mr. President, will you permit me to ask you a question which has always been of great interest to me? Did you, at the beginning of the war, have any premonition that you were to be the man of the struggle?"

"I had not the least idea of it," replied General Grant. "I saw a lot of very ordinary fellows pitching in and getting commissions. I knew I could do as well and better than they could, so I applied for a commission and got it."

"Then," asked Senator Johnston, "when did you know that you were the man of destiny?"

General Grant looked straight ahead of him, with an expression on his inscrutable face that Senator Johnston had never seen there before.

"After the fall of Vicksburg," he said, after a pause. "When Vicksburg capitulated, I knew then that I was to be the man of the war; that I should command the armies of the United States and bring the war to a close."

"But," said Senator Johnston, "you had had great and notable successes before the days of Vicksburg. You had fought Shiloh and captured Fort Donelson."

"That is true," responded General Grant; "but while they gave me confidence in myself, I could not see what was before me until Vicksburg fell. Then I saw it as plainly as I now do. I knew I should be commander in chief and end the war."

At the same White House dinner Simon Cameron described the scene when General Joseph E. Johnston resigned his commission in the United States army. Mr. Cameron said he was sitting one morning in his room at the War Department, he being Secretary of War, when General Johnston entered, deeply agitated, and carrying in his hand a paper, which Secretary Cameron suspected was General Johnston's resignation. He handed it to the secretary without saying a word. The secretary glanced at it, saw what it was, and said:

"I regret to see this, General; I understand what it means. You are going South. This is not what you should do."

General Johnston replied under great emotion:

"I feel it my duty to resign, and I ask that my resignation be accepted at once."

"It shall be," said the secretary; "but you are mistaken as to your duty."

General Johnston bowed and said:

"I think it my duty," and, without another word, the two men bowed low to each other and General Johnston hurried from the room.

M. E. Searwell.

BIGOTRY.

EACH morn the tire-maids come to robe their queen,
Who rises feeble, tottering, faded, gray.
Her dress must be of silver blent with green;
At the least change her court would shriek dismay.

Each noon the wrinkled nobles, one by one,
Group round her throne and low obeisance give.
Then all, in melancholy unison,
Advise her by antique prerogative.

Reading the realm's laws, while they so advise,
 From scripts whose yellowed parchments crack with age,
 They bend the misty glimmer of bleared eyes
 To trace the text of many a crumbling page.

The poor tired queen, in token of assent,
 At solemn intervals will smile or bow;
 She learned how vain was royal argument,
 Back in her maidenhood, long years from now.

Each evening, clad in samite faced with gold,
 The queen upon her tarnished throne must wait,
 While through her moldering doorways, gaunt and old,
 Troop haggard-visaged crones, her dames of state.

She hears them while they mumble that or this,
 In courtly compliment, exact and prim;
 With shriveled lips her shriveled hand they kiss;
 They peer in her dim eyes with eyes more dim.

Each night the tire-maids lull her to repose
 With warped and rusty lutes whose charms are fled,
 Till softly round her withered shape they close
 The dingy draperies of her spectral bed.

And so she wears the mockery of her crown
 With sad compliance, futile discontent,
 And knows her people like herself crushed down
 By dreary tyrannies of precedent.

But sometimes, wakening out of nightmare's thrall,
 With clammy brow and limbs from terror weak,
 Through the dense dark her voice will faintly call
 A name the laws have made it death to speak.

The name of one her girlish heart loved well,
 A strong, grand youth who felt her soul's deep needs,
 Who strove to snap her fetters and dispel
 The stagnant apathy of senseless creeds.

Again from her steep towers, on that far morn,
 She marks him urge his followers to the fight;
 She notes with silent pride what fiery scorn
 Leaps from his good blade, battling for the right.

She sees him dare his foes that swarm like bees,
 Brave, beautiful, a rebel, girl with hates.
 And now, in lurid memory, last she sees
 His bare skull whitening at her city gates!

Edgar Fawcett.



ZWEIBAK: BEING NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.

I HAVE come on here from Switzerland, where it has been hot. I stayed with H—— at his villa on the lake of Geneva. H——'s house is suited to hot weather. The lawn comes down to the edge of the lake, with the colors of which the large basins of carnations make a pleasant contrast. The dining-room is upon a level with the lawn and opens directly on it. Its floor is an inlaid one and the porphyry pillars match well with the blue water. It is the kind of house a Roman gentleman should have had on the banks of Como. H—— let me breakfast in a small room on the upper floor, which has no porphyry pillars, it is true, but which had some books, and which looked out on the lake, with whose pervading azure the room seemed to be filled. I sat in the midst of this azure and read and had an unusually good breakfast of cutlets and red wine. There were no women about, nothing to affect the shade, the silence, and the liberty of the house, except the voice of Gustave when he said: "Monsieur est servi."

On the day I left I said to H——, "My dear fellow, I have been very well treated here. You have given me a horse to ride over these hills in the morning, and a boat to sail on the lake in the afternoon. How I have enjoyed this breakfast-room! This permeating azure has taken possession of my being. I have been allowed as much of my own society as I liked. With the exception of giving me your soothing company at dinner, you have kept yourself out of the way. And all this for the twenty francs which I shall give to Gustave. It is the cheapest and best thing I have seen in Europe."

H——'s dinners were excellent. There were two or three snow-peaks in sight. I don't admire Swiss scenery profoundly, but I agree that these peaks are good things to have over your shoulder if you are dining rather well. They have the effect of a pretty label on a bottle of German wine. But I have no respect for them,—not the slightest.

The fact that Switzerland is such a place for holiday-makers has given its scenery a kind of frivolity. It was a lovely day when I came in the steamer through the lake of Thun. The boat was crowded with sight-seers, and Switzerland was determined they should not be disappointed, for there on our right were the white peaks decorating the blue heavens and listening for the entertainment of the lakes.

I often come to Zweibak, and I have always

liked it. I have a feeling of hope and exhilaration as the train moves into the little station. At the same time I am always on each successive visit afraid I shall not enjoy it as I have done before. But it has never failed to amuse me, and I have always left it with regret.

Of course I don't know how it will be this time, but it promises well. The tradespeople on the main street recognize me. That is one of the good points of the place. I find myself among old friends. I like knowing the people who give me my letters at the post-office and the young woman at the barber's shop. When I alighted at the station the porter of my hotel recognized me with a shout of welcome which seemed to be sincere, and actually shook me by the hand. The hotel to which I go is not one of those with English names, but an honest German place, which is cheaper and better than the smart ones. At the door I received from the landlady that welcome which is proverbially warm. I don't at all think less of kindness from landlords and landladies because I know I am to pay for my entertainment.

The town is full of English and Americans, although there are of course a great many Germans. I am here to see the Americans. Being an exile by profession, a few weeks with my compatriots who are here is almost like a visit home. Some of them are old friends whom I meet after a separation of years; others, again, I shall meet for the first time; and there are still others whom I may not have a chance of meeting at all, but whom I may at any rate look at from a distance. There are but few men among them. They are almost all of the other sex, and I am delighted to see how much they look like women.

... There are two faults I have to find with American women. One is this, that they are apt to be deficient in a positive female character. This is certainly true of many New England women. I do not mean that they are in the least masculine. On the contrary they are often people of a delicate and refined sort; but they appear to be neuters. Their womanly character is rather negative than positive. Now I think that the feminine nature should be as distinct and positive as the male. The female mind should be as strong after its kind as the male should be after its kind. The fault I refer to appears, by the way, to be a quality of well-born and well-educated women. Another fault I have to find with our women is

perhaps the quality of women of inferior education. Many of our women, and particularly our young girls, seem to be wanting in courtesy. Our girls are often rude. A crabbed bachelor of my acquaintance who lives in Paris ascribes this rudeness to the fact that American women find it easier to get husbands than the women of other countries, and therefore do not think it worth their while to be civil to men. Whatever the cause may be, there can be no doubt of the fact. I say that these girls are of inferior education in whom this rudeness appears. Well-bred women are often rude, but their rudeness is of the thought rather than of the speech or behavior. It is perhaps nearly as unpleasant to the recipient as the more outspoken sort, but of course it is more consistent with ladylike pretensions. The rudeness of some girls that one sees seems almost to be an expression of a consciousness of vulgarity.

But it is not enough that women should be civil in speech and bearing while their minds are proud and contemptuous. There is an ideal courtesy in women which is a quality of the soul; it is one of the most beautiful of female attributes. It was this quality in his Beatrice which first struck the delicate and reverential mind of the youthful Dante. I have myself so high an estimate of this quality that I hesitate to say that our girls are wanting in it.

Certainly this generalization led me wrong the other night. It was at the dance on Thursday at the Kursaal. I noticed an interesting figure of a girl standing in one of the groups of a square dance. She was slight, rather small, neatly dressed, and had a pretty face. But what was particularly captivating about her was the modesty of her look. There was a demure sinking of the eye, a patient holding of the shoulders, and her entire figure had an air of exquisite deference.

"I wonder who that is," said an English lady; "I find her quite charming. I think she is one of your compatriots."

I said I feared not. She seemed to me too courteous. Besides, there was a fullness of the features which I thought might have been Austrian.

The lady said, "Either German or American; certainly not English."

We asked the Kurmaster who that fraulein was. He inquired and came and told us that it was "Miss Diggs, of Utica."

... I find that the great superiority of our women is in the fact that they are themselves. I do not say that they are superior in individuality to English women, although I am inclined to think that they are, for the reason that the repression of individuality which English

women are compelled to practice must in some degree affect the strength of the quality itself. But the truth is, I fancy, that the people of one country are about as individual as those of another, and that most people are more individual than we suppose. If you go to live in any family or to work in any office, you will find that people whom at first you take to be commonplace become, after you have known them a little while, more and more individual. I have never yet lived in any community which I did not find to contain a good many of what are called "characters." I would not say, therefore, that our women are so much superior in individuality. Their superiority is that they express their individuality. It is for this reason that they please to such a degree. Other women, no doubt, exhibit their individuality in their own families, to their husbands and brothers. Our women exhibit their individuality in society, where we all get the benefit of it. The charm of girlhood and womanhood is freely expressed among us. The difference between European girlhood and our own is that between game in regions hunted by man and the animal life of some virgin island of the sea. In the first instance the game is very wild, but the island bird will settle on your shoulder. The downcast eye, flushed cheek, and low voice are charming; but I am not sure whether I prefer them to the bright confidence of a Yankee maiden. I am not proof against that refined timidity of a nursery-bred young lady of the Old World; but is the charm she communicates quite so lively as that of her American sister?

The repression of the individuality of English women is, of course, due to the necessity they are under of conforming to a standard of manners which they appear always to have before their eyes. The more I see of English women here, the more sure I am that this is true. I observe it not only on comparing them with the women of our own country, but on comparing them with those of other countries. Perhaps to this cause is due the fact—I am sure it is a fact—that English women cannot smile with the force of French women. Yet there is often something admirable about this very repression. Take, for instance, some neat matron or some still comely maiden lady young enough to wish to be handsome,—a class in which that country abounds,—who has her tea-table opinions upon politics and what not, and whose accents, gestures, and sentiments even are modish,—one is often pleased, beneath the bonds which confine her mind, to notice an elastic, vigorous, and charming nature. Indeed I think that a fault of our women is that they are too much expressed; they are too tense. This may be due

in some slight degree to the education which some of them receive in high schools and colleges. I went once to the commencement of an American female college. I did not like what I saw,—the young ladies looked to me so wound up. The life they led seemed unnatural and unreasonable. Why should they be made to read essays to a thousand people in a great hall? This practice is of course borrowed from that of the male colleges. The custom began, I suppose, with the notion that the ability to make a speech was the peculiar ability of a public man, that he was the highest kind of a man, and that colleges were intended for the education of public men. The graduate got up on commencement day and showed what his college education had done for him. This notion has been very much modified, but perhaps it is even yet a good custom to be pursued by male colleges. There will come times in the life of almost any man when it will be necessary for him to make a speech; and he will present a very poor appearance if he cannot do it. But on what occasion is it necessary for a woman to make a speech? Is it when she is engaged or when she is married; is it when she becomes a mother or a grandmother?

At this commencement the young ladies all read essays, and I must admit that they were not so much frightened as they should have been. Then, apart from any objection to their appearing at all, I objected to the character of the appearance they made. I was shocked at the conventional pertness which they seemed to have cultivated. They had adopted in their essays a silly fashion of joking. Now I am always interested in the humorous perceptions of my compatriots. It is often a source of surprise to me when at home to find how many people there are who have a humorous way of looking at things. But the jokes of these young ladies were not good. They consisted of commonplaces, put into long Latin words. The recipe appeared to be this, that that which in Saxon English is a mere plain statement becomes very witty when turned into Latinized English. They kept this up incessantly, the only relief being when some serious allusion to their approaching separation would recall them to their proper employment of shedding tears.

There was one of these essayists, a young lady who really seemed to have some natural humor, who awakened my keen commiseration. Her tense mind seemed altogether too much for her slight body. I wanted to tell her to go and sit at her grandmother's window, near the shadow of the lilac bushes, to immerse her mind and thin hands in deep dishes of pumpkin batter, to stay a whole summer in

some still village with only a little poetry to read, and away from all stimulating society.

I have said that American vulgarity exhibits itself in rudeness. English vulgarity, on the other hand, generally appears under the form of undue conformity. I cannot describe to you how strong my sense is of the prevalence of this quality among many of the English people that I see here. There is a rather underdone young Englishman here, a very good-natured fellow, in whom this conformity has settled downwards to the very soles of his boots; you see it in the things he says, in the tones of his voice, his gestures, and attitudes. Want of breeding, by the way, is much more easily discernible in men than in women. Among young women rosy cheeks and a pair of bright eyes and the feminine adaptability cover up this quality very much. But you will see the imitation in them also, if you look closely.

I went this afternoon to take tea with some English people who are at the hotel opposite. There was an amiable, fresh-looking girl who poured out the tea. She was an exceedingly nice girl. If manners must be imitative, I don't think any could be better than hers. But it was true that you could see by her way of sitting, by her way of holding her shoulders, and by the manner of her references to the accidents of English fashionable life, as if they were, and as if they were not, quite her own, that her mind was sat upon by some standard of behavior to which she felt herself obliged to conform. Perhaps this imitation might become tiresome if one lived in England, but with people who have such good nature and such good looks as this family one does not mind a little of it.

. . . I see I have written above rather slightly about the manners of certain English women. I admire them greatly, however. The qualities of the British nature are such as are particularly suitable to women. Those qualities,—benevolence, sense, dignity, decency, rectitude,—when combined with feminine softness, make up a character which is like balsam to the mind. The mental dullness proper to the nation is also to some degree refined away in them. When these qualities are united with beauty, with high breeding, and, as is sometimes the case, with majesty of form and countenance, you have indeed a fine object. The English women here are almost altogether of the middle and upper classes; but what strikes you when you visit England is the high average of female beauty. You see there exceedingly fine persons among the lower classes. One of the most beautiful women I ever saw there was a lodging-house keeper. The last time I was in England I went to

look for lodgings in Queen street. The door was opened by a large woman of thirty-five, fair and rather full in figure, whose mild beauty of countenance and aspect astonished me. For the moment I thought I had before me one of the grand illusions of Rubens. She seemed to me a figure such as the joyful humor of some great painter might have perpetuated from one of those times and places of happy repose which the centuries conceal. Her beauty was one which preferred to flourish in the shade. This good man's house, which no doubt did as well as any, she had selected for her sojourn. She was content here to be cutting bread and butter, glad to be shielded from the eyes of the world. A peculiarity of this woman was that she had an air of habitual perturbation. She was one of that class of women who find their beauty a burden and lament the necessity they are under of having to carry it about with them. The lodgings were extremely nice, and I thought how pleasant it would be to take them and give tea parties at which she should bring in the things; but I found this was out of the question. She asked five guineas for the rooms, with three and sixpence for the kitchen fire and linen, bath, lights, and boots extra.

. . . I have said that English women cannot smile. If they cannot smile they can frown, which I like nearly as well. There is a lady whom I often meet with her children in the streets and at church. I cannot conceive of her smiling. Her face—a dark oval one—and her carriage express the utmost decision, and at service she prays with such resolution! And there is a young girl here of something the same character. Her concentrated gravity and earnestness of expression mask or reveal an honest mind. She has this expression always. When she dances even it is with a serious and energetic face, her shoulders back,—revolving like a soldier on drill.

. . . I am always surprised at the amount of good poetry in the American magazines and newspapers. I came across the other day in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper," a poem written by some girl of about twenty-three (I suppose) who thought herself very old. The poem was addressed to a young man with whom she appeared to have had a flirtation, we will say at the age of twenty. She tells him that the love they threw away so lightly was not a thing to be met with every day and was worth keeping. The title, I think, was "Rags." At any rate the thought was that this love had now become rags. It had gone into the old rag-bag, the Past; "Time" she said, was the "old Rag-man." Isn't it good? You can fancy the poetess to be some rather

high-pressure Yankee girl, clever, perhaps satirical, a little romantic, and what you would call intense, with a brow of premature thought, a sallow cheek (such is my notion), and a face and figure in which is ill concealed the energy of her disposition. What particularly strikes you is that the young lady is evidently her own mistress. There is no chaperon or a suspicion of one anywhere about. I may here say that I think this independence necessary to a thoroughly interesting female character. Do not all the heroines of poetry and romance have it? The Homeric Nausicaa, the Chloes and Phillises of pastoral poetry, and in later times Shakspeare's Rosalind and the Angelina of Goldsmith's ballad, are much like American girls. Any really fine young woman of modern society should have the same independence. She should be like the princess of a small kingdom. She should have ministers and a standing army and should have at her command the sinews of war. She should be able to form treaties of amity and friendship with the surrounding princes. She should have power to make war or, if love is to be made, it should be from the same high vantage-ground. The interesting women one knows at home have been much in this position. I cannot imagine them with chaperons. This liberty is an essential element of their superiority.

Take the fine women I know. There is the gentle and profound Mildred, and there is M. L. The last was the daughter of a Quaker family whose farm-house overlooks Long Island Sound. They see at noon the cheerful blue of its glittering wave and the white rim of the distant shore. She was extremely pretty. She talked incessantly. But it did not seem like talking; conversation, or rather monologue, was her normal state of existence. It was only another sort of silence. I say that she was a Quaker. As a matter of fact I believe that her family had separated from the Quaker faith, but she was sufficiently near the Quaker character and mode of life. Her eloquence must have been derived from generations of preachers of that denomination. Her language, although truthful, was full and fluent. She read you with introverted eye from the tablets of her mind numbers of thoughts, which seemed to my bewitched ears beautiful and original, upon poetry, art, books, people, etc. She repeated these in a voice the most charming I have ever listened to; poetical quotations sounded so very fine when she uttered them, as she did now and then, in her simple way. She even imparted a certain natural magic to the flinty meters of that pedant W——. She admired widely, and you yourself came in for a share of the lively in-

terest with which she regarded creation. The air of wonder with which she listened to what you said excited your self-love to the highest pitch. I visited their farm-house twice. I remember an orchard near at hand which stretched along the crest of a broken hill. I saw this once when the spring had sent a quick wave of bright verdure over the sod cropped short by the cows. The orchard was cut into three or four small patches, but there was a break in each of the separating fences, so that from room to room you could walk the orchard floors. I went again later, one hot midsummer morning, when our path led to a wood through a blazing wheat-field, in which I stopped to pull a branch of wild roses. We came soon to a deep break on an abrupt hill-side, where, shut in by masses of dense and brilliantly painted greenery, moving incessantly with the forest zephyrs, and not far from a white dog-wood tree, we rested from the heat. I began to cut away the thorns from the branch of wild roses, an action which I was half conscious was mistaken. I had better have let her prick her fingers, for she said: "You can't care for wild roses if you cut away the thorns."

Another recollection I have,—of walking along a country road-side in that twilight which is almost dark. The daughter of the Quakers wore a blue silk cape with long fringes. She was talking her "thees" and "thous" to a half-grown lad, her cousin, as if she were no better than other women. The tall white daisies, thickly sown by the road-side, wheeled and swam in ghostly silence. It seemed that the slight figure that stepped briskly before me had a cosmic might and force residing among and descended from those stars and planets which had begun to strew the black heavens.

The family to which this girl belonged seemed to me to be people who practiced a very high order of civilization. She was the most obedient and dutiful of daughters; but for all that she seemed to dominate the whole connection, and the landscape too, I should say. Her liberty was so a part of herself that I could not imagine her without it.

. . . I usually go to a Catholic church here because some friends of mine are Catholics and always go there. What an advantage it must be to belong to a church which you always find wherever you go, however differ-

ent from your own may be the language and manners of the new country. The English churches abroad are not interesting; the clergymen are apt to be second rate. But I rather like the young man they have here; he is so completely and necessarily a clergyman. He is just as much a parson on the street as in church—in his face, I mean; his clothes have nothing to do with it. I find it agreeable to meet with a type so distinct, to see a fellow-creature in a place so evidently meant for him; but one cannot help wondering by what methods of breeding and education such results were produced. What kind of a boy was he, and especially what kind of a baby? I venture to say that he had not been five minutes in existence before he began with—"Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places."

. . . The poor Germans get very little good of their royalties, of whom there are several staying here. The English capture them. They stalk them daily on the promenade and at the springs. I was present this morning at a kind of a still hunt. I was at the Kurhaus, and found a number of English waiting at the door. They told me that the Grand Duke was having his luncheon. A throng of twenty or thirty people, most of whom could boast some kind of acquaintance with His Royal Highness, were there in the hope that he would speak to them. Two nice women, who were old friends of mine, said in their frank way: "We shall feel very badly if he does not speak to us." Old Jones produced a letter which he had just received from another eminent personage, saying: "I wonder how she knew my address." But the people did not talk much; they were silent and serious. Some of them would now and then try to push to the front, when there were black looks from behind. There was one lady, the wife of a general, I believe, who did not seem welcome among the more fashionable of the bystanders. She held her ground, however. Her pale and anxious face seemed to say, "Did we not entertain His Royal Highness at Aldershot; and did he not send to inquire after our daughter, who had the diphtheria? I think there is reason to hope he will speak to me." Presently the Grand Duke came out, walking fast and brushing his beard. He walked through the company, but did not speak to any of them.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

North and South.

THE war for the Union closed forever with the funeral of Grant. To be sure the armies of rebellion surrendered twenty years ago; but the solemn and memorable pageant at the tomb of the great Union soldier, where the leading generals of the living Union and of the dead Confederacy stood shoulder to shoulder, and mingled their tears in a common grief—this historical scene marked the virtual conclusion of sectional animosity in America—let us hope for all time to come.

The world is familiar with the fraternal sentiments uttered with so much pathos by the dying soldier, and it is not forgotten that these words were consistent with Grant's action at the close of the war, and with his frequently expressed views since then. The article on "The Siege of Vicksburg," printed in the September CENTURY, was written before he was aware of his fatal illness, and the same sentiments appear there also. In 1875 he said at Des Moines that we were not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war, yet: "We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves; on the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places, and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage."

As every unprejudiced observer is aware, the manner in which General Grant's sentiments of goodwill were received and reciprocated in the South signifies much more than personal sympathy with a brave, chivalric, and suffering foe. The South believes no longer in slavery, no longer in secession. Some ex-rebels said not long ago: "We are glad we were whipped, and we are in to stay! Now let us see Massachusetts try to get out of the Union!" One of the leading men of the South lately told, in private conversation, a significant incident. He was complaining, he said, to one of the officials of his own State that the official salaries given were not large enough to attract ambitious young men powerfully and permanently to the State government; that their bright youths would be looking rather to the general government for a career, and would perhaps thereby lose the feeling of superior loyalty to their own individual State. "Well, why not?" was the official's reply. "We have given up all that idea; why should we want to cultivate State rather than national loyalty?" This incident and similar ones give color of reason to the theory, held by one of the most public-spirited of Northern Republicans, that the turning of the intense Southern loyalty of patriotism from the various State governments to the national government and flag may yet make the South the most enthusiastically loyal section of the whole country.

The more the South ponders on the past, admiring the heroism of Southern and Northern soldiers alike, and deprecating the unwisdom (and in

some cases the treason and personal dishonor) of its own political leaders,—the more will dangers disappear from the Southern horizon. Indeed there may now, perhaps, be as much danger anticipated from the unthoughtful good-will of the North itself. We have on our desk a letter from a member of "The Grand Army of the Republic," who, while generously commending the spirit of our recent editorial on "Twenty Years after the War," goes on to propose that the general government should "establish and maintain homes for needy disabled ex-Confederate soldiers whose wounds were received at the hands of United States troops." There is a generous and pleasant sound to this proposition, and it honors the *heart*, at least, of the Union soldier who makes it. But is it in the interest of the nation, and of the South as a part of the nation, to act in behalf of Confederate, that is, of insurgent, soldiers, *as such*? If they are now good citizens, have renounced their position of enemies to the government, and wish in good faith to make themselves useful to the common weal—then give them office, if need be, for the country's good; but do not as a government, as a nation, make their very act of rebellion an occasion of bounty. Let private charity, in the North as well as in the South, do what it should for all who are in need.

The war might perhaps, have been averted; and yet it was, after all, the "irrepressible conflict" between liberty and slavery. Let the country join with General Grant in the noble spirit of the dedication of his "Memoirs" to the soldiers and sailors on both sides of the fateful struggle, and not withhold honor from those who fought conscientiously, bravely, and without stain upon either side. We can now all give thanks together to the Almighty that liberty was established and the nation saved, while we bury the last remnant of rancor in the tomb of the captain of the national armies. And if in the war of the Union the South took the mistaken and the unsuccessful side, it may remember that the very same Southern and slave State of Kentucky, which gave birth to the political leader of the slave Confederacy, gave birth also to the chief hero and martyr of the cause of Union and of freedom,—the brightest name produced by the great epoch of the civil war,—Abraham Lincoln.

Prejudice and Progress.

THE progress of the mechanical arts and the development of the physical sciences within the past half of the present century are commonplace topics; but if one should venture the statement that the movements in the intellectual realm have been quite as rapid, and the changes of opinion no less marvelous during the same period, the assertion would be received with incredulity. Yet there are facts which strongly support such a judgment. Some of these facts have lately been brought to light in these pages. It is doubtful whether the chemists or the electricians have any greater marvels to show than those which are visible

in the changed conditions of public sentiment with respect to the black race in this country. Moral changes of this nature are silent and gradual; they cannot be recorded and advertised like the invention of a new instrument or the discovery of a new process; nevertheless they are thorough and effectual. A generation passes, and the people suddenly discover that a revolution has occurred, and that the world they are living in is a wholly different world from the one in which they were living but a few years before.

The changes in the political condition of the negroes have not indeed taken place silently; but political changes are often effected when no corresponding moral change has prepared the way for them. Slavery was destroyed by the war, at the demand of military necessity. Whatever relation the emancipation and enfranchisement of the slaves may have had to the moral feeling of the North, it is evident that it must have greatly embittered the whites of the South toward the negro. When their former slaves were by force of arms set free, and by force of law made their political masters, as they were in many localities, it was inevitable that resentment and hostility toward the negroes should take the place of the humane and paternal feelings that had been cherished by many of the whites. It was a terrible strain to which the temper of the Southern people was thus subjected; the student of history will marvel that they endured it so patiently. Even if this retribution be considered the just penalty of insurrection, just retributions are not always quietly endured. At any rate it is clear that the revolutionary movements, by which their property was torn from them and a social régime utterly repugnant to their convictions and traditions was thrust upon them, could not have inspired the whites of the South with kindlier feelings toward the negroes.

It is evident that a change of popular sentiment, if it could take place, would be far more significant and far more beneficent than any possible political changes. Legal safeguards and constitutional guarantees are of little value save as they are rooted in the convictions of the people. The ballot may sometimes be used as a weapon of defense; it was given the negro with that end in view; but that is a sorry state of political society in which any class needs to use the ballot for purposes of defense. If the class thus armed be ignorant and poor its weapon will be an inadequate protection. Peace and security will only come with the advent of a better public sentiment, from which all thought of encroaching on the rights of the weak shall be put away. The steady growth of this better sentiment throughout the whole land, and especially at the South, furnishes the marvel to which we are pointing.

Doubtless it seems to many that there is need enough of a far more radical change than has yet taken place. The weaker race is yet lacking its full rights in parts of the land; but even a cursory comparison of existing conditions with those of fifty or twenty or even ten years ago will reassure every reasonable man. What have we seen in the pages of *THE CENTURY*? One of the most distinguished literary men of the South defending with manly eloquence "the Freedman's case in Equity" and the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky demanding, in the name of the Master

whom he follows, that the manhood of the negro be fully recognized. No right-minded black man could ask for his race more than these two Southerners now strenuously advocate. The measure of justice and consideration that they demand is more than is readily yielded to the negro in some Northern communities. These men are not alone; they have behind them a great and growing constituency of the most enlightened and most enterprising Southern people—members of the class that shapes public opinion. They speak as men who know that their cause is just and who see that it is prevailing. And this discussion, in which they have taken a leading part, but in which they are supported by men of influence and reputation, is going on throughout the South, with some, but with comparatively little bad temper. Mr. Cable and Bishop Dudley find those who strenuously dispute their demands; but, as has been said, debate is proceeding for the most part on these "three quiet convictions: that recrimination and malignment of motives are the tactics of those who have no case; that the truth is worth more than any man's opinion; and that the domination of right is the end we are bound to seek."

Let it be noted, also, that the disputants almost unanimously agree that slavery was both economically and morally wrong and ought to have perished; and that the negro must be protected in the political rights with which the Constitution has invested him. That these rights are still abridged, by fraud or intimidation, in parts of the South cannot be denied; but the sentiment that condemns and denounces this action is steadily gathering strength. When one of the most influential Southern newspapers says: "We believe there is a general desire among the people of the South that the negro shall have all the rights which a citizen of the United States, whatever be the color of his skin, is entitled to," we perceive that the tide has turned. Keep it in mind that it is not with these political rights that the present discussion at the South is concerned, but rather with those civil rights which the national statute, lately annulled, undertook to protect. That the negro may vote and hold office, no one rises to deny; the question is what his rights shall be, not to be sure in private "society," but in the railway car, and the street car, and the hotel, and the theater. Mr. Cable and those who stand with him demand that he shall have the same rights that the white man has in these public places; that no ignominy shall be put upon a citizen in public places on account of his color.

Signs of juster views and actions are visible on every hand. Mr. Cable indignantly calls attention to the discrimination against colored persons in the cars, in portions of the South, but there are also large sections of the South in which well-dressed and well-behaved people of color occupy without protest the first-class cars. In Kentucky and Virginia no such distinction is visible on the railway cars. In South Carolina also (*ecce signum!*) according to the Charleston "News and Courier," quoted by Mr. Cable, "respectable colored persons who buy first-class tickets on any railroad ride in the first-class cars as a right, and their presence excites no comment on the part of their white fellow-passengers. It is a great deal pleasanter," this editor continues, "to travel with respectable and well-behaved colored people than with un-

mannerly and ruffianly white men." A radical champion of the rights of the negro, on his recent return from the Southern Exposition, testified that he saw during his journey no discrimination against negroes upon the railway cars.

Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge of Lexington, Kentucky, late of the Confederate army and recently elected to Congress, is a man strongly in sympathy with the Southern community and its way of thinking. But after the war this man, a busy and able lawyer, and a speaker in demand on important occasions, devoted something like a dozen years to the improvement of the colored schools in his neighborhood—working against a gradually disappearing local prejudice. Judge Beckner, of the same State, recently accepted an invitation to deliver an address at Berea, Kentucky, where it is claimed that local conditions make it advisable to try the double experiment of the co-education of the sexes and of the races. Judge Beckner is personally opposed to the theory of such mixed schools, but believing that the institution had accomplished good results, he did not refuse to attend, thinking, as he has since said, in reply to criticism on his conduct, that it would have been cowardly so to do. The fact that Judge Beckner, who is a staunch Democrat, disapproved of the views held at Berea makes his general sentiments on the negro question all the more significant. Says the judge in a recent letter to "The Clarke County Democrat":

"They, the colored people, cannot be put out of our sight by standing on the night's Plutonian shore and muttering the gibberish of a day that is done. . . . Every dictate of patriotism, humanity, and religion requires that we shall not only give them a chance, but that we shall assist them to rise from the state of degradation in which they were left by the abolition of slavery. They are citizens and voters, and will remain such as long as the Republic lasts. . . . I stand exactly in line with Lamar, Wade Hampton, Garland and other Southern Democrats."

This revolution in public sentiment has not been confined to the Southern States. In several Democratic States of the North, as Mr. Cable shows, laws for the protection of the civil rights of the negro have been enacted with substantial unanimity.

Contrast, now, with these indications of the public sentiment, a few typical facts taken from the recent history of this country. Twenty-five years ago the founder of Berea College was hunted like a wild beast through the region where now his name is spoken by men of all parties with reverence. It is only true to say that in eastern Kentucky to-day few men are held in greater respect than John G. Fee. Thirty or forty years ago large rewards were constantly offered at the South for the seizure of leading abolitionists at the North; and all such persons were warned that it would be unsafe for them to venture into that region. Prominent clergymen of the South joined in these threats of violence. Names that are illustrious in the ecclesiastical records of the great denominations are appended to the most sanguinary suggestions respecting the treatment of fellow-Christians whose only disagreement with themselves concerned the rightfulness of slavery. A leading newspaper of South Carolina uttered these words:

"Let us declare, through the public journals of our country, that the question of slavery is not, and shall not be open to discussion—that the very moment any pri-

vate individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, in the same moment his tongue shall be cut out and cast upon the dunghill."

This was a fair sample of Southern sentiment forty years ago. The feeling at the North was not much better. The story of Prudence Crandall, told in *THE CENTURY* for September, shows how a good woman was mobbed and boycotted fifty years ago by so-called Christians in Connecticut for the same deeds that are now done with applause throughout the Southern States; that the Legislature of Connecticut then forbade by statute, amidst great popular rejoicings, what the Legislatures of Georgia and Tennessee and Mississippi now encourage by appropriations,—the establishment of schools for the teaching of colored girls. Miss Crandall's school was not the only one that suffered. An academy in Canaan, New Hampshire, was opened two years later for the reception of pupils, without distinction of color. Immediately New Hampshire was on fire. After a cannonade of abuse and vituperation from the newspapers, the people of Canaan and the surrounding towns gathered, and with a hundred yoke of oxen dragged the school-house from its site and left it a heap in the highway. The mob was led by a member of the Congregational church, and it expressed the public sentiment of that period. It was about this time that Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope about his body; that Pennsylvania Hall, erected for the use of the abolitionists in Philadelphia, was burned by a mob, three days after its dedication, with the evident connivance of the authorities; that Lovejoy was murdered in Alton, Illinois; that the students in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, were forbidden by the trustees to discuss slavery; and that Marius Robinson, a man of gentle spirit and reverent lips, was hauled from his lodgings in Berlin, Ohio, and tarred and feathered simply because he had tried to prove that the Bible was opposed to slavery. In many of these mobs leading members of the churches were active participants, and the voices lifted up by press and pulpit to reprove their outrages were few and feeble.

Such reminiscences, which could easily be multiplied, show how great and how recent has been the change in public sentiment at the North respecting the colored people, and how much need there is of patience and tolerance in judging the movements of Southern opinion upon this question. It is clear that the cause of the negro may safely be left to such champions as those who have now risen up on Southern soil to defend his rights, and it is equally clear that the people of Connecticut, and New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania, and Ohio, may well remember their own former attitude, while they are throwing stones at their neighbors across the Potomac and the Ohio.

Civic Rivers.

A FEW years ago a citizen of New York returned from his first visit to Europe with his memory full of the civic rivers of the Old World. He remembered the splendid sweep of the Arno at Pisa, which Mr. Howells has just described; the Thames embankment; the masterly use made of the Seine for the pleasure of Paris. Here in New York, he said to

himself, we have two great rivers, and we make little or no use of them for the decoration of our city; there is not one drive from which they are visible, and there are but two small parks from which they can be seen. The Riverside Drive and Park were then in their infancy, but a drive on the former soon showed him that the need had been partly supplied — that the splendid Hudson had been at last taken into the city and made a part of its pleasure-ground. And now that a portion of the park has been selected as the burial-place of General Grant, there is every prospect that the whole plan will be completed in a manner worthy of its natural associations and its new honor. Moreover, the attention which has been drawn to Riverside Park by that event has broadened the ideas of New Yorkers as to the adaptability of other waters about the island to the purposes of public recreation.

Of recent years, New York Harbor has been virtually added to the accessible attractions of the city by the numerous lines which have been opened to the adjacent sea-coast. Any one who has ever come by night from Bay Ridge or Staten Island must have been struck with the unique beauty of the view; and of late the panorama has taken on new impressiveness from the stately procession of electric lamps upon the Brooklyn Bridge, with which the great beacon of the Statue of Liberty bids fair to "compose" in a picture of rare and modern character. What foreign city presents in a noble natural outlook two artificial features better adapted to inspire the imagination? For a trifle, this scene is now within the reach of every visitor to the city. Moreover, during the past year a new delight has been discovered in the views of the Harbor, which have been made accessible from the high roofs in the lower part of the city,—views so unusual in point of view, so comprehensive in scope, and so animated, that it is difficult to speak of them with reticence. From the top of these ten-story buildings, it seems to old frequenters of the Battery as though the Harbor were now seen for the first time. Much can be done by municipal effort to preserve the impressiveness of these views. The elevated railway can and should be removed from Battery Park. The ugly buildings now devoted to public baths should not be allowed to disfigure the scene; if not feasible to place them elsewhere, they should be taken from the middle of the view, be made picturesque on the water side, and be concealed by trees from the land. Castle Garden should be rescued from its present use as a landing-place for immigrants and made to minister to the needs of residents and visitors. The memory of its former triumphs might well be restored by devoting the building to music of a high order. If any one doubt the response of the public to such a proposition, let him fancy Theodore Thomas at the baton and remember the crowds of ten years ago at the Central Park Garden.

A third, and, for the health and enjoyment of the

city, a hardly less valuable addition to the city's water parks, lies *in posse* about the region known as Hell Gate. Here virtually is the meeting-place of four streams,—the two channels of the East River reuniting above Blackwell's Island, and the broad stretch from Harlem blending below Ward's Island with the inlet from the Sound. It is a waterscape of fine dimensions and of surroundings that may easily be made picturesque. On the east are the wooded slopes of Astoria, a beautiful town which is going to ruin through municipal mismanagement. On the New York side is a bluff half a mile long, partly wooded, and in the judgment of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted and Mr. Calvert Vaux, now our two most valued landscape architects, beautifully adapted to park purposes. This ground includes a part of the original rocky shore of Manhattan Island. It looks upon a river which possesses a most individual and interesting aspect, and to which the unusual force of the tides lends great changeableness,—making it now as smooth as glass, now as turbulent as the sea beyond the breakers. Through these gates to the city passes a variety of craft which lacks only the great ocean steamers to surpass that of any other waters.

Aside from the picturesqueness of the view, the absolute need of the establishment of such a breathing-place will be evident when it is seen that on the east shore of Manhattan Island (excepting a small part of this bluff, hardly of the extent of one city block) there is no public park reservation below Harlem, nor is there any whatever east of Central Park above Seventeenth street. With the success of the excavations at Hell Gate, this waterway will become for more and more people the portal of the city. It will be unfortunate indeed if some way is not found by the official authorities for the preservation of this eligible spot. Years from now New York will be tearing down buildings, for the sake of providing facilities for popular pleasure which now lie at her doors.

What is here said of New York may well apply to other American cities. Every moment of delay in planning for the future pleasure and health of our municipal populations is a moment lost. We have the finest rivers and lakes of the world, and with a forethought equal to that which has made Washington City in this respect a source of national pride, we should not now have to be laboriously planning to save scraps and patches of our water-fronts. Of late years there has been a marked awakening on the general subject of city parks. In some instances, as in Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and at Niagara, it has extended to the waterways. In the suburbs of many cities there are fashionable drives along rivers or lakes, but in no other city than New York could municipal effort bring the beauties of water scenery nearer to the large majority of the people.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Connecticut Training School for Nurses.*

[NEW HAVEN HOSPITAL.]

A NEW idea usually finds simultaneous development in several directions, and it is rare that one person alone is the discoverer. The common parent of American hospital schools is the Nightingale Memorial of St. Thomas's Hospital, London; but the plan for their organization here was common to several communities. For example, the New Haven School was developed, a small endowment raised, and the charter obtained, simultaneously with the Bellevue Hospital school—though chance prevented the reception of pupils in New Haven until six months later.

A school of the size of the New Haven School, adapted to the wants of a comparatively small hospital, stands in relation to similar organizations in large charity hospitals as the private select school does to the large public ones in the common-school system. In a hospital of only one hundred and sixty beds, there is no great mass of sick to care for; nurses have time to study the accomplishments of their profession, and lady visitors and managers are able to give personal attention and supervision to the classes. That the results are favorable is shown in the New Haven School by the number, in proportion to the graduate, who have been called to fill positions of trust in other hospitals, nearly one-fourth having been given the supervision of nursing in hospitals, in New Haven, New York City, Brooklyn, Pittsfield (Massachusetts), Boston, and the States of New Jersey, Indiana, Ohio, Vermont, and Virginia. The growth of the school in public favor is shown by the constantly increasing demand for nurses for private families, two-thirds in excess of the provision, and also by the applications for admissions, which at the present moment are greatly in excess of the vacancies. Another proof of the favor with which the enterprise is regarded is found in the liberal way in which money has lately been contributed to build in the hospital inclosure a nurses' home, now finished and occupied, having accommodations for thirty,—a handsome, ample three-story brick building, with cheerful parlors, single bedrooms, bathrooms, piazzas, etc., well-warmed, ventilated, and lighted, which—it may be useful to those engaged in similar undertakings to know—has been substantially and satisfactorily completed at an outside cost of \$11,800.

It might be supposed that the New Haven School, comparatively small as it is, would have a local reputation only; it is noticeable, however, that young women all over the country are increasingly interested in the new profession open to them, and anxious to collect information concerning all the schools. Thus far the following places have been represented in the New Haven School by accepted pupils: Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts,

Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, Illinois, Wisconsin, Washington, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Australia. Trained nurses have been sent on application to all the New England States, New York, Florida, and Virginia, and on graduation have scattered to all quarters, from Canada to California. For the benefit of those who may be desirous of connecting a nursing school with smaller hospitals than those found in our large cities, it may be useful to give the points of difference between the New Haven organization and similar undertakings in New York and Boston.

The New Haven School is in charge of a president, vice-presidents, general treasurer, and auditors, and a committee of twenty-one ladies and gentlemen, five being physicians, two of whom are connected with the hospital staff; this makes a connecting link between the ladies' committee and medical and other male boards of hospital management. The gentleman who is the general treasurer pays out to the sub-treasurer, who is a lady, the funds necessary for the current expense of the school, which she accounts for, making weekly payments to the nurses. The secretary, another member of the ladies' committee, conducts all the correspondence with applicants, accepts them if they answer the requirements, and notifies the lady superintendent when to expect new arrivals. The assumption by the ladies' committee of all these duties relieves the superintendent of much outside responsibility and gives her time for her legitimate duties as instructor of the pupils in the wards. That the pupils may be under the best teaching it is required that the superintendent of nursing and her assistant shall themselves be ladies of thorough hospital training, knowing the theory and practice of skillful nursing, and able to recognize at once bungling work on the part of the pupils and to set them right.

In a small hospital it is unnecessary that ward head-nurses should be employed, as in large institutions, at an increased expense. Here the senior nurse in each ward is in that position, at the ordinary payment. Each pupil, coming in turn to be senior nurse, gains greatly in self-possession and quick perception—faculties which are required in this responsible position.

The hospital contributes nothing towards the payment of the nurses; that is attended to by the society. The table for the school is, however, provided by the hospital; and the officers, relieved from the daily cares of housekeeping, give their whole time to the supervision of the nursing. Differing again from other schools, the course of instruction here is shortened to nineteen months,—thirteen spent in hospital and six at private nursing; this private nursing is required of all pupils.

In this way the school receives additions to its funds in payments from families, and the committee know from actual trial and report whether the nurse is entitled to her diploma. The exigencies of very large hospitals make it necessary often to decline to send nurses to private families. The New Haven School re-

* For a description of the interesting work of the Bellevue Hospital (New York) Training School for Nurses see THE CENTURY for November, 1886.—EDITOR.

quires that all should serve in this way for six months, their places in the hospital being taken by new pupils. In all these ways—in the absence of increased payments toward head-nurses, and of housekeeping cares, and in the requirement of nursing in private families—the school finds an advantage over other systems. One other difference is in the form of graduation papers. Each graduate receives with her diploma a printed statement of her standing in the school during her course of study, and the seal of the school is not affixed to the diploma until one year after graduation. At this time, the self-reliance of the nurse having been tested for this additional twelve months, a certain number of testimonials from physicians are required to be returned with the diploma for final action, and if a majority of the committee so decide the seal is affixed.

The course of instruction consists of careful teaching in the ward by the lady superintendent, recitations held daily from text-books, lectures, autopsies, attendance at surgical operations, and three weeks or more spent in the diet kitchen. Quarterly examinations are held and a prize is given for the best recitation. Examinations for diplomas are conducted by one of the physicians of the committee.

The school has published a hand-book of nursing, which is in use in the hospital schools of New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Washington, and Orange, and in one of the large English hospital schools. It may be an encouragement to other schools in their beginning to see at the close of ten years how far a little candle throws its beams.

It is important to those about organizing a nursing school to lay special stress upon the need of strong health in their pupils. Only about one-third of all the accepted pupils of the New Haven School have finished their hospital course; and the cause of failure in a large majority of cases has been ill health. The work makes a drain upon the system mentally and physically, and it often happens that physicians who do not understand the wearing nature of hospital life will certify to the physical fitness of a young woman who in six months' time breaks down entirely, and the result is loss of health to her and loss of time and money to the school. Some applicants who bring clean bills of health from home are pronounced by our own physician unequal to the strain.

One other difference between this school and others is in the requirement that at the close of a year's hospital life the pupils shall take a month's vacation, to be spent away from the hospital. This is considered necessary, in order that pupils may go in a good physical condition to their nursing in private families.

The "sources of financial support" are a small endowment and payments made by families for the services of nurses.

There is no hospital too small to furnish useful training to at least three or four pupil nurses, and all over the country there is a demand for skilled services in illness.

The New Haven School began in a very small way a few years ago, with six pupils, and has now over forty under its control, with a graduate list of more than one hundred. What is a far better test of success, however, than mere numbers, is the wide reputation it has secured for faithful training; and this reputation can be obtained by even the smallest cottage hospital.

In the Chilcat Country.

ALASKA is a land of winter shadow and summer sun. Appointed by the Board of Presbyterian Home Missions to establish its farthest outpost in the country of the Chilcats, we left our old Middle State home in the early part of May, 1881, and sailed from San Francisco on the 21st. At that time there was no such thing as a "through steamer."

On reaching Sitka, June 11th, with the expectation of getting out almost immediately to our post, we heard that two powerful families of the Chilcats (the Crows and the Whales) were engaged in war, and that we would not be permitted to enter the field until there was some promise of peace. However, after a month's detention, we were allowed to proceed, and on the evening of July 18th the little trading vessel cast anchor. After plunging through the surf of Portage Bay, we set our feet upon the beautiful shore of Da-shu—the site of the mission village of Haines.

From Portage Bay west to the Chilcat River and southward to the point, lies the largest tract of arable land, so far as my knowledge goes, in south-eastern Alaska, while the climate does not differ greatly from that of Pennsylvania. Though the winters are longer and the snows deeper, the thermometer never falls as low as it does sometimes at home,—there are no such sudden and constant changes,—and the air is salt and clear as crystal. Our first snow fell on the 10th of October, and we never saw the ground again until May. In the month of February alone we had eighteen and three-fourths feet of snow-fall, and for months it lay from eight to twelve feet in depth. Here summer reaches perfection, never sultry, rarely chilling. During the winter months the sun lingers behind the eastern range till nearly noon; then, barely lifting his lazy head above the southern peak for two or three hours, sinks again into the sleepy west and leaves us a night of twenty-one hours.

But in May the world and the sun wake up together. In his new zeal we find old Sol up before us at 2:15 A. M., and he urges us on till 9:45 at night. Even then the light is only turned down,—for the darkest hour is light early summer twilight, not too dark for reading.

From our front door to the pebbly beach below, the wild sweet-pea runs rampant, while under, and in, and through it spring the luxuriant phlox, Indian rice, the white-blossomed "yun-ate," ferns; and wild roses which make redolent every breath from the bay. Passing out the back door, a few steps lead us into the dense pine woods, whose solitudes are peopled with great bears, and owls, and —Kling-get ghosts! while eagles and ravens soar without number. On one tree alone we counted thirty bald eagles. These trees are heavily draped with moss, hanging in rich festoons from every limb; and into the rich carpeting underneath one's foot may sink for inches. Here the ferns reach mammoth size, though many of fairy daintiness are found among the moss; and the devil's walking-stick stands in royal beauty at every turn, with its broad, graceful leaves and waxen red berries.

Out again into the sunshine and we discover meadows—of grass and clover, through which run bright little streams, grown over with willows just as at home. And here and there are clumps of trees, so like the peach and apple that a lump comes into your

throat. But you lift your eyes, and there beyond is the broad shining of the river, and above it the ever-present, dream-dispelling peaks of snow, with their blue ice sliding down and down.

The winter night display of *Aurora Borealis* is another feature of the north country scenery, where the stars seem twice as large as they do at home, and *Polaris* hangs the central light in the heavenly vault. The finest lights we have seen were in the north. First appears a glimmering, then a flashing light which gradually assumes the form of a solid arch of sheeny, scintillating whiteness; then a bright bow springs from and over it, and presently another, while from their base on either side are thrown, clear into the zenith, great flashing streamers of red and white and green. When there is much of this lightning crimson the Indians are troubled, as to them it indicates that war is engaging the spirit world's inhabitants, and forebodes the same for them.

The Chilcat people long ago gained for themselves the reputation of being the most fierce and warlike tribe in the Archipelago. Certain it is that, between themselves and southern *Hy-dah*, there is not another which can compare with them in strength, either as to numbers, intelligence, physical perfection, or wealth.

A diseased person among the Chilcats is rather the exception, and prostitution as defined by them is punishable with death. At first thought their marriage laws seem very elastic, but such is not the case. Though they do not bind tightly they bind strongly, and the limits which are fixed are fixed indeed. The children always belong to their mother and are of her to-tem. This to-temic relation is considered closer than that of blood. If the father's and mother's tribes be at war the children must take the maternal side, even if against their father. It is this law which makes illegal any marriage between members of the same tribe; though the contracting persons may be entire strangers, and unable to trace any blood relation. At the same time a man may marry his half-sister (one having a different mother) or a woman and her daughter—either at the same time or consecutively; for plural marriages are not uncommon, though they are by no means general. In very rare cases a woman has two husbands, oftener we find a man with two wives, even three; but more frequently met than either is the consecutive wife. One contract may be set aside by mutual consent, in favor of a new one. But in any case, while a contract exists, it must be lived up to; each must be faithful to the other.

The women are generally plump, healthy, and modest, and are always modestly clothed, some avoiding bright colors. I noticed one day at church a pretty young woman wrapped in a scarlet blanket, with a black silk handkerchief tied becomingly about her face; but her eyes were downcast; scarcely did she lift them during the service. Thinking that something troubled her, I made inquiry after we were dismissed, and found that it was the bright blanket. "I felt," she said, "that I was in everybody's eye. I wore it because my husband gave it to me last night; but I'll never wear it again," and she didn't. The men are large, straight, and muscular, with an air of natural dignity, and unconscious grace in pose, and in the manner of wearing their blanket or fur-robe, that one is reminded constantly of the ancient Roman and

his toga. The head, too, is rather small and shapely; the eye well set, clear, and bright; the chin and mouth firm, but seldom heavy; while the nose—usually adorned with a ring—is well-developed, and somewhat of the Roman cast. But in some cases the physiognomy bears a striking resemblance to that of the Chinese, small, thin features, a sharp or turned-up nose, and small eyes set obliquely. They are, comparatively, a cleanly people, both as to their persons and houses. I have been in Indian houses where the floors were so scoured with wood ashes and sand that I had rather eat from them than from their oily dishes; and I have seen a boy and girl wash and wipe these wooden dishes and horn spoons after the family meal, as handily as ever I did it myself.

Since they have come to know of the Christian Sabbath they measure time by so many Sundays; before, it was kept by means of knots in a string or notches in a stick for *days*, as they do now outside of the mission village. Saturday is general cleaning-up day. Heads are carefully washed, and are dried by running the fingers through the hair in the sun or by the fire. Then all who possess or can borrow a comb use it to the best advantage, and the hair is then oiled and tightly braided from the "part" close about the face and joined in one plait at the back. On Sunday it is *smoothed down* and a "j'oue" or covering of bead-work tied over the braid, though this last is a mark of "high class," and I have heard of a slave having been killed for daring to wear one. Though slavery is almost a thing of the past, there are still some captives in the Chilcat country. They are mainly from the Far South "Flat Heads." The Chilcats wash their blankets by rubbing them on a flat board, then by swishing them back and forth in the surf. And in utter defiance of the old belief that cold water, and especially salt, would ruin wools, their white blankets are among the whitest, woolliest, and softest I have ever seen.

It is a general custom for the men and boys to take a morning bath in the river or bay, even when they have first to break the ice. Casting aside every garment, within doors, they walk leisurely down to the dipping place. After plunging about to their satisfaction they come out and roll awhile in the snow. Then taking up a short thick bunch of rods they switch themselves until a perfect reaction is secured. The babies are bathed indoors in a large native basket; but a new-born child is *never* washed. These baskets are closely woven from grasses and the inside bark of the yellow cedar. Some of them are very handsome. They are used for almost everything—from the bathtub and water-bucket, to the dinner pot, in which their food is easily cooked by dropping into it stones first heated in the fire. It is in this way in their canoes that such immense quantities of salmon are cooked, in the manufacture of salmon oil. The canoe is half buried in earth, filled with red salmon and a little water; great heaps of stones about fist size are made red-hot and dropped into the great boiler. In a very short time the whole canoe is boiling and hissing like a common dinner pot. The boiled fish is then pressed in coarse baskets, or trodden rather, for it is done with the feet. The juice is collected in a canoe and again heated. It then stands for a day, and the clear red oil is taken from the top. That made at Chilcoat is the

finest, and is in demand even as far south as Fort Simpson, British Columbia, as it is a choice and indispensable article of diet among Northern Indians.

The Chilcats are, comparatively, an industrious people. On the mainland we have none of the deer which so densely populate the islands, owing, it is said, to the presence of bears and wolves; but we have the White Mountain sheep, which while it is lamb is delicious meat. From its black horns the finest carved spoons are made, and its pelt when washed and combed forms a necessary part of the Indian's bedding and household furniture. The coverings are made by the women into rolls similar to those made by machinery at home. Then with a great basket of these white rolls on one side, and a basket on the other to receive the yarn, a woman sits on the floor and, on her bared knee, with her palm, rolls it into cord. This they dye in most brilliant colors made of roots, grasses and moss, and of different kinds of bark.

It is of this yarn that the famous Chilcat dancing-blanket is made. This is done by the women with great nicety and care. The warp, all white, is hung from a handsomely carved upright frame. Into it the bright colors are wrought by means of ivory shuttles. The work is protected during the tedious course of its manufacture by a covering resembling oiled silk, made from the dressed intestines of the bear. Bright striped stockings of this yarn are also knitted, on little needles whittled from wood.

In sewing nearly every woman is an expert. Their moccasins and other leather garments are well fitted, and sewed with *tas*, a thread made from animal sinew. The leather and furs are tanned and dressed by the women. They use much of the unbleached muslin in their dress now, and the garments are, for the most part, torn out and fitted with gussets. The ravelings are rolled on the knee into thread and used in making all the different articles of cotton clothing; and they are all made with extreme neatness. I have seen an old-fashioned white shirt made by one of these women with all the pleats and bands stitched with such accuracy and delicacy that it could not have been told from the finest machine work. In addition to the work already mentioned, the women weave the nets and baskets, gather and cure the berries and sea moss, help to raise the potatoes and turnips and to prepare the winter's store of oil and salmon, and care for the house and children; though the men share the last-named duty, and that often in a tender way, especially if the child is sick.

The men bear the burdens, cut and drag the wood, tend the fires, take the fish, make canoes and dishes, carve spoons and decorations for almost everything, but their principal business is trading in furs.

Just over the mountain range, to the north and east, which marks the dividing line between American and British possessions, live the "Gun-un-uh" or Stick Indians (more freely translated, the Indians of the wood), who are the fur *takers*. For generations the Chilcats have been the middle-men between these trappers and the outside world, and in this way have gained their wealth. Having so intimidated the Sticks that they dare not come to the coast, about four trips annually are made to the interior by the Chilcats, who carry with them American goods for the purpose of buying up furs.

In our upper village on the Chilcat River, called by the Indians *Clok-won*, lives *Shat-e-ritch*, the highest chief of all the Chilcats, being head of the Cinnamon Bear family. Every honest white man visiting this country has found in him a cordial host and a trusty friend. We have now in this upper village (which is about twenty miles north of Portage Bay) a native teacher and wife, under the missionary's supervision, and *Shateritch* is their patron and protector.

Over the two lower villages, on the same river, is the *Crow Chief*, "Don-a-wok" (*Silver-eye*), our aid and friend. When it was thought best to establish the mission on Portage Bay, he and his larger village came over in a body and built what, together with our mission buildings and those of a trading company, constitutes the village *Haines*. We have had accessions also from the Chilcotee village, whose chief bears the name of "*Hu-Kuph-hink-Kush-Kiwa*." He made me a present of a carved pipe-bowl, which he assured me was a treasure he would not sell, as it had been from time unknown the property of Chilcotee chiefs, and so had descended to him. I thanked him, and afterward made for him a little bag, such as they prize very much for carrying trifles and treasures. He is a very large, handsome old man of about fifty, but almost blind; and, if the reason for the excitement had not been so trivial as to make it ludicrous, his reception of the gift would have been most impressive, not to say imposing. Staring at me a moment with the blankness of utter astonishment, of unspeakable surprise, and laying his hand upon his heart he bowed silently, again and again; then in a low, deep voice he said in his own language, "My sister, I thank you, I thank you, I thank you! My heart shakes so that I cannot speak to you, thank you, thank you, thank you. To every one I show my treasure, my treasure which my snow sister gave me. It shall go with me always till I die, then it must be laid over my heart." And seizing my hand he held and gently shook it in both of his own, while tears gathered in his eyes.

Mrs. Eugene S. Willard.

HAINES, CHILCAT COUNTRY, ALASKA.

Police Reform.

AS THE large cities of the United States grow larger, the control of the vicious and criminal classes by a police force deriving its authority from the local political influence grows more and more inefficient. Here in Boston we have taken the first step toward reform in this direction, and believing that the time is near when all the large cities will have to grapple with this problem, I have thought your readers might be interested in some account of what has been done here, and the reasons for the action that has been taken.

Previous to the amendment of the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1852 the sheriffs of the several counties were appointed by the Governor and Council, and they appointed their deputies and enforced the State laws. The rage for extreme democracy which went like a great rolling wave over Europe in the years immediately following 1848, had reached the United States in 1852 and exerted a great influence in our Constitutional Convention of that year. A determined effort was made to change the method of appointing

the judges of our courts to hold office during good behavior, and to make them elective by the people for short terms. To defeat this movement the convention made district attorneys and sheriffs elective for terms of three years. Upon this concession was founded the local system of police to enforce in the city the laws of the State.

From the beginning all laws which were strenuously opposed by strong factions of men with political influence have remained practically dead letters so far as they applied to the great city. The first public demonstration against this local system was made in 1860, when a mob had broken up the John Brown meeting. Those people believed they had a right to assemble peaceably for a legitimate purpose, and strongly resented the interference of the mob and the hostility or apathy of the police upon whom they felt they had a right to rely for protection. Then began the movement for a police deriving its authority directly from the State which has just now crystallized into a law.

During the quarter of a century of agitation upon this question the retail liquor dealers, the gamblers, and other lawless classes have been growing relatively stronger to the rest of the population, and for many years the laws placing restrictions upon the liquor traffic have had only a semblance of enforcement in the city of Boston. At last the political government of the city had fallen almost absolutely into the hands of these lawless classes. The greed of these would-be rulers of the people has, we hope, at last worked their own downfall, and we expect to see the liquor traffic in future obedient to the law.

The law just enacted directs the Governor, with the consent of his council, to appoint three commissioners, who shall be a Board of Police for the city of Boston. The appointments are for five years. The Board may remove any officer for cause, the reasons being stated in the order for removal, and all appointments are to be made under the civil-service rules. The active friends of the reform desired to have the commissioners appointed to hold office during good behavior, to the end that the force might be entirely removed from political influence; however, the system adopted is a great improvement over the system it overturned.

The representatives of the slums, backed by a powerful lobby, made a determined fight against this bill. Their real reason for opposition they could not state, and they fell back upon the statement reiterated by every opposition speaker in every speech, that it was an interference with local self-government. But a legislature which had just remodeled the city charter, limiting the rate of taxation, and in many ways changing the whole theory of municipal government, was not doubtful about its power in the premises. The sound argument upon which the reform rests is that the whole people of the State is the law-making power. Laws are made, not for localities, but for the commonwealth, and should be enforced in Boston as thoroughly as in the smallest town or village. The executive officers charged with the administration of law should derive their authority from the same source as the law-making power, to the end that there shall be harmony between legislation and administration.

The weakness of the position that a police force should be a local institution is shown when it is re-

membered that out of every sixty arrests made by the police of Boston last year, fifty-nine were for violation of State laws, and only one for infringing the ordinances of the city. Sixty-one per cent. of the taxes in Boston are paid by non-residents. The city is the capital of the State and the commercial metropolis of New England, and near a hundred thousand persons are brought into Boston daily by the transportation lines. The enforcement of the laws, then, concerns others besides the voters of Boston. The example of the city works good or ill to the remotest corners of the commonwealth.

This measure was not initiated by any political party nor from any partisan motives. The active members of the Citizens' Law and Order League, embracing men from all parties, brought it forward in the interest of good order, and for the peace, quietness, and good name of their city. The reform goes into operation here, and its results will be of general interest to the good people of all our large cities.

L. Edwin Dudley,

Secretary Citizens' Law and Order League.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 19, 1885.

"Hunting the Rocky Mountain Goat."

REFERRING to Mr. Baillie-Grohman's "instructive and entertaining article in the December number of THE CENTURY," Mr. B. G. Duval, of San Antonio, Texas, corrects the statement that the animal is not found below the forty-fifth parallel. He says he killed a Rocky Mountain goat in July, 1882, near the thirtieth parallel, in the Chenati Mountains, about sixty miles south of Fort Davis and not more than fifteen miles from the Rio Grande. Mexicans who were with him said the animal was seen occasionally in that range, and also in the mountains of Northern Mexico.

Mr. Frank P. Davis, of Washington, D. C., writes that the author of the article was in error in saying that the goat does not inhabit the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and that its haunts are entirely above the timber line. During two years' experience in the main range of the Rocky Mountains, between the eastern base and the Columbia River, and in the valley of the Kicking Horse River, he killed many goats, all of them being below the timber line.

"The Summer Haunts of American Artists."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR: The sketch of my father's studio on page 845 of the October CENTURY, is a sketch of his first studio in Catskill village. It stands a little back of the house he occupied on the Athens road, on a ridge north of the village, and within ten minutes' walk of the main street. The building was originally a carriage house, and the right end shown in the sketch was used for that purpose while my father had his studio there. The part he used for a studio does not appear in the picture. It is needless to say that the building did not present such a dilapidated appearance in my father's time.

Yours truly,

SAUGERTIES, N. Y., August 13, 1885.

Thomas Cole.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Madrigal.

ALL the world is bright,
All my heart is merry,
Violets and roses red,
Sparkling in the dew:
Brow—the lily's white;
Lip—the crimson berry;
Hark, I hear a lightsome tread,—
Ah, my love, 'tis you!

Wing to me, birds, and sing to me;
None so happy as I!
Only the merriest melodies bring to me
When my beloved is by.

All the air is sweet,
All my heart is quiet,
Fleecy clouds on breezes warm
Floating far above:
Eye—where soft lights meet;
Cheek—where roses riot;
Look, I see a gracious form,—
Ah, 'tis you, my love!

Wing to her, birds, and sing to her;
None so happy as she!
Only the merriest melodies bring to her,—
Only this message from me!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Accepted.

HOW MANY years it's lain away,
Unknown, unread, unseen,
The little song I sent one day
To that great magazine!

For I was very young indeed,
With hopes of rosy tint:—
I thought I e'en might live to see
My little song in print.

But only now, when I am gray,
And life is fleeting fast,
The longed-for—after long delay—
"Accepted" comes at last.

And in the joy it brings to me
There lurks a mournful doubt
If I shall ever live to see
That little song "come out."

For magazines are fresh and strong,
They grow not old and gray;
And though it's true that "Art is long,"
'Tis not so long as they.

But we—*we* fade! With bitter pain
I learn that well-worn truth.
Alas! I shall not live to gain
The cherished hope of youth.

I shall not hear my little song
By others read or sung;
I feel I cannot live so long—
I am no longer young!

Robertson Trowbridge.

The Wood-sprite.

HOW BLACK, how bleak, how cold, how wild!
Squirrels and mice don't know what's fun;
They skulk below in fur three-piled,
Nor show their nose till all is done;

How blows the snow, how branches bow,
Cut to and fro, lash high and low!
Till crack! alack, they snap and go.
O night of ruin, night of woe!
To-morrow, to the wood-folks' sorrow,
Many a fine tree, lying low
Will show with top-twigs in the snow.

But naught care I should pines fall, pat
I rise from 'neath them like the air;
Or, 'gainst the trunks blown, like a bat,
I cling and stay suspended there.
Or, should a spruce-bough scurry by,
With cones up-pointed, leaf-tufts trailed,
I board it, and away speed I,
The maddest voyage ever sailed.

I skip and skim, and bang and bump,
And bounce and jump, and thud and thump,
And chase ten devils round a stump;
Till rolled in snow, a frozen lump,
I tumble where some soul must stumble
Upon me—down he flounders plump
Like a lost soul at doomsday trump.

Last night, the deacon, hurrying past,
On good works bent, my form did find.
He picked me up and stood aghast,
But wrapped me from the bitter wind,
Then ran through banks and brakes and drifts,
And plunge he did, and slip, and slide,
And fall off rocks, and stick in rifts,
Before he reached his cold fire-side.

Then, while he plies the fire, and tries,
With puffing cheeks and smarting eyes,
His best to raise a flame—my cries
They drown the tempest, pierce the skies;
Hooting, calling, yelling, squalling,
Like everything that runs or flies,
To the good man's wild surprise.

Roger Riordan.



AT THE CAPITAL.

Polio: "Can you tell me the name of the architect of this building?"
The Gardener: "Yes, sah. Dis yer building, and in fac' most ob de buildings yo' witness 'bout dis yer place, am done, strictly speakin', in de architect ob de Modern French Rom'nticismus. De *Moderne French Rom'nticismus*, Sah!"

My Rival.

How I hate to see him there,
With his haughty, well-bred air,
At her side,
Looking with a scornful eye
At poor me, as I walk by
While they ride.

Well I know he is not worth,
Spite of all his pride of birth,
Such a favor;
And I think, as I advance,
Of that calculating glance
That he gave her.

Lady dear, he cares for naught
But the things which may be bought
With your pelf;
In his thoughts you have no part,
And his cold and sluggish heart
Beats for self.

Yet how glad I'd be and gay
If you'd treat me in the way
You treat him.
'Twould with heaven itself surround me,
And the sad old world around me
Would grow dim.

Ah, my lady, fair and sweet,
Will you tell me when we meet
If it's true,
That your heart has grown so small,
There is no room there at all
For me too?

Did she answer no or yes?
She but gave him a caress,
Quite a hug,
And I staid to see him courted,
For he is her fine, imported,
English pug.

Bessie Chandler.

The Race.

"WE'LL run a race," quoth Thought to Heart,
"To find a just decree
If 'tis with you Love makes his home,
Or, Kardia, dear, with me.

"The goal, my sweet, shall be the mouth,
The eyes the signal give;
Sir Tongue shall then proclaim the seat
Where Love does really live."

That moment passed Diana fair;
Thought leapt the journey o'er!
Too late, too late; the throbbing Heart
Was at the goal before.

Charles G. Blanden.

Hobson's Choice.

A THIEF on his trial refused to be sworn.
"Of what use," queried he, "will my evidence be?
If I tell the whole truth, I shall get the Old Nick;
If I tell what's not true, the Old Nick will get me."

Francis E. Leupp.

Compensations.

DARS lots o' things in dis 'ere wul dat's better
dan dey seem;
De weeds an' grass dat crowd de corn may fatten
up de team;
De rain dat spiles de cotton-fiel' will he'p clean
out de ditch,
An' de oberflow dat kills de crap will make de
bottoms rich;
De nubbins in de pile o' corn will 'zactly suit de
steers;
And de row across de new groun's may be shorter
dan it 'pears;
De oak-tree flings a shadder in de hottest summer
noon,
An' de dog dat miss de possum-track may stumble
on de coon.

De stalks o' corn dat grow too thick is mighty apt
to fail;
Too many coon-tracks in de paf will fling you orf
de trail;
A swarm o' flies kin bus de web de cunning' spider
weaves,
An' de backer plant won't come to much dat spreads
too many leaves;
To crowd in ebery sort o' truck may spile de Sun-
day pie,
An' a sermon wid too many p'int's will hardly clawe
de sky.
A little sow wid lots o' pigs is in a sorry fix.
An' de old hen's got to scuffle hard dat feeds too
many chicks;
So, de man dat's gittin' l'arnin' ought to stop wid
jes' enough,
An' nebber cram his head too full wid diffunt kinds
o' stuff.

A little horn kin make a' awful racket in de night;
A minner oftentimes kin sink de cork clean out o'
sight;
A little grabble in your shoe may start your foot
to risin',
An' a flea dat's got a' appetite kin stir up things
surprisin';
A narrer creek may swell itsef an' oberflow de lan;
A bent pin in a rockin'-cheer kin lif' a whoppin'
man;
A little thread is strong enough to raise de cabin latch,
An' a ragged coat-tail's mighty good to hide a' ugly
patch.

A might rusty-lookin' dog kin take de 'possum-track,
An' de ha'r on top a nigger's head may kiver up
a fac'
Dat 'ill he'p you dodge a mud-hole as you push
along de way,
Or lead you froo a thicket whar de safes' walkin'
lay.
We put some mighty sorry things to hifalutin use;
Dars heaps o' fryin' chickens grabbed from orf a
rotten roos';
You know much 'bout de pea befo' you bus' de hull,
An' some handy things may float aroun' inside a
woolly skull,
A corn-cob pipe kin gib you smoke an' answer
mighty well;
A fus'-class man may put up at a second-class hotel;
An' a mighty solid thought may sometimes run in
out de rain
An' lodge for jes' a' ebenin in a common jackass'
brain.

J. A. Macom.

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